SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C., LL. D.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

[18-23137
150

SACERDOTAL SAFEGUARDS

CASUAL READINGS FOR RECTORS AND CURATES

BY

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C., LL. D.

Author of "Priestly Practice", Clerical Colloquies", etc.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY Property of

COSA

Please return to

Graduate Theological

Union Library

UNIVERSITY PRESS

P. O. BOX 99a

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Permissu Superiorum

GILBERTUS FRANÇAIS,

Sup. Gen. Congr. a S. Cruce

Nihil Obstat

J. B. SCHEIER, C. S. C.,

Censor Deputatus

Imprimatur

✠ H. J. ALERDING,

Bishop of Fort Wayne

COPYRIGHT, 1918
BY
A. B. O'NEILL

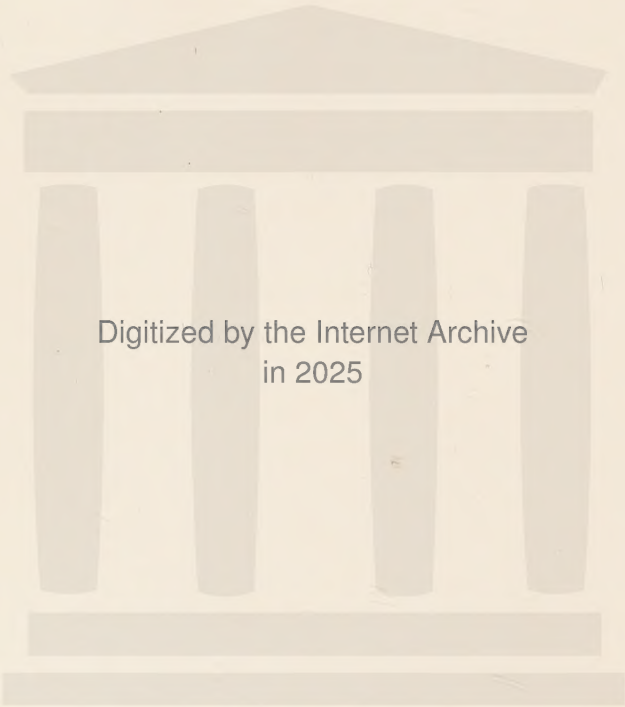
HAMMOND PRESS
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
CHICAGO

TO

The Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C.,

WHOSE CORDIAL ENCOURAGEMENT AS CONGENIAL FRIEND
EVEN MORE THAN HIS HIGH APPROVAL AS RE-
LIGIOUS SUPERIOR HAS SWEETENED AND
LIGHTENED THE LABOR OF ITS
WRITING THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/sacerdotalsafegu0000arth

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	Foreword	7
I.	American Priests and Foreign Missions	9
II.	The Priest and the School	26
III.	The Priest's Table	49
IV.	The Fraternal Charity of Priests	66
V.	Rubrical Odds and Ends (Queries at a Conference)	85
VI.	Priestly Mortification	111
VII.	The Priest and Non-Catholics	131
VIII.	The Priest's Housekeeper	150
IX.	Living by the Gospel	167
X.	The Rubrics of English	189
XI.	A Clerical Club-Night	216
XII.	The Priest and Social Problems	239
XIII.	The Priest as Traveller	260
XIV.	A Priestly Knight of Mary	280

FOREWORD

SHOULD any apology be needed for the publication of this book, it may be found in the generous welcome accorded by prelates, priests, and press to "Priestly Practice" and "Clerical Colloquies." Shortly after the appearance of the second volume, two years ago, the author received one day two kindly messages from distinguished members of the American hierarchy. One ran, "Don't be afraid to write a third book"; the other, "Keep on writing books of this kind; you can do it, and we need them." The reviewers proved equally appreciative. "The American priest," wrote one, "has an intensely human side. Books written for his edification and instruction, generally by foreigners, have as a rule overlooked this important consideration. It has been left to an American clerical writer to supply the want." "And, last of all," concludes another priest-editor, "the book touches upon precisely those points of the priestly life which, as a rule, are skimmed over or treated lightly in the literature destined for clerics."

If any further encouragement was required to determine the author to make yet a third venture in the field of sacerdotal literature, it was furnished by a prelate of the Eternal City. In the course of a lengthy notice of the two books mentioned above, the late editor of *Rome* wrote: "The author has now got into his stride, and it is to be hoped that he will yet give us more than one other bright, edifying, human book of the same kind, for there is a great dearth of them in the English language. . . . Obviously, there is plenty of scope left for other essays on kindred

topics, and those who have read these first two volumes will eagerly look forward to any others that Father Barry O'Neill may give us."

Some of these kindred topics are treated in the present volume, and the author indulges the hope that their nature will prove as interesting and their discussion as readable as, his friends are pleased to assure him, are the substance and style of his previous books. Three of the chapters, indeed, have already successfully run the critical gauntlet; they have appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review,* whose editor, not less kindly than scholarly, has consented to their reproduction.

In view of such strictures on clerical imperfections as the reader will occasionally find in the following pages, it may be well to state that the author is far from arrogating to himself any such eminence in learning or such rectitude of conduct as would warrant his setting himself up as an authoritative censor of his brother priests. He disclaims any pretension, as he certainly has no right, to preach at any other cleric than one—the individual designated in Shakespeare's "I will chide no heathen in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." Every man has the right to censure and deplore his past errors and mistakes; and if, in the mirror which the author holds up to himself, any of his readers think they discern their own features, that, he submits, is rather their misfortune than his fault. In any case, *oremus pro invicem.*

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

Octave of the Epiphany, 1918.

AMERICAN PRIESTS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest.—*John: iv, 35.*

And seeing the multitude, He had compassion on them: because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that had no shepherd.—*Matt.: ix, 36.*

Every member of the Catholic and Apostolic Church ought to consider it an honor and a glory to be included in the sublime commission to labor for the conversion of the pagan nations.—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

THE average American priest, and especially the native-born cleric racy of the soil, would probably resent as a downright calumny the imputation that he is narrow, circumscribed in his views, illiberal in his sympathies, and parochial in his activities. With not a little complacency, and with more or less justice, he is apt to consider himself quite the reverse of all this. If he does not exactly plume himself on his notable breadth of view, his widespread interest, his large-hearted tolerance, and his unselfish generosity, he is at least free from any consciousness that he lacks these qualities, and is accordingly fairly well satisfied with his attitude toward his friends and acquaintances and the world in general. Whether or not that satisfaction is really warranted is a question the discussion of which in these pages would perhaps be more futile than fruitful; but there can be nothing offensive in the suggestion that our average American priest may profitably examine just how much broad-mindedness, interest, sympathy, and generosity he habitually displays in connection with the Church's Foreign Missions.

Such an examination is peculiarly timely at present, because of the altered conditions of the Missions and their sources of supply since the outbreak of the European War. For the past three years the Catholic press in all lands of both hemispheres has repeatedly called attention to a fact the obviousness of which might be supposed to render iteration superfluous: that the upkeep and the progress of the Foreign Missions for the next decade or so will be dependent, principally, on the aid received from America. No reader of this book needs to be told why this is the case. The dearth of men and money in those lands which have heretofore been the mainstay of the Church's evangelizing forces in pagan countries is an outstanding and lamentable fact of contemporary history; and it is more than probable that the dearth will for some years survive the conclusion of the war that has brought it about. The urgent need of America's assistance is accordingly manifest.

As for the congruity, not to say the duty, of furnishing that assistance, no elaborate argument would seem to be necessary to convince any thoughtful cleric that the Foreign Missions have a quasi-right to expect American Catholics to contribute generously to their subsistence. When our Saviour said to His Apostles, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world," He evidently laid upon His Church a charge that was to endure as long as

there remain on earth heathens to be evangelized. This apostolic commission is addressed to the Church of to-day not less forcibly than to that of the first century, and to the Church in America not less directly than to the Church in France, Belgium, Italy, or Spain. The work of actually preaching and baptizing belongs of course to the missionary priests; but, as Cardinal Wiseman declared some sixty years ago, "Certainly the whole Church—including, therefore, the laity—have their part in this solemn duty: the Apostles themselves collected the alms of the first faithful, to enable themselves to carry it out."

In a general way, then, the obligation of the Catholic clergy and laity of this country to do their part in the evangelization of the heathen is acknowledged by all priests: the desideratum is that it should be avowed, and discharged, in a specific way by the individual pastor. The old adage that what is everybody's business is nobody's business is verified all too frequently in these United States when there is question of aiding the Foreign Missions. Not of course that there are not many priests who are acquitting themselves of their full duty in this matter; but it is probably true to say that such priests are the exception rather than the rule. If the *average* priest were as zealous in this good work as is the exceptional one, it is safe to assert that the financial contributions to the Missions would be increased by several hundred per cent. Is it not worth while for this average priest to take thought of his personal responsibility in the matter, and visualize the

various practicable methods by which he may acquit himself of his individual, proportional share of an obligation certainly incumbent upon the American Catholic body as a whole?

As has been said, our Foreign Missions are at present, and are likely to be for some years to come, in urgent need of men and money. In the mind of the present writer, there is no parish priest in the United States who, with a little good-will, cannot materially help in supplying them with both. As between the two requisites, while the first, men, is the more essential and in the long run absolutely indispensable, the second, money, is almost equally necessary and is far more speedily available. Pretermitting for the moment any consideration of the priest's effective activity in increasing the number of missionaries in the foreign field, let us see how he may augment the resources of the actual workers in that field.

The simplest and most direct method by which a pastor may lessen the burden of financial worry habitually borne by the foreign missionary is to organize in his parish branches of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood. The former organization, as most readers of this volume are doubtless aware, is an international association the purpose of which is to assist by prayer and alms Catholic missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters engaged in spreading the Gospel in heathen and non-Catholic countries. Conditions of membership are of the simplest: the recitation of a daily prayer for the missions and a contribution of at least five cents

monthly to the general fund. The ordinary method for gathering the contributions is to form the association into bands of ten, of whom one acts as promoter. These promoters turn over the offerings to a local diocesan director by whom they are forwarded to the general committee. Personal contributors of six dollars a year are called special members, while the offering at one time of at least forty dollars makes one a perpetual member. As for the Association of the Holy Childhood, membership therein entails on the part of children a monthly contribution of one cent, or a yearly one of twelve cents, and the daily recitation of a "Hail Mary," with the addition, "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor pagan children." Should any clerical financier be inclined to smile at the disproportion between a cent a month and any worth-while assistance to the Foreign Missions, an effective check to his mirth is afforded by the statement that some seven million children are enrolled in the Association, and that since its foundation in 1843 it has given to the Missions fully thirty-two million dollars and saved to the Church about eighteen million pagan children.

A graphic illustration of the intimate relation between financial contributions to the Missions and conversions of heathens is presented in the remark of a missionary priest in Hyderabad (Hindustan) to Father Hull, S. J., editor of the Bombay *Examiner:* "Give me twenty-four dollars, and in a year I'll give you five hundred Christians. How? Quite simply: that sum will pay a catechist for a year,

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

in which time he can instruct five hundred who are asking for baptism." An additional incentive to priestly activity in securing funds for so excellent a purpose is the knowledge that Protestants are thoroughly alive to the relation we have mentioned, that between money and conversions. A recent report of the United States branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, after stating that two-thirds of the Foreign Missions' revenue has been cut off by the war, adds: "To make matters worse, Protestant missionaries, who are at all times one of the most powerful obstacles to the planting of the true Christian Faith, are increasing their efforts to supplant our priests and to take up the work which the latter may have to abandon for lack of resources. The receipts of the Protestant boards of Foreign Missions are larger than ever, and their activity abroad is increased in proportion." A pertinent commentary on the foregoing is the fact, vouched for by a Catholic journal of India, that Protestants made about as many converts in that country in one century, the nineteenth, as it took Catholics four centuries to reach, the adequate explanation being: "They have greater resources and utilize them."

To return from this quasi-digression to the average American priest's attitude toward these societies that directly aid the Foreign Missions: what genuine obstacle prevents him from establishing in his parish branches of both the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood? Does he allege the multiplicity of home needs and the difficulty of

providing for the upkeep of his own "plant"—church, rectory, school, hall, etc.? If so, he is not only over-emphasizing the adage, "Well-ordered charity begins at home," and showing himself less broad-minded and large-hearted than is congruous in a zealous priest of God, but is advocating what is really a short-sighted policy calculated to increase, rather than diminish, his financial difficulties. "Give, and it shall be given unto you," is one of the first principles of Gospel prudence, and his preaching it to his people by word and example will undoubtedly be productive of more beneficent results, even from a material standpoint, than will any narrow insistence on the dictum about the charity that begins at home—and all too often ends there.

The experience of all those priests who interest themselves and their parishioners in these societies which we have mentioned may safely be appealed to in support of the contention that, far from affecting unfavorably purely local religious or charitable works, affiliation with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood stimulates the generosity of the faithful and actually increases the revenues for home needs. As a Pennsylvania cleric has admirably put it in a letter to a missionary magazine: "That our parishes would never suffer from an increased zeal in the broader interests of the Universal Church is a consoling paradox which it is well to emphasize. It is not a question of jealously husbanding resources; it is rather a question of arousing in the hearts of our people the unfath-

omable religious spirit which is too often allowed to lie dormant—that spirit which measures its generosity not by the size of another's contribution, but by the unlimited extent of the need. It is a splendid object lesson for us parish priests that the ecclesiastic who was most closely identified with foreign mission work in England, was the man who built the Westminster Cathedral, who saved the day for religious schools in Parliament, and who organized the admirable system of child-rescue work that will continue to prove its excellence for years to come."

One consideration which should possess not a little weight in determining both a pastor and his people to show themselves generous in aiding the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is that they themselves, as constituent members of the Church in this country, have received very substantial benefits from that organization. Writing to its directors in the name of the American hierarchy assembled at Baltimore for the third national Council in 1884, Cardinal Gibbons said: "If the grain of mustard seed planted in the virgin soil of America has struck deep roots and grown into a gigantic tree, with branches stretching from the shores of the Atlantic ocean to the coasts of the Pacific, it is mainly to the assistance rendered by your admirable Society that we are indebted for this blessing." That this tribute is not mere poetic hyperbole but simple prosaic fact is clear from Msgr. Freri's tabulated statement of the Society's receipts and disbursements, contributed to the *Catholic Encyclopedia.* There we find that, up to

1910, inclusively, while the United States had given to the Society two and three-quarter million dollars, the Society had given to missions in America ten and three-quarter millions. Now that this country has graduated from the ranks of missionary lands (although seventeen dioceses in the South and the Far West still receive yearly allocations from the Society), it is surely fitting that our priests and people should do their part in paying off that debt. And if the pastors take the initiative, it is morally certain that the flock will readily lend their coöperation.

It need hardly be stated that, apart from any affiliation with these foreign mission societies, a zealous priest who is big enough to think in terms of the universal Church can effectively aid the missions by his personal contributions to particular projects that make a specific appeal to his sympathy, and by enlisting the active interest of his wealthy or at least well-to-do friends for the same good cause. He can, moreover, infuse genuine warmth and earnestness into his appeal to his people to make the collection for the Missions a notably generous sum, not an insignificant pittance.

Financial assistance, however, even the most liberal and bounteous assistance, is neither the sole need of the Foreign Missions in our day nor the only way in which the Church in America can manifest her apostolic spirit in their regard. Lack of money undoubtedly handicaps the activities of the missionaries and is a misfortune; but a dearth of missionaries paralyzes the work of evangeliza-

tion and is a disaster. Funds for the workers in the foreign field cannot but be regarded as an urgent need; additional workers in that field may well be looked upon as an absolute necessity. Thoroughgoing zeal on the part of a parish priest who is imbued with a genuinely apostolic spirit can speedily amass some hundreds of dollars for missionary use; but to provide a priest or Brother or Sister who will go to the field afar to devote life's energies to apostolic work is an achievement measurably harder and notably less expeditious.

Once we grant the necessity of an end, however, reasonable trust in Divine Providence assures us that means for the successful accomplishment of that end can invariably be found by men of good will. If American missionaries are needed in Asia, Africa and the Southern Seas, as they undoubtedly are, then there are, just as undoubtedly, ways and methods by which American boys and girls in sufficient numbers can be inspired with love for such a vocation and trained for the work which it necessarily entails. The first step was taken at Techny, Ill., where the Fathers of the Divine Word, in 1909, established a Mission House for the exclusive training of American boys and young men for the Foreign Missions,—although of course individual members of other religious orders and congregations in this country have been going to the foreign field from time to time for decades past. Corresponding to the work of the English Mill Hill Fathers and the priests of the French "Missions Etrangères," a beginning was made, in 1910, at Maryknoll, N. Y., in the matter of providing Ameri-

can *secular* priests for the Foreign Missions. The progress of both Seminaries is a cause for legitimate pride on the part of the zealous promoters of these excellent works, and a proof that no insuperable difficulties lie in the way of America's doing her full duty with respect to Christ's commission, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Even a partial fulfilment of that duty will, however, necessitate during the next few decades the establishment of more than two or three such seminaries as Techny and Maryknoll in different parts of this great and still growing country: and there is no parish priest in the land so overburdened with work or so straitened in resources that he may not render effective aid both in furthering the prosperity of the institutions at Techny and Maryknoll, and in fostering vocations that will justify the founding of several similar institutions.

That vocations for the Foreign Missions are in this country at present sporadic, exceptional, few and far between, will scarcely be contested by any one whose interest in the subject has led him to make inquiries; that their existence in fairly large numbers should become in the near future a normal outgrowth of the religious education imparted to our young people is a consummation not only devoutly to be wished, but, at least in the opinion of the present writer, entirely feasible, not to say comparatively easy to bring about. To speak first of the sporadic vocations existing here and there throughout the land, and the pastor's duty in connection therewith: young Catholics whom the grace of God is calling to a life of consecration

and self-sacrifice have a quasi-right to learn from their parish priests that at Maryknoll, at Techny, and in various religious orders and congregations of the country, opportunities are afforded for the developments of their vocation, for a training specifically designed to fit them for apostolic work in foreign fields. Nor will it argue very extraordinary zeal on the part of a pastor if, in a given case, he financially assists the aspirant to such a life in reaching the goal of his pious ambition. A little more generous employment, by the average priest, of good advice and material aid, of the pious word and the helping hand, would very probably, even now, multiply fourfold the youthful Americans making ready for the glorious work of spreading Christ's Gospel in heathen lands.

The exigencies of the time, however, call for something more than these relatively rare and exceptional and scattered vocations. What is imperatively needed is a measurably numerous band of youthful volunteers issuing from Catholic schools and colleges with the resolute desire to work for God where God is unknown. How can such a band, constantly increasing as the years go by, be brought into existence? By precisely the same means as have proved effective in other lands—in Ireland, France, and Belgium, to mention no others. The supernatural atmosphere must be imbibed by our young folk more habitually and in larger draughts than is the case at present. They must be taught from their earliest years that whole-hearted labor in the Lord's vineyard wherever situated, endurance of trials and sufferings

for God's sake, holiness, sanctity, the desire of martyrdom even, are not abnormal manifestations of genuine Catholic life, nor mere ideals so lofty as to be unattainable by themselves. They must learn, as they *will* learn if properly instructed, to walk by faith rather than by sight, to discern the action of Providence, not the intervention of blind chance, in the various circumstances of their own lives, as in the bigger concerns of the world around them. They must in a word be thoroughly imbued with the idea that the things of eternity are, after all, the only things of supreme import to men and women, young or old.

To become somewhat more specific: vocations to the Foreign Missions will abound in this country if our Catholic educators and our parish priests make due account of the spirit of romance and adventure and hero-worship which in some degree is found in all boys, and which in most boys exists in a notable degree. This spirit is naturally developed and fostered by the literature especially designed for the young—tales of exciting adventure, of discovery and exploration, of martial glories and naval perils, of treasure islands and pirates' booty, of Western cowboys and metropolitan detectives, of "moving accidents by flood and field," of foreign travel and life in the open and thrilling risks and courted dangers and the whole long catalogue of the fiction-writer's devices. Now, there is nothing surer than that the career of many an American youth is practically determined by just such literature, or rather by the spirit of romance to which it caters. Of the thousands of

young men under thirty who flocked to the colors at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, or on our entrance into the present world-conflict, how many were actuated by patriotism pure and simple, and how many by the love of adventure so characteristic of normal boyhood and youth!

Is there any impossibility, or even any inherent difficulty, involved in supernaturalizing this adventurous spirit in our Catholic young people? Suppose that at home and in school they are copiously supplied with the true stories of the heroes of our Faith, with the intensely interesting narratives of real adventures experienced by our foreign missionaries, with the thrilling accounts of dangers confronted and death defied by the martyrs, not of the historical primitive Church, but of our own day—will not the baleful influence of hedonism, or belief in the supreme importance of securing a "good time" be effectively counteracted, and God's grace find a congenial soil in which to sow the seeds of an apostolic vocation? We have to-day "Lives of the Saints" that make thoroughly good, not merely goody-goody, reading for young folks—numbers of them may be found in the catalogue of the London Catholic Truth Society, and an increasing stock of biographies of near-saints as charming as they are edifying. We have, too, not only such specific Foreign Missions periodicals as *The Illustrated Catholic Missions, The Good Work, The Field Afar,* and *The Little Missionary,* but a Missions department of a column or two in most of our Catholic weeklies. And, in the matter of wonderful happenings and exciting events and terrify-

ing incidents and miraculous escapes, these "really truly" stories told by our missionaries immeasurably surpass the imaginative narratives of the fictionists. Now, it can hardly be doubted that concerted action on the part of priests and parents and teachers would create in the minds of our boys and girls genuine interest in such veritably Catholic literature, an interest which, just as "the appetite increases with eating," would grow with their growth and beneficently affect their whole future careers, even if it did not, as in many a case it presumably would, enkindle a noble desire for a life of sacrifice on the foreign mission.

It goes without saying, of course, that the foregoing paragraph will impress not a few readers as a piece of optimistic idealism, and the writer is quite prepared indeed to hear it characterized by ultra-practical clerics in some such terms as "pure poppycock and pietistic piffle." He maintains nevertheless that such a formation of the rising generation of Catholics is neither impracticable nor particularly difficult. One reason for this conviction is a consideration to which the average priest has perhaps not given all the attention or attributed all the importance which it very certainly merits: the effect of frequent and daily Communion on the children and adolescents of our day. Whether or not Pius X. foresaw the European War and its disastrous effects on the Foreign Missions, his action in confirming the decree *Sacra Tridentina Synodus,* and in subsequently lowering the age at which children may be admitted to the Holy Table, assuredly facilitated the securing of Ameri-

can recruits to the ranks of the Church's apostolic laborers in lands beyond the ocean. To doubt that a deeper spirituality and a more ardent love of self-sacrifice will characterize a youthful generation that has from childhood partaken daily of the Bread of Life would be constructively to question the beneficent action of the Eucharist on the development of the interior life or what we commonly call growth in holiness. Given such spirituality, is it extravagant to assert that many a youth will be irresistibly drawn to a career which, just because of its acknowledged hardships and privations, appeals all the more strongly to his spirit of sacrifice? Let the clerical reader of this page hark back to his own boyhood, recall his own spirit (fostered by Communion only once a week or once a fortnight), and give his own answer to the question.

There is yet another consideration which should not be lost sight of in any discussion of this subject: efforts to discover and foster vocations to the Foreign Missions will almost inevitably increase the number of vocations to the priesthood for the home field; and that such vocations are needed is clear from the statements of numerous prelates, especially in the Western States. The congruous episcopal attitude toward the question is well expressed in the assurance given by Archbishop Mundelein to the Fathers of the Divine Word, at St. Mary's Mission House, Techny: "How glad I am that your school and novitiate are established in my diocese! True, I am in urgent need of men to carry on the work at home, but I will never put

an obstacle in the way of your obtaining vocations in this diocese, because I know that the young missionaries who will go forth from your institution to devote themselves to the salvation of the poor heathen in far-away countries will call down Heaven's especial blessing on our work at home." What His Grace of Chicago says of his diocese may be said with fully as much propriety of any parish whose pastor interests himself and his people in the Foreign Missions: God's blessing will descend upon it, superabundantly rewarding even in this life both pastor and flock.

THE PRIEST AND THE SCHOOL

Who grasps the child grasps the future.—*Francis Thompson.*

They that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars to all eternity.—*Daniel: xii, 3.*

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave.—*Ruskin.*

TO discourse to the average American priest on the importance of Christian education would be an obvious instance of what up-to-date humorists are wont to call "the zero in occupations," a twentieth-century rendering of an idea that used to be phrased "carrying coals to Newcastle." Long before his ordination he heard and read so much about the fundamental importance of the subject, and since that period has supplemented his previous knowledge by so much of his own thought and experience, that into the very warp and woof of his mentality there has entered this conviction: good, true education, the only form worthy of the name, is that which fits one to lead a good, moral, Christian life on earth, and thus prepare for a happy eternity. The purpose of the present essay is not, therefore, to rehash age-old principles, or reiterate such counsels about the training of children as both priests and bishops periodically proffer to their people; but rather to suggest some practical considerations on the concrete work which it is the priest's duty, and no doubt his pleasure as well, to perform in connection with the school.

In so far as their educational activities are concerned, American priests would appear to fall naturally into three categories: those (the happiest) who have parish schools at which all their children are attendants; those who have their own schools, but a portion of whose young people attend the public schools; and, finally, those who for one reason or another have not yet been able to establish schools of their own. That this last class is more numerous than is generally supposed is a fact made painfully evident by the statistics incidentally given in our official Catholic Directory. An effective check indeed to the spread-eagleism or vaingloriousness in which some of us occasionally indulge when dilating upon "our magnificent system of parish schools" is the statement made by our most authoritative educationists and most reputable journals, that at least half the Catholic children of this country are non-attendants at parish schools. The oft-quoted dictum of the late Archbishop Spalding, that "the greatest religious fact in the United States to-day is the Catholic school system, maintained without any aid by the people who love it," is perhaps true enough; but it does not mean that either intensively, or especially extensively, the system has attained so approximately ideal a development that we are justified in resting content in smug complacency with the results already achieved. It is gratifying, no doubt, to read Dr. Turner's statement in the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* that the system "comprises over 20,000 teachers, over 1,000,000 pupils, represents $100,000,000 worth of property, and costs over

$15,000,000 annually"; but any undue elation over these facts may well be qualified by this other statement, occurring in a paper read at a meeting of the Catholic Educational Association held a few years ago in St. Paul: "It seems that over half our Catholic children, perhaps fifty-five percent, are outside the Catholic schools." Later statistics than Dr. Turner's give the number attending the parish schools as a million and a half; but they give the same number for Catholic children who lack the spiritually salubrious atmosphere and the beneficent formative influences of the genuinely Catholic school.

To recognize such facts as these is in no way to disparage the really admirable results that have so far attended the laudable efforts to build up our school system; it is merely a reminder that very much remains to be done—and most of it by individual priests—before our educational conditions reach that degree of excellence which will warrant unmixed satisfaction therewith, and which they must reach if the Church's work in this country is to be carried on with the fullest possible efficiency. The splendid record made by thousands of parishes in the matter of building and equipping suitable schools should not lead us to ignore the existence of thousands of other parishes in which there are not only no Catholic schools but no apparent prospects that the want will soon be supplied. A survey of the whole country need not perhaps engender any pessimistic thoughts regarding the outlook for our growing system; but any sacerdotal optimism concerning that outlook will

best be justified by each priest's doing his own allotted share of the work as effectively as he possibly can.

To come to the nature of that work, and to speak first of the pastor who belongs to what we have called the happiest of the three categories into which, for the purposes of this essay, all American priests may be divided,—the one whose parish school is attended by all his children. It goes without saying, of course, that such a pastor here and there may object to our characterization of his lot, may deem that lot anything but an enviable one. We can readily fancy hearing him (as a matter of fact, we *remember* hearing him) exclaim: "Happy! My dear fellow, if you had the job of looking after my school for six months, and knew from experience ever so little about the endless worry connected with finances, with teachers and pupils and parents, with the upkeep of the building and its furniture, etc., you'd be apt to call yourself, not happy, but miserable." That, however, is most probably merely the expression of a passing mood. At heart he is, and has every right to be, thoroughly well satisfied that his parish church has its normal complement, the parish school; and his satisfaction is doubtless all the sweeter if the establishment of the school has entailed some such personal sacrifice as the giving up of his commodious rectory to the Sisters for their residence, while he temporarily betakes himself to less comfortable quarters. And if he is, as we suppose him, fortunate enough to know that none of his young people are attending the public

school but are all daily under his hand and eye, he can hardly compare his lot with that of his brother priest not all of whose children frequent his own class-rooms, still less with that of the school-less pastor *none* of whose little ones enjoy Catholic training, without thanking God heartily for very evident mercies.

That these mercies are tempered with not a few trials and annoyances we have no intention of denying. A parish school, even be it ever so well organized, is a charge, and no light one, on any father of souls. It involves care and thought and the expenditure of considerable time, even when the financial conditions of the parish give no cause (as they frequently give all too much cause) for anxiety and worry. Just how much of his time a pastor should give to his school is a question that admits of a good deal of permissible, if not always profitable, discussion. In a free country and about debatable matters, every man is of course entitled to his own opinion; and as to this particular matter the present writer has in his time heard and read opinions diametrically opposed to each other, as far apart as light from darkness or North from South. Some pastors go so far as to maintain that the priest should steer clear of his school altogether, consigning all that pertains to its activities to the Brothers, Sisters, or lay teachers who have been engaged to conduct it; while, at the other extreme, are disputants fully as dogmatic in asserting that the pastor should not only be familiar with all the details of his school's active life, but should himself be the prime mover in

directing those details. It is a case in which Ovid's *medio tutissimus ibis* seems clearly applicable. The golden mean lies between absolute non-interference and perfervid officiousness. As against the position of those who hold that sole and exclusive charge should be left to the Brothers or Sisters, we have the directions of the third Plenary Council of Baltimore to the effect that the pastor shall not only organize a parish school, but shall familiarize himself with the principles and methods of education in order properly to discharge his duties in connection therewith. And an adequate reply to those who would have the pastor become the school's be-all and do-all would seem to be that his other pastoral duties do not permit such engrossing of his time.

Few will be inclined to oppose the contention that the school which is being conducted by lay teachers needs, and should get, more of the pastor's supervision and co-operation than the one whose teachers are religious, Brothers or Sisters. While these latter are not always perhaps so thoroughly competent as is desirable in the whole range of scholastic and pedagogical requirements, the presumption is decidedly in their favor; and as regards the really essential point, the distinctive attribute that differentiates and sets off the parish from the public school—the Catholic atmosphere—the Brothers and Sisters are clearly the ideal teachers. If there be any justification for the pastor who visits his school rarely if at all, it is perhaps to be found in the fact that his children are under the control of devoted

religious. Yet the justification is not adequate. The utmost devotedness and competency on the part of his teachers cannot relieve him of his responsibility as spiritual father of the little ones of his flock. In the matter of religious instruction especially, the specific catechism lessons, it is advisable, if not imperative, for him to take a personal interest in the matter—to do some of the teaching himself. At least once a week, if not more frequently, he should supplement the teachers' explanations and the usual question and answer routine by a familiar exposition of the doctrine or doctrines that are being studied. Such personal instruction is *a fortiori* necessary if his school is conducted by lay teachers. In this latter case, indeed, he can hardly be said to be fulfilling his whole duty to his children unless he visits the school several times a week, if not daily, even should his visit mean simply a few brief moments spent in each of the class-rooms.

As for the pastor's personal intervention in purely pedagogical matters concerning the secular branches, much will depend of course on his own equipment in pedagogical knowledge and his competency to select the best of the different methods advocated by various educationists. If, as is probably the case with the average pastor, his knowledge of pedagogy is somewhat superficial rather than really profound, it will be the part of prudence for him to adopt a suggestive instead of an authoritative attitude in discussing the processes by which his teachers seek to achieve the desired results in directing "the young idea how to shoot."

Notwithstanding the so-called progressiveness of this country in most matters, and not least in matters educational, a judicious parish priest may well advise conservative rather than strictly up-to-date pedagogical methods. Fashions in teaching vary almost as much and as often as fashions in dress; and for both kinds Pope's rule is still a good one:

> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

As a case in point, it is altogether doubtful that the oldtime method of teaching orthography, by means of the spelling-book and "dictation," has been improved upon by any of the substitute or makeshift processes of recent years. The "look" of an English word as written or printed, not the sound of it as uttered by the voice, is what the boy or girl needs to retain in the memory.

Just here the writer may be permitted to pay a well-deserved tribute to the effectiveness of the instruction given in the average American parish school. It is part of my daily work to examine a considerable number of newspapers, religious and secular, published throughout the United States; and if there is one fact about education that is being continually forced upon my attention by one and all of these papers, it is that our Catholic schools, primary and secondary, are the most thorough in their methods, and the most efficient in securing worth-while concrete results, of all the educational institutions in the country. Hardly a week goes by in which I do not read of prize con-

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

tests between the pupils of public and parochial schools, and in a large majority of cases the prizes go to our own boys and girls. Professional and business men in all our large cities periodically protest in the secular press against the woeful incompetency in orthography and arithmetic and elementary composition displayed by the graduates of the public high schools, and inquire why it is that the pupils of the Catholic Brothers and Sisters do so much better work. The outstanding reason would seem to be that in many public schools the teachers devote so much time to fads and "frills" and filigree that the necessary drilling in the fundamentals—what used to be known as "the three R's"—cannot be given, the result being that the pupils have a mere smattering of knowledge about many things more or less useful or ornamental, without a mastery of even the elements of the simplest branches. Our religious teachers, on the other hand, have too much common sense to be led astray by the grotesque educational fashions of the hour; they teach the essentials and teach them thoroughly.

As a rule, accordingly, the pastor need not perhaps display notable activity in the regulation of purely pedagogical matters when he has religious for teachers, and such coöperation as he does proffer them may best be given indirectly and by way of suggestion. There are many other points, however, as to which his action may and should be both direct and energetic. In the first place, it is his business to see that the school building itself and all its furniture and appurtenances are such

as, on the score of safety, cleanliness, comfort, and healthfulness, measure fully up to the standard set by the public schools of his neighborhood. In the second place, it is his duty, as it is to his advantage, to secure a sufficient number of teachers, and thus avoid the all too common and ofttimes inexcusable mistake of overcrowded classes. It is a glaring instance of false economy for a pastor to consign to one Sister a number of children whose effective training demands the attentive service of two Sisters, or even three. In this connection, it is pertinent to remind the pastor that his Sisters have been engaged to *teach,* not to act as sacristans, musicians, sodality leaders, janitors, etc. Five and a half or six hours spent in the classroom, with the additional time devoted to the correction of written "exercises," constitute a good day's work for any woman, especially for one who has to supplement that work by a number of spiritual exercises and house-duties; and to ask, or even allow, her to do more is almost certainly to impair her efficiency as a teacher and thus in some measure defeat the very purpose for which she has been engaged.

Some religious communities of which the writer has knowledge have solved the Sister-sacristan problem by simply forbidding their teaching Sisters to have anything to do with the sacristy; and we believe their decision a wise one. Others whom we know permit their teachers to fill the office of sacristan, but it is under protest, energetic even if silent. What seems to be a reasonable plan in the matter is this: most of our teaching com-

munities have lay Sisters as well as teaching ones; and if a pastor is very anxious to have his sacristy looked after by a Sister, let him engage a special lay Sister for that purpose. In all probability her services could be secured for less than a teacher's salary because of her availability for much of the domestic work in the Sisters' home. The employment of lay Sisters will not, however, solve the problem of looking after sodalities, preparing the children for the reception of the sacraments, giving religious instruction to Catholic children who attend the public schools, or conducting evening schools for working children—some or all of which services not a few short-sighted and inconsiderate pastors expect to be performed by their school Sisters. Now, even if the regular work of the teachers were not sufficient to exhaust all their available energy, it would still, we think, be inexpedient to turn over to them either the conduct of the sodality or the religious instruction that serves as an immediate preparation for the reception of the sacraments. These are duties incidental to the pastoral charge, and cannot well be delegated to others than curates or assistants. As for supplementary instruction or classes outside of the regular school hours, if the pastor and his assistants are too busy to attend to them, the sensible alternative is to engage extra teachers for the purpose, and not impose such surplus labor on women who are already burdened with a full sufficiency of exhausting work.

Anything like a due appreciation of that work can scarcely fail to lead a gentlemanly pastor to

be kindly and obliging to his Sisters in all his dealings with them. His arranging the hour for the children's Mass, and for hearing the Sisters' confessions, or giving them Communion, will take their greater convenience into consideration; and in deference to their religious regularity he will make it a point to be as punctual at such functions as would be the most exact of business men. Fifteen minutes before or after the appointed time may easily appear a small matter to him; but it can readily disarrange a whole series of exercises in a religious house. Friendly visits to the Sisters in their recreation room, once a week or oftener, will not unduly tax a pastor's leisure, but will do much to encourage his teachers and promote general good-will and harmony. If the present writer may be permitted to suggest one topic that may frequently be discussed during such visits, it is the advisability, or rather the imperative necessity, of the Sisters' taking due care of their bodily health, and their consequent duty to devote some time daily to physical exercise in the open air. In serious or in jocular vein, or perhaps better in the half-fun-whole-earnest style, the pastor may well impress upon his teachers their obligation to give his children the best that is in them, the fullest efficiency of which they are capable, an efficiency clearly impossible unless they offset the dullness, weariness, and lassitude consequent on confinement in the class-room by oxygenating their blood, energizing their lungs, and invigorating their whole physical being in the simple, natural way of taking every day an hour or two of outdoor exercise, even if it be merely walking.

As for the pastor who belongs to our second category of American priests, those who have their own schools although all their children do not attend them, some of his duties are identical with those of the first class, and some others coincide with those of the third class; but there is one duty which is peculiarly his own. It is to endeavor by every means in his power to induce all his parishioners to send their children to the Catholic school. By explaining to his people the Church's idea of true education; by enlarging on the very real dangers to which the genuine Catholicity of their sons and daughters is exposed in the non-religious atmosphere of the public school; and by dwelling on the explicit legislation of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, that a parochial school should be established in every parish within two years of the promulgation of the decree except where the bishop for grave reasons grants a delay —by such means as these he may hope eventually to withdraw from the public school those of his young people whom their misguided parents have sent there. One of his strongest arguments, it is needless to point out, will be his statement—as a rule an unchallengeable one—that his own school effects better results, even as regards the secular branches, than does its public competitor. In all that relates to his supervision of the school and his relations with its teachers, our pastor of the second category is on all-fours with the priest of the first, of whom we have already treated. And with regard to the religious instruction to be given to those of his children who are pupils of the public

school, his case is similar to that of the school-less priest of the third category, of whom we have now to speak.

The pastor who has no parish school is very sincerely to be pitied, and the less he recognizes himself as a fit object for that sentiment, the deeper the pity of which he is deserving. The overwhelming majority of such pastors are no doubt guiltless in the matter. With the best possible will and the most energetic exertions they have been unable as yet to put their parish on the religious footing which genuinely Catholic life calls for and which the Baltimore Council has declared to be the norm or standard. They recognize that the lack of facilities for the distinctively Catholic training of their young people is a serious handicap to the efficiency of their ministry, and they pray as well as work for the day when the handicap will be removed. If there are, here and there throughout the country, occasional pastors whose lack of parochial schools is due principally to their own want of initiative and zeal and true priestly energy, they can scarcely blind themselves to the fact that their indolence or pusillanimity is reprehensible, and in no slight degree, since it is clearly preventing that extension of God's work the promotion of which is their bounden duty. Such exceptional priests need to be reminded that the true order, both as to date of erection and as to intrinsic importance, of the buildings in a given parish is, not "rectory, church, and school," but "church, school, and rectory."

Whether or not, however, the non-existence of

a parish school be the pastor's fault, or only his misfortune, the concrete results with regard to his children are the same: they are deprived of advantages to which as members of the Church of God they have a quasi-right and which it is difficult to supply by any other system than daily attendance in Catholic class-rooms. And yet, supplied in some measure they must be, if the young people are to be kept within Christ's fold and not be known a few years hence as "ought-to-be Catholics." The task of so forming them that their religion will ever remain a vital force in their lives is one that is conjointly incumbent on parents and pastors; and it is the obvious duty of these latter to see that both responsible parties are fully impressed with the rigorous nature of their obligations. If there is one priest who more than another has excellent reason for frequently addressing his people on the duties of parents to their children, and who may well take to himself in connection with that subject St. Paul's advice to Timothy, "Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season: reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine," it is surely the pastor who sees the boys and girls of his parish subjected day after day and month after month to the certainly non-religious, and all too possibly contaminating, atmosphere of a public school.

Apart from his indirect care of these children through his instructions to their fathers and mothers, it is unquestionably the pastor's duty directly to intervene in the matter of their religious training, at least to the extent of seeing that they

receive a solid grounding in religious knowledge, that they know their catechism. Just what measures he should take to bring about this result will depend on a variety of circumstances—on his living, for instance, in a city, a large town, a village, or in a rural district; but it may be asserted without much fear of denial by the most experienced clerics that the weekly Sunday School is of itself an inadequate measure, especially if the teachers in that school are lay persons instead of the pastor himself or his assistant. Just as the parents cannot shift to the pastor the responsibility of bringing up their children in a Christian way, the pastor cannot safely place on the shoulders of others, even if they be religious, the burden of instructing his young people in Catholic doctrine. Whenever and wherever it is at all feasible he must show himself a true spiritual father by personally providing his children with their spiritual nourishment.

That there are cases, and all too many of them, where such providing is *not* feasible is known to all who are familiar with conditions in most of our larger cities; and hence it becomes imperative that agencies other than the pastor and his assistants be employed in order that thousands on thousands of Catholic young people be kept Catholic. It may interest some readers of these pages to learn that one agency which is proving itself especially effective in this respect has been at work for five or six years in Chicago. In 1912 Father John M. Lyons, S. J., of the Holy Family Church in that city, aided by a band of zealous catechists,

obtained the permission of the late Archbishop Quigley to enter upon the work of instructing children who could not be reached by the parochial schools. Their initial success led to the speedy organization of "The Catholic Instruction League," the main object of which is declared to be "to instruct in Christian Doctrine Catholic children whom the parochial schools cannot reach, and also working boys and girls and even adults who may be in need of such instruction. Free religious instruction is, therefore, the chief object of the league." Members of this excellent organization (many of whom, it appears, are Catholic teachers in the public schools) establish what are known as "Catechism Centers" in such urban or rural districts as offer a field for their activities, and under the direction of the pastor pursue their charitable and veritably blessed work. Full information concerning the League, its formation, and its methods may be secured by applying to the secretary, at 1080 West 12th St., Chicago, Illinois; and the present writer strongly recommends that such application be made by all pastors belonging to our second and third categories.

The reference in the preceding paragraph to Catholic teachers in the public schools suggests the propriety of discussing, be it ever so briefly, the congruous attitude of the priest towards such of these schools as exist in his parish, and towards the whole system which they represent. To begin with, in theory and in law the public schools are non-sectarian; there is not the slightest valid reason why they should be allowed to become dis-

tinctively Protestant, any more than distinctively Jewish or distinctively Catholic. The members of our Church contribute their full quota to the educational fund that supports the schools; and, hence on the traditional American principle, "no taxation without representation," are clearly entitled to a proportionate share of administrative offices, seats on the school board, and positions on the teaching-staff. The refusal to engage for public school service a teacher duly qualified in every respect save that he or she is a Catholic, is concrete bigotry, patent injustice, and the direct opposite of the vaunted American "square deal." The attempt to identify the public school with this or that Protestant sect by holding graduating exercises—so-called baccalaureate sermons, etc.—in Protestant churches is essentially nothing else than brazen effrontery. And the not uncommon reply of the sectarian preacher to Catholic objectors to such action, "We allow you Catholics to run your own schools as you like: what business have you to meddle with ours?" is sheer puerility. Our obvious answer is: "The public schools are *not* yours any more than ours, since we help to support them. Our parish schools are *exclusively* ours, since we alone build them and provide for their upkeep. Do you build schools of your own and support them with your own, not public, money—and no Catholic will interfere with your method of conducting them."

The foregoing principles are of course elementary, but they are apparently ignored by a very large number of non-Catholics in our day; and a

parish priest may well see to it that in his own village or town or city district specific acts or habitual action in contravention of these principles be not allowed to pass without vigorous protest. After all, manly assertion of one's indisputable rights is a legitimate method of preserving one's own self-respect, and in the long run it will enforce the respect of others as well.

As for the priest's public attitude towards the public school system itself, considered as an American institution, there is, and must necessarily be, diversity of opinion about the expediency of his opposing or denouncing it. We say expediency, for as to his *right* to do so, we fancy that few will contest it. As an American citizen he has the privilege of criticizing, opposing, and seeking the abrogation of any law or legal creation which he considers inimical to the public welfare. As a patriotic citizen he clearly has the right—is it too much to say the duty?—to work by all lawful means for the overthrow of any institution the perpetuation of which he deems a menace to the true greatness of his country, its morality. That the public school system is such a menace in the opinion of Catholics was proven long ago by the very inception of our parochial school system; that it is such a menace in the estimation of an ever-increasing number of non-Catholics is clear from the establishment of denominational schools of their own by such churches as the Lutheran, the Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and others. That much the same opinion is entertained by very many non-Catholic lay publicists is

evident to any one who keeps abreast of the best thought in the secular press. Here, for instance, is a citation from the *New England Journal of Education:*

> There is one Church which makes religion essential to education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose sisterhoods and brotherhoods and priests imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as diamonds mark the hardest glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant, that they found schools and colleges in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day.
>
> Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours we shall decrease. We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that, Catholics retaining their religious education, and we our heathen schools, people will gaze upon Cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting-houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching religion to their children, and let us go on educating our children without recognition of God, and they will plant corn and train grape-vines on the unknown graves of Plymouth Pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession.

Nor is profound dissatisfaction with the erstwhile sacrosanct public school system confined to New England; it is found also in the Middle West.

In December, 1916, the Chicago *Evening Mail* published a vigorous editorial in which, after commenting on the fact that "for two decades we have had dinned into our ears by theory-mad educators the claim that education—secular education—was the panacea for the ills of society," it gives the various causes assigned for American social and moral distempers, and concludes as follows:

> The mistakes underlying all these superficial proposals is that they are directed at symptoms rather than causes. They undertake to rest morality on law and conventions. They do not take into account the spiritual being of man. They do not recognize that character and conscience are developed simultaneously with the physical growth of the child. They do not take into account the century-proven fact that the basis of all true morality, justice, order, and progress is religion. Religion is the basic, fundamental, and positive necessity of the well-rounded character. The breakdown of the religious instruction of youth, the total secularization of their lives, the substitution of easy conventions for the fear of God, the confusion of refined paganism with culture, the failure of the home to place the compass of religion in the hands of the children—this and these are the true explanation of the causes and the cure. Religious training of the young is the foundation essential to all reform and lasting progress. And we mean a positive and not a negative religion.

The only novel feature about the foregoing is the source from which it is taken. As an exposition of Catholic doctrine on the subject, it is older

than Thomas Aquinas or Augustine or Bernard; as the declaration of an American secular journal, it is to say the least an interesting sign of the times. There are not wanting other signs that the people of this country are rapidly losing much of that exaggerated admiration, not to say reverence, for the public school system which has come to them by tradition from the middle-nineteenth century. And surely not without reason. They know, for instance, that the report of a Commission recently appointed by the Mayor of Philadelphia is true of many more communities than the one investigated. Said the report: "So much vice was found among school-children that the Commission reluctantly concludes that vice is first taught to the Philadelphia child in the class-room. Sixty per cent of the school-girls interrogated turned out to have learned, before they were ten or eleven years old, a variety of bad habits."

Submitted to the scriptural test of judging a tree by its fruits, our public school system can hardly be said to justify its continued existence. It is very largely responsible for the facts that one-fourth the people of this country do not believe in God; that only two-fifths of them are church-goers, while two-thirds are practically ignorant of all religion; that America enjoys the unenviable pre-ëminence of leading the world in murder, and crime generally, as it does also in divorce; that socialism and syndicalism with sporadic anarchy are increasing to an alarming extent; and that race-suicide is being preached from the house-tops. Small wonder it is waning in public esteem since,

like the Veiled Prophet of Ispahan, the system, unveiled in its legitimate products, discloses Mokanna-like unloveliness. The downright truth of the matter is that Horace Mann and the other and later upbuilders of our public school system constructed a civic Frankenstein which, lacking the soul of education, religion, has developed to the country's positive detriment. All the more reason, this, why the Catholic clergy should be unremitting in their efforts to offset its dangers by providing for the religious training of each and all of the children confided to their pastoral charge.

THE PRIEST'S TABLE

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

An intelligent friend of mine recently remarked: "I think a man ought to eat what he wants to eat."—"Yes," I replied, "provided he wants to eat what he ought to eat."—*Pearce Kintzing, M. D.*

Be not greedy in any feasting . . . for in many meats there will be sickness, and greediness will turn to choler. By surfeiting many have perished: but he that is temperate shall prolong life.—*Eccles.: xxxvii, 32-34.*

ONE clerical adage that is safe never to become obsolete, or to lapse, at least in sacerdotal circles, into innocuous desuetude, is: "After all, priests are men, not angels." As used by clerics, it is scarcely necessary to remark, the saying is not so much a disavowal of any pretensions to such qualities as in profane literature and in ordinary conversation are commonly ascribed to angels—beauty, brightness, innocence, and unusual graciousness of manner and kindliness of heart—as it is a denial of any freedom or exemption from the passions and appetites and temptations to which the average human being is subject. Yes; a priest is a man, not only in the zoölogical sense that he is "a featherless plantigrade biped mammal of the genus *Homo*," but in the theological one that he is "a rational animal"; and some of us are perhaps inclined to think that in our own case the last word of the theological definition may well receive the greater emphasis. Without going so far as to endorse the opinion of the flippant essayist who

asserts that "Man was created a little lower than the angels—and has been getting a little lower ever since," we are all acutely conscious that the animal part of us, our body, is a stubborn fact of which even the most aspiring and ascetic soul must perforce make considerable account. Not the least insistent and self-assertive organ of this material body of ours is the stomach, and accordingly one matter which neither the priest nor any other non-angelic, mundane being can afford to disregard is the question of food.

If it were at all necessary to proffer any apology for discussing in such a volume as this so material, gross, vulgar, unesthetic and unascetic a subject as mere eating and drinking, one might take high philosophical ground and quote Plato to the effect that: "The man of understanding will be far from yielding to brutal or irrational pleasures—but he will always be desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the soul." If the dictum of the Grecian philosopher be considered insufficient to indue the subject with congruous dignity, the following somewhat grandiloquent paragraph of an American physician will perhaps be thought adequate: "The history of man's diet is the history of the human race. It is the story of his evolvement from the lowest forms of savagery to his present pinnacle. It begins with the cave-dweller, gnawing with wolf-like fangs at a joint of raw bear-meat, and ends with the potentate drinking champagne from a golden chalice. It is the history of oppression and tyranny, and of independ-

ence and freedom; of political growth and conquest, and of barbarian invasion and desolation; of health and wealth, of poverty and disease." Putting aside both the philosopher and the physician, however, we prefer to justify the appearance of the present essay in a book for priests on the entirely sufficient grounds sung by Owen Meredith:

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

It may be urged of course, and not without some specious force, that, granting the real importance of the subject of food and nutrition, still, since the clerical stomach is not different from the layman's, the number of volumes that have already been written on the subject and the endless series of articles dealing with it that are constantly appearing in the magazines and newspapers give all necessary information thereon, and render quite superfluous any specific discussion of the priest's table as differentiated from any one else's. The point, however, is only partially well taken. In the matter of eating, and especially in that of abstaining from eating, the priest's life differs not a little from that of laymen, and hence there are some counsels peculiarly appropriate to him, though not of general applicability. The great

majority of priests, for instance, fast until about noon on Sundays and on occasional week-days because of their saying a late Mass. The necessity of such fasting may well affect their usual attitude toward food during the other days of the week. Many persons, most persons perhaps, call one of their three daily meals their favorite or best meal. They come to it with better appetite, and eat more abundantly than is the case at their other repasts. With some it is breakfast, with others the midday dinner, and with still others the evening supper. Now, no matter how it may be with the layman, the cleric who has to fast on Sundays is surely making a dietetic mistake if he habitually takes a hearty breakfast on week-days. "The digestive system, when in proper running order," says Dr. Henry Smith Williams, "is wonderfully clocklike in its operations, and to disturb the regularity of its activities once in seven days is not conducive to health or happiness."

Common sense, apart from any medical pronouncement, teaches the same lesson. It clearly stands to reason that the less sustenance I habitually take on ordinary mornings, the less derangement there will be when I take none at all on Sunday mornings, and accordingly the less danger of my suffering from headaches and other discomforts experienced by very many priests who observe the dominical fast. It is pertinent to add that the change from a hearty breakfast to a light one, or even a very light one, can be effected without any considerable inconvenience. The stomach, like most other organs of the body, soon learns to

accommodate itself to new habits that are not in themselves injurious; but it registers decided objections to irregularity in the treatment accorded to it. Those members of some of our religious orders who fast habitually every morning apparently enjoy as good health and are capable of as efficient service as those of us who like our "three square meals" a day; and very probably most readers of this page have learned from their personal experience during more than one Lenten season that, after the first week or ten days, habitual fasting is conducive to general well-being rather than to physical discomfort or distress.

As for another practical point in connection with the clerical table, a distinction must be made between such priests as live alone, or at least eat alone, and such as have permanent boarders in the persons of curates or assistants. If I am living by myself, it is clearly my right (within the bounds of Christian temperance) to eat and drink whatever I like. If it is my duty to provide meals for others besides myself, it is just as clearly *not* my right to impose upon them my personal dietetic whims and caprices either as to the kind, or quality, or quantity of the food to be taken. A pastor may be thoroughly convinced that fruit and uncooked cereals, with a cup of coffee, constitute the best possible breakfast for any one, young or old; but his conviction does not warrant his withholding from his robust assistant (who conceivably classes cereals with sawdust) the ham or bacon or chops or steak to which that young man has been accustomed and without which he feels insuffi-

ciently nourished. So, too, with the variety recommended by all medical men in the matter of foods. The traditional French complaint, *toujours perdrix* (always partridges), is universally recognized as being well grounded. The most palatable and succulent dishes, if served day after day, will pall upon the appetite and become distasteful. Good roast beef is no doubt excellent food, but even a pastor's especial fondness for it is hardly a sufficient reason for his forcing it upon an assistant six or seven times a week.

On the other hand, it is quite possible that assistants may be fully as whimsical about their diet as are some pastors. It is not an unheard-of thing for a critical curate to complain of being half-starved at a table which is plentifully supplied with good, plain, substantial food, and to imply that porterhouse steak for breakfast and roast turkey for dinner should be the usual thing at least several times a week. In all probability he was not accustomed to that sort of diet in his boyhood at home, and it is more than probable that he had to put up with a much simpler, less expensive regimen during his sojourn at college and seminary. Exceptional cases aside, a pastor is quite warranted in supposing that his table is adequately supplied when it is abundantly furnished with several of the numerous varieties of food that by the common consent of mankind have been voted wholesome. Altogether exaggerated importance is too often attributed to this dictum of Lucretius: "Different food is pleasant and nutritious for different creatures; that which to

some is nauseous and bitter may yet to others seem passing sweet; and the discrepancy is so great that what to one man is food, to another is rank poison." While the statement contains no doubt a modicum of truth, it may well be qualified by this declaration of an oldtime American physician, Dr. Austin Flint: "I have never known a person to become a faddist regarding diet without also becoming a dyspeptic."

This mention of faddists suggests a reference to the large number of people in both lay and clerical circles who deny themselves this, that, or the other kind of food because, as they say, it doesn't agree with them. A medical authority of considerable prestige in the scientific world, the Dr. Williams already quoted, thinks that this notion is very often a mistaken one. The particular variety of food in question may have been taken at a time when anything would have disagreed with the eater, or it may have been taken in excessive quantity. "It is worth while," he says, "to make very sure before you deny yourself, on the ground of personal idiosyncrasy, what may really be a useful and pleasant article of food." Much the same thing is to be said of the refusal of many persons to take certain kinds of food because of a distaste for them. The distaste may be the result of some unpleasant experience under exceptional circumstances. The present writer, for instance, conceived some years ago a genuine disgust for lobsters, and for a long time refused to partake of that excellent crustacean, simply because of a visit paid to a lobster factory in which

the sanitary conditions were not of the best and the stench was of the rankest. Let him hasten to add that an attempt to give him, as a boy, a distaste for his favorite berry by administering his periodical spring-time powders or pills through the medium of strawberry preserves resulted in ignominious failure. Yielding to aversions that may easily be overcome in the matter of food is a mistake, and very frequently one that entails considerable inconvenience. To be able to eat with relish all kinds of common foods that are set before him at home or elsewhere is not only a blessing for which priest or layman may well be thankful, but a capacity which the normally healthy individual may easily acquire.

All general rules of course suffer exceptions, and so, while it is generally true that what is wholesome for one healthy person is wholesome for another, a man is not necessarily a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian because he affirms that such or such an article of food does not agree with him, or that such another is distasteful to him. If his own experience, not infrequently repeated, has unequivocally taught him that his indulgence in a particular dish invariably produces stomachic disorders, common sense dictates his avoidance of that dish. As to the whole question of diet, indeed, there is more truth than extravagance in the dictum: "At thirty-five a man is his own physician or a fool." When one has reached that age one's familiarity with the effects of this or that dietary on one's personal health and well-being ought to be a sufficiently safe guide in choosing the edibles that

constitute one's meals. At the same time we should be chary of excluding from our bill of fare any staple article of food simply because, once or twice, and perhaps under exceptional conditions, it has affected us disagreeably. While the proof of the pudding may be in the eating, it can hardly be considered conclusive proof unless the particular kind of pudding has been eaten more than once or twice or thrice.

On the whole, however, priests, like other people, probably injure their internal economy, and, as a consequence, the efficiency of their labors, more by eating the things they like than by abstaining from those they dislike. Scarcely if at all less than the laity, the clergy are concerned in this fact unanimously affirmed by the world's best physicians: "Gastronomic errors are among the most widespread of man's sins, and the penalties he pays therefor are from the nature of the case not merely expiative but retributory; not merely penitential, but punitive, since often 'the wages of sin is death.'" In so far as priests, and more particularly middle-aged and elderly priests, are concerned, these gastronomic errors may be succinctly expressed in the statement that they partake too often of the wrong kinds of food, and eat too much of the right kinds. Nor is there any intention whatever on the part of the writer, in making this statement, of implying that the clergy (himself included) are given to even the lesser degrees of the sin of gluttony. Most of our transgressions in this respect are errors of judgment rather than wilful violations of the moral law. That the

errors are quasi-universal would seem to be the opinion of standard dietetic authorities, since they assert that "we all eat about a third too much."

Without going into any more or less technical discussion of the quantitative and qualitative values of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods, or of the correct proportions of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats in our ordinary meals, we may mention some outstanding common-sense principles that should be taken account of in the matter of determining what we shall eat. One of these is that both the kind and the quantity of the food we take should vary, somewhat, according to the nature of our habitual activities. The sedentary man engaged in mental work and the day-laborer whose exertion is purely muscular evidently do not require the same diet, and if they habitually take the same kind and quantity of food, one of the two will be committing a gastronomic sin. Father Clarence, who spends his forenoon between his office and his study, attending to his correspondence, or reading, clearly does not need so full a dinner of meat, eggs, milk, cheese, or leguminous vegetables as does his man Mike, whose forenoon has been devoted to sawing wood, shoveling coal, or digging in the field or garden. And if, nevertheless, Father Clarence indulges in so hearty a dinner, elementary knowledge of physiology should teach him that it is incumbent upon him to take a considerable amount of physical exercise before again sitting down to eat. It ought to be axiomatic that, if the body is to be kept in a healthy condition, some sort of nutritional equi-

librium must be established, that there should be some proportion between the output of heat and energy and the intake of food, since, after all, the principal if not the sole purpose of food is to replace in our body the matter absorbed by the functions of life and the exertions of labor.

It may prove not uninteresting to enumerate here several of the propositions which United States scientists commonly use as factors in computing the results of systematic dietary studies—propositions based largely upon experimental data. Given that a man at moderately active muscular work needs in a certain period thirty ounces of food, then a man at hard muscular work needs in the same period thirty-six ounces, one at light muscular work needs twenty-seven ounces, and one at a sedentary occupation needs only twenty-four ounces. On this basis the priest's man Mike, of the preceding paragraph, would need one and a half times as much dinner as the priest himself; and it would clearly be a dietetic indiscretion for Father Clarence to reverse the proportion and eat one and a half times as much as Mike. And yet it is questionable whether the clergy form any exception to Franklin's rule: "In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eat twice as much as nature requires." There seems to be no good reason for doubting the statement made by any number of medical practitioners, that for every person who in our day and country dies from insufficient nutrition, starvation, there are at least a dozen or a score whose death is the indirect, and very often the direct, result of overeating. Vol-

taire is not an author who commends himself particularly to clerical readers; but the most orthodox priest will hardly quarrel with these precepts of that arch-infidel: "Regimen is better than physic. Every one should be his own physician.—Eat with moderation what you know by experience to agree with your constitution.—Nothing is good for the body but what we can digest. What can procure digestion? Exercise."

Eating the wrong kind of food is not perhaps so prevalent a gastronomic error, among clerics or others, as eating too much of the right kinds; but it is an existent error, nevertheless. If we have not personally proved this in our own experience (as in all probability most of us now and then *have* proved it), we have at least verified the statement in our observation of others. Memory forthwith supplies the present writer with several notable examples. To mention only one: Father Michael, an exemplary cleric of three and a quarter score years, had during a considerable number of those years been afflicted with stomach troubles. Reiterated experiences had convinced him that eating meat at his supper was the forerunner of inevitable distress throughout the night and the following day; and accordingly as a rule he abstained therefrom. Now and then, however, when his digestive apparatus had been functioning nicely for a week or two, and when on the supper-table there appeared a variety of meat to which he was partial—cold turkey or country sausage, for instance—he would allow himself to be persuaded to take "just a small piece, a mere mouthful." The

said mouthful being consumed, he would remark: "Do you know, that is really delicious. I think I'll take a little more," and would proceed to do so, with considerable present satisfaction no doubt, but a satisfaction as short-lived as his subsequent discomfort was protracted. Who has not known such a dietetic blunderer? "We eat," writes a medical author, "not to supply our needs, but to satiate our appetites. We are woefully lacking in the strength of mind necessary to deny ourselves those things which experience has proved to be objectionable, much less to practise general and protracted self-denial, until grim admonition from within drives us thereto."

It is worth while to remark that the men who, like Father Michael, receive this "grim admonition from within" immediately, or soon, after their making a gastronomic blunder, are on the whole more fortunate than some others who continue for years to commit dietetic mistakes without receiving from their internal organs any decided protest. A recent writer on the smoking habit shrewdly declares that while excessive smoking, like gluttony, is harmful, the fact that the former works immediately is a wise provision of nature, since discontinuance leads to recovery, while immoderate eating tends insidiously to produce organic disturbances which may become irremediable before they are discovered, and may not yield to better counsel and improved habits. So true is this, that, of the thirty-five thousand Americans who, according to our government reports, annually succumb to Bright's disease, fully one-half, it

is stated, are unaware that they have the disease at all until it is too late to arrest its progress. Undue concern about one's health is of course to be deprecated; and there is without a doubt something of truth in the familiar statement that the men who are always bothering about their physical well-being and taking infinite precautions as to diet, exposure to draughts, the temperature of their living rooms, etc., are precisely those who are most frequently ailing; but, on the other hand, it is incontestable that many men, and not a few middle-aged priests among them, habitually lead a life which, while not on the surface notably unsanitary, is nevertheless surely leading them to an untimely death. Those of us who in our fifth or sixth decade continue that habit of eating three hearty meals a day which we formed years ago when our physical activity was considerably greater than it is at present may well reflect on this last word of the scientists on Bright's disease: "Nine times out of ten it is the result, more or less direct, of disorders in the digestive tract, and nine times out of ten these disorders are due to too much eating and drinking, too much bending over desks, and too little fresh air."

Connected with our general subject there are one or two common fallacies that merit exposure. One of them is that an invariable relation of effect and cause exists between one's physical appearance and one's prowess with the knife and fork, that leanness, quasi-emaciation, skin-and-boneness, are always due to abstemiousness, while plumpness of form and, *a fortiori,* obesity are certain

signs of over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. Leanness and its opposite are sometimes hereditary; and history as well as personal observation proves that there have been, and are, obese saints and thin gluttons. St. Thomas Aquinas was not particularly sylph-like in form, nor was that uncanonized nineteenth-century saint, the author of *All for Jesus*. A diocesan cleric, during a visit to a monastery in which one of his brothers was a religious, remarked one day: "Say, Tom, what a thoroughly mortified, saint-like, ascetic face your Father X has!"—"Ascetic fiddlesticks," came the entirely frank if not very charitable reply, "he's the most confirmed dyspeptic crank in the Community. Our real saint is Father L. over there in the corner, that rolypoly individual who looks like an over-fed alderman, and yet eats less in a week than Father X. does in a day." General rules are subject to so many exceptions that it is not always safe to apply them to particular cases.

Another specious fallacy about eating, or dieting, is that persons who fast, either habitually or occasionally, take as much food at their one full meal as they would take in their three regular meals if they were not fasting. In all probability those who make this statement do not really believe it, themselves. In any case, priests who have frequent experience of fasting must know that the assertion is so far from being true that it is simply ridiculous. If it ever wears any color of truth, it must be in the case of the person who fasts only once in a long while, and whose stomach has accordingly not become habituated to the

changed régime. In the present writer's own case, and, he ventures to say, in that of the average man who has adopted the plan of taking only one full meal a day, that meal is not a bit fuller now than it was some years ago when it was daily supplemented by two other hearty repasts. Apropos of habitual fasting, by the way, George Fordyce declares: "One meal a day is enough for a lion, and it ought to be for a man,"—at least for a man whose life is largely an indoor, sedentary one, and who takes little or no physical exercise.

An excellent concomitant of an enjoyable meal, and one that should never be absent from a table at which several priests are gathered, is lively conversation. It may seem somewhat rash to question the advantages of the oldtime monastic plan of eating in silence, the diners listening to a reader instead of talking among themselves; but the advantages are perhaps spiritual rather than hygienic. At any rate, where no rule forbids talking at table, the said monastic plan may assuredly be improved upon. For one thing, animated conversation during meals militates against our committing the typically American dietetic sin—eating too rapidly, bolting one's food rather than masticating it thoroughly. Apart from this worth-while result, lively speech and intermittent laughter are effective aids to digestion. There are many places, no doubt, in which diocesan priests may congruously and profitably practise "the great silence" to which their religious confrères are often constrained; but the dining-room is not one of them.

The limitations imposed by the title of this

essay obviously exclude a number of considerations which might appropriately enough find their place in a chapter on the general subject of eating. It would, for instance, savor somewhat of impertinence to insist that a priest is decidedly out of character in the rôle of either a gourmand or a gourmet, a greedy feeder or a nice one, a connoisseur in the delicacies of the table, an epicure. And it would be superfluous to point out that, more than other persons, he must "use as a frugal man the things that are set before him," and sedulously avoid giving any shadow of occasion for the imputation that "his god is his belly." It will not, however, be irrelevant to conclude with the description of what in the present writer's opinion is the best of clerical meals: one that has fresh air and active muscular exercise for an appetizer; plain, substantial, and well-cooked food for the bill of fare; and an accompaniment of pleasant, cheerful discourse from the first mouthful to the last.

THE FRATERNAL CHARITY OF PRIESTS

Let the charity of the brotherhood abide in you.—*Heb.: xiii, 1.*

I will chide no heathen in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.—*Shakespeare.*

Fraternal charity is the sign of predestination. It makes us known as the true disciples of Christ, for it was this divine virtue that moved Him to live a life of poverty and to die in destitution upon the Cross.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

WHEN the ordinary everyday priest of this twentieth century is reminded of the pregnant aphorism, *Sacerdos alter Christus,* and is advised to act conformably thereto, he is apt to tell himself that, after all, the dictum is only a daring metaphor. True, he performs a Christ-like rôle at the altar and exercises Christ-like powers in the confessional; but there, he affirms, his quasi-identity with the God-Man ceases, and none but visionary and unpractical ascetic theorists can expect him to reproduce in his workaday life the multifarious virtues and the beneficent activities that distinguished his Divine Master. That he underestimates the justice of the metaphor goes without saying; his resemblance to our Lord is, or should be, closer than he is inclined to admit; yet there is of course a substratum of truth in his contention. In the downright, strict, literal sense of the phrase, he is not "another Christ," and may, if he will, disclaim the characterization. What he cannot disclaim with any vestige of honesty is his character of Christian, and Christian in the most downright, strict, literal possible sense of the

word—not only a believer in Christ, but His disciple, follower, imitator, one who exemplifies in his life his Divine Master's teachings.

No ordained priest, however much he minimizes his obligation to practice the perfection of the theological and moral virtues and thus make his life a faithful mirror of our Saviour's, will maintain that he is less bound thereto than is the ordinary layman or laywoman, or will question the statement that a pastor's virtues should notably outshine those of the common run of his flock. It is surely not demanding too much of priests as a body that they so conduct themselves as to force the non-Catholic world of to-day to remark of them, as Tertullian declares the heathens remarked of the first Christians: "See how they love one another! how much respect they have for each other! how ready they are to render any service, or even to suffer death, for one another's sake!" The tribute paid in the Acts of the Apostles to the great mass of the faithful in those early days of the Christian era ought to be deserved in our own day by at least the clergy—"The multitude of the believers had but one heart and one soul." Twentieth-century priests, in a word, may well show themselves, in the matter of fraternal charity and reciprocal love, as good Christians as were the first-century laity.

Of the strictness of the obligation binding on all Christians, and assuredly not least on the clergy, to obey the second of the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," no one at all familiar with the New Testament can

entertain the slightest doubt. Even if one's reading of that inspired volume were confined to the Gospel and Epistles of St. John, the evidence for the authoritative character of this moral precept and its consequent binding force would be superabundant. It will do no harm to refresh our memories by citing a few of the many pertinent passages to be found therein: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another. . . . He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is no scandal in him. . . . Whosoever is not just is not of God, nor he that loveth not his brother. . . . For this is the declaration, which you have heard from the beginning, that you should love one another. . . . We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death. . . . In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. . . . Dearly beloved, let us love one another, for charity is of God. . . . He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is charity. . . . If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not? . . . A new commandment I give unto you: That you love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another. . . . And this is His commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another, as He hath given commandment unto us. . . . And

this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God love also his brother. . . . My little children, let us love not in word, nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

The reader who has perused the foregoing paragraph need scarcely be reminded of St. Jerome's story about the conduct and advice of the Beloved Disciple in his extreme old age. When too infirm to go to the church unless when carried there, he continually repeated to his disciples the counsel, "Children, love one another"; and when asked one day why he so constantly reiterated the same advice, he replied, "Because it is the precept of our Lord, and this alone is sufficient, if well observed." That, lacking this, all else is *in*sufficient, not only for the attainment of the perfection of one's state, but even for bare salvation, is unquestionable, as is clear from the writings of Apostles other than St. John. With peculiar appositeness, for instance, may a priest repeat the words of St. Paul: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The foregoing texts are known of course to all of us; they are as familiar as household words to our ears and minds; but it is quite possible that we have seldom, if ever, made a

specific personal application of the principles therein laid down to our individual selves. Sermons on brotherly love and the vices opposed to it we have no doubt preached often enough; but it may be that the cap we skillfully constructed for a lay offender would have fitted our own head fully as snugly as his.

Considered in its extensive applicability, the word "neighbor" designates every human being, without distinction of religion, race, age, sex, social standing, moral condition, or any other circumstance such as in the eyes of the world may constitute a line of cleavage. In Christ "there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free." Here on earth our love is due to as apparently heterogeneous a mass of humanity as St. John describes in the Apocalypse, "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb." It goes without saying, however, that while the bond of charity should unite us to all these, the union with some may legitimately be closer than with others. There is no transgression of the divine law in our loving relatives more than friends, friends more than acquaintances, acquaintances more than strangers, fellow-countrymen more than foreigners, or those of the household of the faith more than those outside the fold. On the contrary, the nearer we are brought to individuals or classes by natural or conventional ties, by similarity of occupation or habitual association, the greater the debt of charity we owe them. In so far as the clergy

are specifically concerned, there would seem to be exceptional reason why the bonds of charity uniting them should be notably stronger than those which join together either the faithful generally, or, more particularly, the members of any other profession. By the very terms of their ordination priests have entered into a more intimate alliance one with another than exists among lawyers, doctors, business men, authors, or artists. Enlisted in the most solemn possible manner in the army of Jesus Christ, beneath the royal standard of His Cross, they are in a very special sense brothers-in-arms, and reciprocally owe to one another such genuine affection as naturally exists among brothers in blood. To a doctor of the law, a representative of the world at large, Christ said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself*"; on His priests at the Last Supper He laid the burden of a more intensive affection: "The precept which I give you is, that you love one another *as I have loved you.*"

To come at length to the everyday actualities of sacerdotal life: the law of fraternal charity calls for genuinely cordial relations between a pastor and his curates. Of all the residences in the parish, the rectory, while necessarily lacking both the figures and the affections primarily associated with the idea of the Christian family—father, mother, children, with their concomitant conditions of conjugal, parental, and filial love—should none the less be the one house in which more than in any other habitually abide the peace, concord, mutual consideration, and bearing-one-another's-

burden spirit that characterize and bless the true Christian home. The ideal pastor stands to his curate in the relation of father or big brother according as the disparity of their respective years is great or small; and he is sincerely desirous that the younger man shall look upon him, not as an exacting and unsympathetic taskmaster, but as a kind-hearted and considerate senior partner in the business of ministering to the spiritual needs of the people. Without at all sacrificing the authority or the rights that are really his, he makes no parade of that authority and is not fond of emphasizing the rights, especially when the curate manifests no set purpose of infringing thereon. With the larger measure of wisdom or common sense that usually comes with advancing years, he knows how to tolerate youthful exuberance of spirits, and can make due allowance for the occasional mistakes that arise from impulsive energy or generous, if imprudent, zeal. While mindful of his duty properly to train his assistant in the various works of the ministry, he relies for the success of that training more on the example he sets than on the orders he gives; and even when reproof becomes imperative administers it calmly, charitably, and in private, not passionately, harshly, and before others.

As for the junior partner in the clerical firm, the qualities or virtues which congruously characterize his intercourse with his ecclesiastical superior are, among others, interior reverence externalized in outward marks of unfailing respect; obedience promptly rendered to express commands and even implied wishes; cordial coöp-

eration in such parochial activities as solicit the united forces of pastor and assistant; ready deference in unimportant matters, and in the minor details of important ones, to the judgment of his elder; habitual willingness to oblige; a disposition to do more rather than less than his share of the harder sort of parish work; good natured acceptance of such little jars and trials as are occasionally inevitable in the domestic economy of the best-managed household; and a cheerful optimism that laughs away small worries, overrides greater ones, and floods the rectory with moral sunshine. One consideration which may well facilitate the offices of fraternal charity by increasing the esteem entertained for his pastor by a curate, especially if the latter be a brilliant scholar and the former not overweighted with the learning of the books, is that the pastor is possessed of a science not to be acquired by the keenest intellects in the most efficient seminaries or most famous universities, a science unattainable by youth, mastered only in the school of the world where time and events are the preceptors, and one the acquisition of which entitles even the dullest pastor to the unconferred degree, *Experientiae Doctor.* "When I was young," said John Wesley in his later life, "I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before; at present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to me." We suspect that many a gray-haired pastor of our day is tempted to say of his quasi-omniscient assistant, in a paraphrase of Sydney

Smith on Macaulay, "I'd like to be as cocksure of anything as my curate is of everything."

Next in warmth and strength to the fraternal charity displayed towards their housemates, is that which priests owe to the clerics of their neighborhood, the pastors and curates of adjacent parishes, fellow-members of their conference-circle, and the clergy of their diocese as a whole. The circumstance that one meets such brethren less frequently than is the case with the members of one's own household sometimes renders the observance of the rules governing brotherly love comparatively easy. Meeting a man only occasionally, and for a relatively brief period, is quite a different matter from living with him day after day and month after month, especially if his defects of character are (like our own, no doubt) neither few nor negligible. Even the most cross-grained, irritable, disputatious, or domineering cleric that ever merited the rebuke of Ecclesiasticus, "Be not as a lion in thy house, terrifying them of thy household, and oppressing them that are under thee," is generally on his good behavior when he is visited by brother priests, or when he in turn visits them. His normal self is for the nonce subdued, and he appears in the guise, or disguise, of an agreeable companion. Geniality, sympathetic interest, willingness to render service, cordial messages of congratulation or condolence on occasions of joy or sorrow, attendance at special functions in their church or school, appreciative recognition of favors received, recreative exercise taken together—these are some of the usual manifestations of the

fraternal charity we entertain for brother priests in our neighborhood, and such acts are frequently of more importance to their, and our own, moral welfare than is always recognized by them or ourselves. As for our diocesan confrères in general, for the more numerous clergy of our State, and for the whole body of the priesthood in our country, our charity takes the form of unswerving loyalty to them in preference to the clerics of any other diocese, State, or country whatever.

It would probably be superfluous to insist at any length on the point that it is not enough to have any kind of liking, affection, or fondness for our brother priests: our love for them must be true charity. "If we love our neighbor," says St. Francis de Sales, "because he does us good, that is, because he loves us and brings us some advantage, honor, or pleasure, this is what we call a love of complacency, and is common to us with the animals. If we love him for any good that we see in him, that is, on account of beauty, style, amiability, or attractiveness, this is the love of friendship which we share with the heathens. . . . The true love which alone is meritorious and lasting, is that which arises from the charity which leads us to love our neighbor in God and for God; that is, because it pleases God, or because he is dear to God, or because God dwells in him, or that it may be so." Needless to say, St. Francis does not condemn friendship, or that natural attraction we feel for those whose tastes and inclinations are similar to our own. He follows up the foregoing statements with the remark: "There is, however,

no harm in loving him also for any honorable reason, provided we love him more for God's sake than for any other cause."

Without at all impeaching the soundness of St. Francis' doctrine, a cleric of two or three decades' experience in sacerdotal environments might perhaps be excused for expressing a wish that, for *any* sake, priests should love one another better than they generally do. The love of purely human friendship, or even that of complacency, defective as it is, would seem to be immeasurably superior to either the mere negation of charity, absolute indifference, or, still more, the active opposite of charity, dislike, aversion, hatred. Are these terms too strong to associate with members of the Christian priesthood, professed followers and imitators of the loving and love-ordaining Redeemer? Read this passage from "Rules for the Pastors of Souls," and you will not think so: "Many children of Holy Church have become lukewarm and indifferent, or have even lost their faith, because they could not understand how priests could daily approach the altar to celebrate the most holy mysteries and at the same time persecute one another with the bitterest hatred and animosity, and that for years together! Oh, the blindness and hard-heartedness of such priests!" A rare case, it may be, and painted perhaps in colors unduly dark; but one that differs in degree only from many another case with which most readers of this page cannot but be familiar. As a matter of fact, it is to be feared that our exemplification of fraternal charity, in little things almost

habitually, and occasionally in bigger things as well, fails to square with the precepts of the Gospel and the resultant theories of the saints. We violate charity in a number of ways, and most frequently perhaps by detraction and by resenting injuries. Let a word or two be said of each such transgression of the law of love.

If, in the lengthy catalogue of social vices, there is one that God threatens with dire punishments, one that is repeatedly anathematized in Holy Writ, one that theologians and spiritual writers never tire of denouncing, one that the moralists of all ages and all countries, pagan and Christian, have united in branding as an enormous evil, that vice is detraction, or the defamation of our neighbor. This vigorous and continuous denunciation is of course due to the gravity of the vice in itself and the deplorable consequences that almost invariably flow therefrom. And yet, notwithstanding this universal condemnation, there is probably no sin so common, no vice so prevalent in all classes of society, not excepting the priesthood, as this same detraction. The prevalence is doubtless due to the extreme facility with which we commit the evil and to a certain impression as widespread (among the laity at least) as it is erroneous, that detraction is not a sin, or, anyway, is but a very light one. The specious argument that what every one does cannot be so *very* wrong is brought into requisition to plead the cause of our vitiated inclinations, and the sanction of a corrupt world is employed as a gag to stifle the cries of our protesting conscience. No priest needs telling that detraction is, in its

nature, a grievous sin, a "sin unto death." St. Paul classes it with those crimes whose perpetrators are excluded from the kingdom of Heaven: he ranks detractors with adulterers, idolaters, and thieves. And his classification is borne out by many a text of Holy Writ. "Detractors are odious in the sight of God. . . . The slanderer is an abomination to men and an enemy to God. . . . The evil-whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed for he hath troubled many that were at peace. . . . The calumniator shall never see God. . . . God detesteth the evil speaker in His soul."

To say that these texts apply only to such detractors as, with malice prepense, utter calumnies and slanders calculated to do grievous injury to their neighbor, and are quite irrelevant so far as the ordinary uncharitable talk of the clergy is concerned, is to enunciate, if not an out-and-out sophism, at least a near-fallacy. No theologian will deny that the sin admits of levity of matter; but most men of experience will agree that it is not always easy to determine, when there is question of evil speaking, just where is the boundary-line dividing the light from the grievous; and there is little if any exaggeration in saying that the line is frequently overstepped by many who, far from imagining that they have entered the region of mortal sin, scarcely fancy that they have traveled outside the territory of imperfections. It is proverbial that no man is a fair judge in his own cause, and it is accordingly quite possible that a priest, arraigning himself at the bar of conscience for the sin of uncharitable talk, may show himself

notably more lenient than he appears to penitents accusing themselves of the same sin in the confessional.

Our present discussion of the subject recalls an incident which, occurring as it did a good many years ago, impressed us in our salad days with the distorted views of not a few men concerning the comparative gravity of different vices. During a desultory conversation among several clerics gathered in the writer's room one day, somebody broached this topic of the fraternal charity of priests. "A non-existent virtue," said the wag of the party. "Seriously, though," said Father B., a thoroughly exemplary pastor whose only failing was a naïve and harmless egotism, really inherited rather than acquired, "seriously though, is it not strange that so many priests should be uncharitable? Now, look at me. You never hear me making unkind remarks about my brother priests." —"For a darn good reason," exclaimed the wag aforesaid; "you're always talking about yourself." This sally was greeted with a general laugh, and Father B. was rather put out of countenance; and yet, as between him and a detracting cleric, Father B.'s status was clearly preferable. Vanity, displayed in a love of praise and a fondness for speaking of ourselves, is doubtless sinful, but assuredly not so grievously so as slander or calumny. The vain man may be ridiculous, but "detractors are odious in the sight of God." Moreover, many a man's freedom from vanity is merely the result of his pride, a much greater evil. His self-contained satisfaction with the excellence of

what he is or has leads him to be indifferent to, if not to despise, the opinions entertained of him by others. One may easily be too proud to be vain.

According to Ecclesiasticus, "pride is the beginning of all sin," and it requires no exceptional power of analysis or keenness of interior vision to recognize it as the specific root of all sins against fraternal charity—suspicions, rash judgments, unkindness, harshness, slander, calumny, envy, jealousy, hatred, vindictiveness, revenge, and similar passions. What, for instance, but pride, inordinate esteem of ourselves, overweening self-conceit, auto-intoxication of the intellect, is at the bottom of our drawing for our special friends so unflattering a character, or caricature, of "that money-grabbing old crank," our pastor; "that effeminate young dude," our curate; or "that chuckle-headed ass and insufferable bore," our neighbor of the next parish? Is it merely to pass away the time and to entertain our auditors that we exaggerate his faults, minimize his virtues, put the worst possible construction on his actions, recount with gusto any incident that tells to his disadvantage, and suggest that unworthy or questionable motives underlie his habitual conduct? Not at all. Our detraction springs in reality from our wounded self-love, from a secret sentiment of jealousy or envy that we are ashamed to acknowledge even to ourselves, from a latent spite we bear because of some real or fancied grievance, or, conceivably, from a purely malicious desire to lower him in the estimation of others.

It would be superfluous to remind priests of the

utter puerility of the specious argument with which lay detractors often seek to justify or excuse their evil speaking: "Well, after all, I told only the simple truth." Damaging truth told of one's neighbor without reason or necessity is slander, and its retailer is "an abomination to men and an enemy to God." Nor need any cleric be reminded that, in the case of uncharitable talk, there is from the true to the false, from slander to calumny, but a single step—and a step so slippery that the average evil-whisperer is very liable to take it. Who does not know that a single grain of fact hurtful to a priestly reputation will yield a quicker and more abundant crop than any other seed ever planted? Who has not seen a slight defect become transformed in the mouth of the detractor to a grievous fault, and, passing from one to another, grow to an enormous crime? Where is the priest so singularly blessed that he has altogether escaped the priestly gossip's tongue? Where the diocese so phenomenally charitable that it cannot furnish at least one or two clerical backbiters who are continually at work changing pigmies into giants and molehills into mountains? When shall we priests take to heart, ourselves, the lesson from Ecclesiasticus which we are so fond of impressing upon our people: "Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee." Nor is it enough to shun active detraction: fraternal charity demands that we avoid passive participation therein as well. Talkers will refrain from evil-speaking only when listeners refrain from evil-hearing.

Most arduous of all the forms of that brotherly love which is essential to the spiritual well-being of Christians generally, and of priests in particular, is the forgiving of injuries, the manifestation of good-will and kindness towards those who have done us harm, who have been, or perhaps actually are, our secret or avowed enemies. Herein, as in no other circumstances, is evidenced the truth of that testing text, "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another." The express command, "Love your enemies," bids human nature overcome its innermost self, and might well be considered impossible of execution did it not emanate from Him who prayed for His crucifiers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Now, while self-deceit, even among the ministers of the altar, is as easy as breathing, as common as air, it must be well-nigh impracticable for a priest of God to delude himself as to the absolute necessity of his obeying the precept: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." There is no possible evading the patent sense and import of this declaration of the Holy Ghost: "If therefore thou offerest thy gift at the altar, and there shalt remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and first go to be reconciled to thy brother; and then come and offer thy gift." The very wording of the text clothes it with peculiar appositeness to the men who ascend the altar every morning; and hence they, above and beyond all other imitators of Christ, are inexcus-

able if they fail to observe the precept. Delusion as to the meaning and intent of the law is, as has been said, practically impossible in the case of priests; but delusion as to one's fulfillment of the law is not only altogether possible but altogether common among Christians in the world, and is not sufficiently rare even among the servants of the sanctuary.

The assertion, "Oh, yes; I forgive him; I don't wish him any evil," is entirely in place on the lips of a priest, and no doubt sounds well; but if the speaker nevertheless preserves in his inmost heart an unconquered feeling of resentment or hatred, an imperfectly repressed desire for revenge, an unmistakable disposition to rejoice over the humiliation or downfall of his enemy, no protestation of forgiveness, be it ever so emphatic, will alter the fact that he is really obeying, not the law of Christ, "Love your enemies," but the pre-Christian *lex talionis,* "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." To declare, as some clerics have been known to do, that they forgive those who have injured them but can never forget the injuries, is often to falsify their own statements. True, the law of fraternal charity does not prescribe the forgetting of injuries, their absolute erasure from the tablets of the memory, and such forgetting may indeed be quite beyond one's power to effect, in which case there is clearly no violation of charity; but the emphasized declaration that we will *never* forget what our enemies have done to us may easily enough mean that our asserted forgiveness is merely a shallow pretense. "Let us love,

not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

As a fitting conclusion to a discussion of the brotherly love that should characterize all clerics, let a brief word be said in behalf of those priests who have most need of charity's tender and beneficent offices, those who have been overtaken by misfortunes from which nothing but God's mercy has preserved many of ourselves, those who have fallen by the wayside. St. Vincent de Paul tells us our duty in their regard: "Let us endeavor to show ourselves full of compassion towards the faulty and the sinful. If we do not show compassion and charity to these, we do not deserve to have God show it towards us." The author will perhaps be pardoned for supplementing St. Vincent's counsel with some cognate advice written in his younger days in sonnet form and published under the not very felicitous title "Judge Not":

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame
  Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low:
  His battle's ebb thou seest, but its flow—
The brave repulse, that heroes' praise might claim,
Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
  His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow—
  Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not," hath said the Sovereign Judge of all,
  Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim,—
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
  Hadst thou received from those who vanquished him:
He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

RUBRICAL ODDS AND ENDS

QUERIES AT A CONFERENCE

Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle.—*Michael Angelo.*

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater.—*Luke: xvi, 10.*

According to a prevalent sentiment, we should do away with the distinction between the preceptive rubrics (those which bind under pain of sin, mortal or venial according to the matter) and directive rubrics (those which are not binding in themselves, but state what is to be done in the form of an instruction or counsel). —*F. Cabrol, O. S. B., in Cath. Encycl.*

THE last quarterly ecclesiastical conference for the priests of the Clarenceville district of St. Egbert diocese had been looked forward to with unwonted interest by pastors and curates, and in consequence there was a full attendance of clerics when the session opened in the Parish Hall of the presiding Dean, Father Patterson. The preliminary formalities having been gone through with, the Dean made a statement sufficiently explanatory of both the unusual interest and the lack of absentees. "It will be within the easy recollection of all of you, reverend fathers," he said, "that at our September conference we decided to make this present session something of a novelty in the way of these clerical meetings. It was determined that, instead of having several papers read and discussed, we should resolve ourselves into what may be termed a rubrical quiz-class. We all know that the average reader of our excellent *Sacerdotal*

Monthly is especially interested in its editor's answers to the various queries propounded by his numerous correspondents as to the correct practice in some one or other of our multifarious rites and ceremonies; and the suggestion that at least one of our quarterly conferences might laudably be devoted to a similar purpose was, as you remember, greeted with applause and unanimously adopted.

"As for our manner of procedure at this, the first session of the kind, I think our best plan will be for each member of the conference to put such questions as he has in mind or as may be suggested by cognate queries propounded by others, without any special regard to formal sequence or coördination. Fathers Downey, Doyle, and Harris, who were appointed in September to serve as a Bureau of Information to-day, are no doubt ready to solve any rubrical problems submitted to them; and I, for one, expect to receive some interesting information from their answers to our various queries. So much being said by way of preamble, I now declare the conference open for business.

Fr. Ferguson. Just to start the ball rolling, I should like to ask something about the correct practice in genuflecting when one is giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I don't know whether any other member of the conference remarked the variations on that point exemplified during our last annual retreat, but I can vouch for it that no two of the four priests who gave Benediction during that week observed exactly the same ceremonies. To begin

with, should one genuflection, or two, be made before the priest goes up to the altar to unfold the corporal and open the tabernacle?

Fr. Moran. That's an easy one, I should say. He makes only one, of course.

Fr. Higgins. 'Tis yourself that's easy, Father Dan. He makes two, one before kneeling on the lowest step of the altar for a brief prayer, and another, after that prayer, before going up to the altar. Isn't that so, Father Downey?

Fr. Downey. Absolutely not, Father Higgins. No genuflection is needed after the brief prayer said on his knees. The ceremonials say: "The priest rises, goes up to the altar," etc., with no mention of a genuflection between the two acts.

Fr. Ferguson. And now, on arriving at the altar, should he genuflect at once, or only after opening the tabernacle?

Fr. Browning. At once, I hope; otherwise, my practice is wrong.

Fr. Downey. Your hope is vain, Father George. The first genuflection to be made on the platform of the altar follows the unfolding of the corporal and the opening of the tabernacle.

Fr. Ferguson. And yet three of the four who gave Benediction during the retreat followed the incorrect practice of Father Browning.

Fr. Crossway. Well, even so; there was no harm done. Genuflecting is an act of devotion, a good thing, and I fail to see why the pious sentiment that prompts the additional genuflection should be condemned.

Dean Patterson. You are surely not serious,

Father Crossway. You can scarcely be presumptuous enough to advocate the setting aside of prescribed rubrics, or the performance of additional ceremonies, at the discretion of the individual priest. Such a principle would be utterly subversive of all order and harmony in the celebration of Holy Mass and other divine services. The pious sentiments of yourself and other priests of your way of thinking will be best displayed by your thorough knowledge and exact observance of all the rubrics which, as an accredited minister of God's altar, you are supposed to know.

Fr. Ferguson. There's still another genuflection about which some variety of practice obtains, at least in this diocese of ours. When the Blessed Sacrament is taken from the tabernacle and placed in the monstrance, some priests, myself among the number, genuflect before putting the monstrance in the place of exposition; others omit that genuflection, contenting themselves with genuflecting (as I also do) after exposing the Blessed Sacrament, before descending the altar steps. Is the genuflection immediately before the exposition superfluous?

Fr. Downey. Not at all; it is prescribed, and its omission is reprehensible.

Fr. Temple. Since we are on the subject, I should like to ask just how the Benediction proper, the actual blessing of the people with the monstrance, should be performed. I never entertained any doubts as to the correctness of my own method until one evening last month when

I attended Benediction in a church at Port Mayne. The officiating priest, turned towards the faithful, raised the monstrance as high as the full reach of his arms permitted, lowered it below his waist-line, raised it to the height of his breast, turned not only the monstrance but his body in a half circle towards the Epistle side, swung around in an almost complete circle to the Gospel side, came back to the center facing the people, and finally turned to the altar by his left, towards the Epistle side. Is there any authority for making the sign of the cross with the monstrance in that fashion?

Fr. Doyle. No; I don't think there is. Apart, however, from his last act, turning to the altar by the Epistle side, a positive error, his movements were exaggerations of the correct rites rather than out-and-out mistakes. The Baltimore Ceremonial is sufficiently explicit on the subject. After stating that the priest, having covered his hands with the extremities of the veil, takes hold of the monstrance at the highest part of its foot with his right hand, and at the lowest with his left, it continues: "Then he turns to his right on the Epistle side towards the people, raises the monstrance as high as his eyes, brings it down lower than his breast, then raises it in a straight line as high as his breast, afterwards brings it to his left shoulder, and completes the circle, turning himself to the altar to his right, on the Gospel side."

Fr. Ferguson. Pardon me, Father Doyle, but is there not authority for one variation from that

form? A good many priests, after turning the monstrance from the left shoulder to the right one, bring it back in front of the breast before completing the circle by turning to the altar on the Gospel side; and I fancy they have the sanction of some rubricists for the practice.

Fr. Doyle. You are quite right; they have. Wapelhorst says that the movement may be completed as described in the Baltimore Ceremonial, "vel potest ostensorium a dextro rursus reducere ante pectus ibique aliquantulum sistere, tunc gyrum perficiens super Altare collocare." And in support of his contention he cites a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Fr. Moran. Before we finish with Benediction, will some member of our Bureau of Information kindly inform me whether there is any one definitely prescribed method of incensing, any exclusively correct way of swinging the censer? So far as my observation has gone, there is perhaps less uniformity with regard to that act than respecting most other of our doings at the altar.

Fr. Harris. Well, if you ask me, I must say that I have read more directions about how *not* to incense than about the way to do it properly. For the incensation of the sacred offerings, the cross, and the altar at High Mass, there are of course detailed instructions in the various ceremonials, with accompanying plates to lend additional clarity to the text; but not all rubricists tell us just how we should manipulate the

censer at Benediction. Wapelhorst states that we should swing the censer, not six or nine times, but only thrice, with a slow movement, and with the briefest of pauses after each swing; but, so far as I know, he does not describe the process by which the swing, or throw, of the censer is effected. The Baltimore Ceremonial is more specific. In a footnote to its article on the functions of the censer-bearer, it explains the manner of incensing practiced in Rome and throughout Italy, "in well-regulated churches." While the instructions concern the censer-bearer in particular, I take it that they apply equally to all who do the incensing—among others, to the priest incensing the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction. Let me quote: "To incense in a proper manner, having lowered the cover of the censer, he takes the top of the chains in his left hand, and brings it to his breast; with the fingers of his right hand he takes the chains close to the cover and brings it as high as his eyes; then he lowers it, and stretches his arm while he raises it again towards the one whom he is incensing, causing the censer to swing forward; and then lowers it again towards himself. He will repeat the same as often as he is to give throws, or swings."

Fr. Temple. That may be the Roman manner, but 'tis not the French one, or at least not the manner described in a French ceremonial we used in my time at Laval. We were told to place the left hand holding the top of the chains on the breast, to raise the censer with the right

hand to a level with the right shoulder, and then give three horizontal swings towards the person or object being honored.

Fr. Downey. Yes, I have seen that method in practice, and I confess that it impressed me as being rather graceful than otherwise; but perhaps we had better conform to the style just described by Father Harris. While there would seem to be no strictly binding, hard and fast way prescribed for swinging the censer, still there are two faults pretty generally condemned by most liturgical writers of my acquaintance. One is the absence of swinging, properly so called. To hold the top of the chains at one's breast and simply raise the censer to the level of the eyes, hold it there a moment, and lower it, repeating these movements a second and a third time—that may appear reverent and graceful enough, but it is not rubrical; it lacks the swing or throw. The other mistake is one of excess. It consists in making each of the prescribed three swings a double or a triple one, throwing the censer outward and upward with a one-two, or a one-two-three, movement, thus producing the six or nine swings condemned by Wapelhorst.

Fr. Crossway (in a loud aside to Fr. Moran).

> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Fr. Downey. Perhaps the present is as opportune a moment as I am likely to secure for a remark or two not irrelevant to this afternoon's pro-

ceedings, and apparently not uncalled for in this gathering of clerics. It is a capital mistake for any priest, young or old, to flatter himself that his ignorance or imperfect knowledge of rubrics, even the minor or so-called directive rubrics, is other than discreditable to him. It is worse than a mistake, 'tis an absurdity, for him to imagine that such ignorance, so far from being shameful, is rather something to brag about and glory in, as connoting a big, broad-minded, liberal personality unhampered by the narrow, petty details made much of by smaller men. Slovenly carelessness or negligence in carrying out even the niceties of rubrical requirement, and quasi-contemptuous flippancy in talking about them, stamp a priest as a clerical Dogberry who needs no outside assistance in writing himself down an ass. If the greatest personages in civil life do not think it beneath them to obey the multitudinous prescriptions of social etiquette, if the highest officers in the army pride themselves on knowing and observing the veriest minutiae of the military code, if the most eminent religious scruple to neglect the smallest details of their order's rule, surely it is altogether unbecoming in a priest of God to ignore or neglect or decry the regulations ordained by the Church for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, the administration of the sacraments, or other religious functions. The distinction between a careful observer and a careless contemner of the rubrics is not a negligible difference "'twixt Tweedledum and

Tweedledee," but just such a difference as that between a gentleman and a boor, between a thoroughly-drilled soldier and a ludicrous member of the awkward squad.

Dean Patterson. Well said, Father Downey. I endorse every word of your protest against ignorance of the rubrics and constructive contempt of their prescriptions. Let us hope that your lesson will be taken to heart and that in future we may all be able to comment on any similar rebuke with fuller truth than at present: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

Fr. Temple. I should like to ask whether the last word has yet been said in the matter of entering the sanctuary for Mass when the sacristy is behind the altar. Father Moriarty and I are particularly interested in the subject, but such authorities as we have consulted are opposed one to another in their decisions.

Fr. Harris. I am glad to be able to say that the last word on the subject *has* been said. As many of you doubtless remember, the Baltimore Ceremonial (edition of 1894) says: "When the sacristy is behind the altar of the church, the celebrant enters the sanctuary by the Epistle and leaves by the Gospel side." Wapelhorst, in the edition of 1887, said the same thing; but in the edition of 1905 reversed his ruling and declared that the entry should be by the Gospel, and the leaving by the Epistle, side. O'Callaghan (after Zualdi) upheld, in his edition of 1907, the contention of our Baltimore work, as

did Father Doyle, S. J., in a brochure published in 1914. Within the past year, however, the subject was discussed in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* and there was cited a specific decree stating that the celebrant should go to the altar by the Gospel side and return to the sacristy by the Epistle side. The confusion in the matter probably arose from the use of the words "right" and "left" as applied to the altar. The right-hand side of the altar is the same as the right-hand side of the Crucifix above it, or as the right-hand side of the priest when, standing at the altar, he faces the people—that is, the Gospel side.

Fr. Moriarty. I'm delighted to learn that at least one disputed point in the rubrical controversies of Fr. Temple and myself has been definitely settled, and I hope the Bureau can answer with equal precision and authority several questions I am moved to ask concerning the ciborium. In the first place, when should the ciborium be covered with its silk or silver or gold cloth veil?

Fr. Downey. Only when it contains consecrated hosts, or particles of such hosts.

Fr. Moriarty. Then it is a mistake to put the veil on a ciborium containing hosts that are to be consecrated?

Fr. Downey. I think there can be no question as to that: such a practice is wrong.

Fr. Moriarty. I thought so; but it is the practice in a convent chapel in which I said Mass a few weeks ago. I wasn't sure enough of my ground

to tell the Mother Superior that it was absolutely wrong, but I did tell her that it was probably unrubrical, and that she had better advise her regular chaplain to look the matter up. Another point: given that, as a rule, a ciborium should be purified at the Mass at which it has been emptied, is there any very serious violation of rubrics in placing it, unpurified, in the tabernacle, to await purification at a subsequent Mass? I suppose of course that there exists some reason for such action—for instance, the desire to avoid delay when one has an urgent sick-call, or when another priest who is pressed for time is waiting to say his Mass at our altar.

Fr. Downey. While I don't remember that I have ever seen any ruling on that specific point, I should be inclined to say that, on general principles, the action under the given circumstances is quite allowable.

Fr. Doyle. I am of the same opinion, and am pretty sure that it is shared by at least one rubrical authority, though I can't just now recall his name. My remembrance of the point in question is somewhat vivid because, two or three years ago, I was taken to task by an elderly priest for doing just that thing, placing an unpurified empty ciborium in the tabernacle; and, a month or two later, I had the satisfaction of citing for his benefit a rubrical authority who said the action was quite right.

Fr. Moriarty. My final question has to do with a point that perhaps admits of no controversy;

but it will do no harm to mention it, anyway. At my daily Mass I have habitually from seventy-five to one hundred communicants, and I accordingly empty two or three ciboriums a week. I make it a practice not to fill the ciborium I am about to consecrate quite full, to avoid the danger of some of the particles overflowing and dropping on the platform of the altar or the floor of the sanctuary. Now, when I open the tabernacle at Communion time and take out the ciborium enclosed therein, I find that it contains, sometimes three or four, sometimes ten or twelve, and occasionally twenty or thirty hosts. In the last-mentioned case, I distribute the particles from this (old) ciborium to the people, and then return to the altar for the (new) ciborium whose contents have just been consecrated. In the first case, when only three or four particles remain in the old ciborium, I consume them at once. What I should like to know is, whether, when the old ciborium contains ten or twelve consecrated hosts, it is altogether inadmissible for me to empty those particles into the new ciborium before going to the Communion rail.

I have said that the point is perhaps not controvertible at all, because it seems to be completely covered by the Roman Ritual, which says, in its chapter on the Blessed Sacrament: "Hostiae vero seu particulae consecrandae sint recentes; et ubi eas consecraverit, veteres primo distribuat vel sumat." On the face of it, this prescription makes it a matter of obligation to

distribute or consume the consecrated particles in one ciborium before beginning to distribute those in the ciborium newly consecrated. From the context of the prescription, however, as from Lehmkuhl's comment on that prescription, it would seem that the sole reason for the regulation is the safeguarding of the law requiring the renewal of the Sacred Species every eighth day. As there is no danger whatever of that law's being violated in the case of which I speak, I believe that the spirit of the Ritual's regulation would not be disobeyed if I emptied the ten or twelve particles from the old ciborium into the new one. What do you think of the matter, Father Downey?

Fr. Downey. I think that, if you should put the case to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, your suggested practice might be authorized; but I should not care to advise that, in the meantime, you should go against the clear letter of the rubric in the Ritual. There is of course no question that our present practice of frequent and daily Communion puts a new face on the matter of frequently renewing the Sacred Species; there is far less danger now than there used to be of the ciborium's containing hosts consecrated longer than a week; and I have little doubt that some excellent priests actually follow the practice which you suggest, on the principle that the real object of the Ritual's rubric is attained; but, personally, I should not care to act on my own idea of common sense when such action runs directly contrary to a clearly expressed law of the Church.

Fr. Doyle. In other words, "safety first" is your view of the matter, Father Downey; and, although some may think that your position is ultra-conservative, I am inclined to agree with you. The new conditions brought about by the new practice of frequent and daily Communion may cause a modification of the rubric in question, but, until it *is* modified, I, for one, shall continue to observe it.

Fr. Browning. Perhaps I am unduly naïve in making the statement; but I don't agree with either of the last two speakers, in theory or in practice. As a matter of daily fact, I habitually adopt the course suggested by Father Moriarty. The thing appears to me to be perfectly simple. The Ritual wants us to make sure that no consecrated hosts are kept beyond eight days. Now, I *am* quite sure that, even if I emptied twenty-five or thirty hosts from the old ciborium into the new one before beginning the distribution to the people, all of them would be consumed within the required time. Then, why scruple about ten or twelve? So evidently permissible has the practice appeared to me, that I never even thought of consulting any one as to its allowableness.

Dean Patterson. Well, you might do worse now, Father George, than consult some one—our ordinary, for instance, before continuing the practice. As you have heard, the contention opposed to yours is also perfectly simple. The Ritual forbids a certain action. Our duty is, not to hunt up reasons for setting its prescrip-

tions at naught, but to obey those prescriptions as long as they remain in force. If we think they should be modified, it is our privilege to suggest as much to the proper authorities; but, in the meanwhile, it is best to conform to the law.

Fr. Ferguson. To touch on a cognate point, what does our Bureau think of the use of a Communion card as a substitute for the Communion cloth, or an addition to that cloth?

Fr. Harris. I prefer it as an addition to the cloth, the server of the Mass holding the card under the chin of the communicant. And I think it an excellent, not to say a necessary, thing, for the server, when the distribution is finished, to carry the card (holding it level) to the altar where the celebrant, tapping its edge on the corporal, may remove any minute particles that have possibly fallen upon it. Where only a card is used, as in convent chapels, and the number of communicants is large, such a quasi-purification of the card by the celebrant is a precaution that can scarcely be considered superfluous.

Fr. Temple. Speaking of convent chapels: when, as is generally the case, there is no altar-boy to serve Mass, is it rubrical for the priest at the Lavabo, to wash his hands, that is, the tips of his thumbs and forefingers, by dipping them into a finger bowl partially filled with water, instead of awkwardly pouring on them (and often enough on the altar-cloth or the linen

cover of the credence table as well) the water from the cruet?

Fr. Doyle. If I remember well, that question was put a year or two ago to one of our ecclesiastical monthlies, and the answer was that the use of a finger bowl or small glass dish in the given case was quite correct. The editor disclaimed knowledge of any rubric forbidding it, and added that he knew of localities where, even when there is a server, use is made of a glass bowl at the Lavabo. After all, the rubrical expression, "lavat manus," does not seem imperatively to demand the pouring of the water from the cruet.

Fr. Delaney. Apropos of saying Mass without a server, do our faculties, which permit us to celebrate "sine ministro," also allow us to say Mass when there is no one whatever except ourself present in the church or chapel in which it is said? I ask the question because of an experience I had last summer. I was visiting a clerical friend in Canada. He invited me to say the regular six o'clock Mass in his stead, remarking that he would celebrate at an earlier hour. It developed, later on, that he was delayed a little beyond his appointed hour, awaiting the appearance of his housekeeper. When he informed me of this fact, I took it for granted that he wanted the housekeeper to act as a quasi-server, reading the responses, as do Sisters in convents, and told him that our faculties in this diocese allowed us to dispense with a server. He then stated that his faculties gave

him the same privilege, and that it was not the housekeeper's serving, but her mere presence, that he desired. He evidently doubted the liciiness of his celebrating without the presence of at least one member of the faithful. The fifth of our faculties, that which permits us to celebrate "an hour before daylight and an hour after noonday, without a server," etc., makes no mention of this particular point; so I should like to hear some opinions upon it.

Fr. Crossway. As an offhand opinion, what's the matter with saying that, if we can say Mass without a server, *a fortiori* we can do so without an attendant?

Fr. Temple. The principal matter with the statement is that it's not correct. Available attendants at Mass are far more numerous than are competent servers, and it is quite conceivable that the greater difficulty or inconvenience of securing a server might move Rome to allow a priest to dispense with his assistance, while still requiring the presence of some attendant at the Holy Sacrifice.

Fr. Browning. Pardon me, but are you quite sure that Rome does require such presence? If not, there is clearly no need of any special faculty authorizing the celebration of Mass under the given conditions.

Fr. Downey. Oh, yes, Father Browning, a special faculty is needed, fast enough. The crux of the matter is whether the faculty permitting us to celebrate without a server includes permission to say a solitary Mass, that is, one at which no

one save the celebrant himself is present. I had occasion recently to look the matter up; and while I could gather nothing absolutely definite as to what is and is not permitted, I secured sufficient evidence to convince myself that Mass without a server and a solitary Mass are not interchangeable terms, and that our faculty allowing us to dispense at need with a server does *not* allow us to dispense with the presence at Mass of at least one of the faithful.

O'Brien, in his "History of the Mass," devotes a page to a discussion of the solitary Mass, but, beyond saying that it is still practiced to a great extent in missionary countries, he throws no light on the specific point I have mentioned as the crux of the question. A scholarly friend of mine, Bishop M., whom I consulted on the matter, seemed to think that the privilege of celebrating "sine ministro" involves the privilege of saying the solitary Mass. On the other hand, another friend, Archbishop S., informed me that the Church has always held in a certain abhorrence these solitary Masses, and referred me to Gasparri's "De Sanctissima Eucharistia," Vol. I, par. 645. As I see the book is among our works of reference here, let me quote:

> Antiquitus in qualibet Missa, clericis et praesertim diaconis sacerdoti inservientibus, ipsi fideles Missae assistentes sacerdoti respondebant; cujus disciplinae vestigia habemus in Missa cum cantu celebrata. Deinde ad evitandum confusionem statutum est ut in Missa

privata unus nomine omnium fidelium ministraret et responderet. Postea monachi sacerdotes Missas *solitarias* introduxerunt, quae scilicet solus sacerdos, ministrante ac praesenti nemine, celebrabat, eosque saeculares sacerdotes imitati sunt. Eas sacri canones prohibuerunt, quod praesertim absurdum esset in ea sacerdotem dicere: *Dominus vobiscum, Sursum corda, Gratias agamus, Oremus.* Haec ratio gravis non est, sed canonica prohibitio manet.

My archiepiscopal friend says that there is no doubt that the Roman Pontiff could dispense from this prohibition, but, while not presuming to decide whether, as a matter of fact, the faculty of celebrating *sine ministro* does dispense from it, he inclines to take the negative view; and I agree with him.

Fr. Doyle. Some one has said that one fact is worth a hundred theories; and here is a fact that throws considerable light on the point under discussion. A very few years ago, a missionary prelate, the Bishop of Natal, was visiting this country. In conversation with a friend of mine, Father H., this subject of the solitary Mass came up, and the Bishop produced his faculties and showed my friend where the Propaganda had deleted the clause permitting the celebration of such Masses. It would accordingly seem that, in the first place, a specific permission to say the solitary Mass is required; and that, in the second place, a privilege denied to a missionary bishop is not likely to be granted to the bishops and priests of this country.

Fr. Harris. Personally, I judge that fact to be conclusive evidence that, while we may at need celebrate without a server, we cannot, without a special permission not contained in our ordinary faculties, say Mass absolutely by ourselves with no one else present.

Fr. Downey. Just let me add that the New Code of Canon Law states nothing specific on the point. I purpose, however, having the direct question put to the Sacred Congregation of Rites: Does the faculty to celebrate *sine ministro* accord permission to say a solitary Mass? In the meantime, Father Delaney's Canadian friend would seem to have been right in waiting for his housekeeper's appearance before beginning his Mass.

Fr. Harris. It is doubtless a far cry from saying Mass without a server to saying Mass at sea; but the mention of our faculties reminds me of a communication sent to an ecclesiastical periodical two or three years ago by a correspondent who signed himself "Episcopus Meridionalis." I think I can trust my memory to quote his statements with textual exactness. He mentioned the following as decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites: "No bishop can give faculties for saying Mass on board ship to his priests." "The bishop of the port from which the ship sails cannot give faculties to a priest to say Mass on shipboard." "By a Decree of June 30, 1908, the Holy See has granted to our (American) bishops, and those of some other places, when going to or return-

ing from Rome, the permission to say Mass on board ship, provided proper accommodations are afforded, and the sea is calm, and a priest assists." I mention the matter as rather interesting, because some of us have heard priests speak of having celebrated Mass on the Atlantic, although they never said anything about having received faculties for that purpose even from their ordinary, to say nothing of higher authorities. 'Tis not improbable that an occasional traveling cleric imagines that, so long as he has not been suspended, he is at liberty to say Mass anywhere.

Fr. Higgins. During a Solemn Requiem Mass at which I was present in an Eastern city last summer, I noticed the acolytes carrying candlesticks with unlighted candles. Is there any sanction for that practice?

Fr. Downey. None of which I have any knowledge. The direction that, at the Gospel, "non portantur lumina," means that the acolytes carry no candlesticks but stand one on each side of the subdeacon with hands joined.

Fr. Crossway. Is the biretta a constituent part of a priest's costume when he is about to say Mass?

Fr. Doyle. In the sense that the rubrics expect him to wear it to and from the altar, yes. And habitual neglect to wear it when going to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice borders very closely on a contempt that is seriously culpable.

Fr. Hendricks. There's a point in the ceremonies proper to the Forty Hours that I should like to

have authoritatively settled. Some three months ago I attended the opening of that devotion in the church of my friend, Father O'Rourke, over in Lewisville, in our neighboring state. As all the scaffolding, erected for the frescoing of his church's ceiling, had not been removed, he dispensed with the Procession which normally follows the Mass of Exposition. I recognized the reasonableness of that omission, but I doubted the lawfulness of his also omitting the singing of the *Pange Lingua.* When I spoke to him about it, he justified the elimination of the hymn on the ground that the sole purpose of the *Pange Lingua* in the ceremony was to occupy the time taken up by the Procession, and that the absence of the latter made the hymn superfluous. Was he right or wrong?

Fr. Downey. Wrong, most decidedly. At the Mass of Exposition, as at that of Reposition, the *Pange Lingua* should be sung, Procession or no Procession.

Fr. Temple. When the Forty Hours are being observed during Paschal Time, should the Paschal Candle be lit at Solemn Mass?

Fr. Downey. Not unless there be a time-honored custom to the contrary. Even in that case it should not be lighted during the Mass *Pro Pace,* or, according to a ruling of the Sacred Congregation, at any other time when the color of the Mass is violet. The assigned reason is that the lighted Paschal Candle is a symbol of joy,

inappropriate to a feast whose color is that of mourning, as is violet.

Fr. Moriarty. Am I wrong in thinking that, when the opening of the Forty Hours takes place at the late Mass on Sunday, those who have gone to Holy Communion at an earlier Mass, that morning, may gain the indulgences?

Fr. Downey. No; you are quite right. For that matter, even if they went to Confession and Communion on the day before, Saturday, they could gain the indulgences, provided they made the requisite visits to the Blessed Sacrament during the exposition.

Fr. Higgins. When a priest gives the blessing after Communion administered outside of Mass, does he kiss the altar?

Fr. Doyle. No; when he replaces the ciborium in the tabernacle, he raises his eyes, extends and joins his hands, saying *Benedictio Dei,* etc., and at the word *Patris* he turns to the congregation and makes the sign of the cross.

Fr. Crossway. Is the blessing always to be given when Communion is distributed outside of Mass?

Fr. Doyle. Yes, except when the distribution takes place just before or just after a Requiem Mass.

Fr. Ferguson. Is there not another exception, Father Doyle? If I give Communion before Mass in a convent chapel to Sisters who, I know, are to remain throughout the Mass, may I not omit the blessing? They are sure to receive the regular blessing before the last Gospel.

Fr. Doyle. Most rubricists, I believe, say that you

may omit it in that case; but the exception I mentioned—just before or after a Mass for the dead—is the only one made by the Sacred Congregation in its answer to a query propounded on the subject in 1892.

Fr. Browning. My bashful young friend here, Father Mullin, wants me to inquire whether it is ever permitted at a Solemn Mass to have a chasuble of one color and dalmatics of a different color. I've told him that the answer is a foregone conclusion, that of course the mixing of colors is *not* permitted; but he insists on my getting my opinion corroborated.

Fr. Downey. Possibly, Father Tom, he is merely insisting that you change your opinion, for it needs changing. I know of one case, some twenty odd years ago, where a Pontifical Mass was celebrated with a red chasuble (red being the color of the day) and white dalmatics. The bishop who permitted this deviation from the normal usage afterwards consulted a rubrical authority about the licitness of the act, and was told that the Sacred Congregation, being asked about a case substantially the same, replied that the decision in such a matter was left to the prudence of the ordinary.

Fr. Ferguson. May I suggest that our own very prudent ordinary, were he here this afternoon, would admit that our present session has been sufficiently long?

Dean Patterson. That means of course, Father Dan, that you want a smoke. Well, possibly we all deserve one; so perhaps we had better

adjourn. Before doing so, however, I want to express the great satisfaction I have experienced throughout this conference. I have found it most interesting, as well as most instructive; and I feel that I am speaking for all of you when I thank the members of our Bureau for the thorough efficiency they have displayed in answering the heterogeneous inquiries with which they have been beset. And now, the *Sub tuum.*

PRIESTLY MORTIFICATION

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its vices and concupiscences.—*Gal.: v, 24.*

Whoever makes little account of exterior mortifications, alleging that the interior are more perfect, shows clearly that he is not mortified at all, either exteriorly or interiorly.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Be on your guard when you begin to mortify your body by abstinence and fasting, lest you imagine yourself to be perfect and a saint; for perfection does not consist in this virtue. It is only a help; a disposition; a means, though a fitting one, for the attainment of true perfection.—*St. Jerome.*

WHILE it is a commonplace that human nature is much the same in all ages as in all climes, it is nevertheless a fact that specific instances of such identity or homogeneity are often looked upon, not as mere matters of course, but as occurrences really surprising. The precepts of the Gospel and the counsels of perfection were obviously laid down for the Christians of all time, and are consequently as applicable to us of the twentieth century as they were to any previous generation of the faithful that heard them preached and expounded; yet we regard the asceticism of some of those generations as altogether out of place in our scheme of Christian life to-day. That St. Vincent de Paul, for instance, in the seventeenth century, should treat his body with great austerity—chastising it with haircloth, iron chains, and leather belts armed with sharp points—this we accept as natural enough; but that

Father Leo, shot in 1916 at the altar of a church in a western city of the United States, should be found wearing these same instruments of corporal mortification—this very probably impressed the most of us as being quite abnormal and out-of-the-way. Yet it is quite possible that the abnormality consisted rather in the tragic discovery of his austerity than in the austerity itself: there may be, though the world may never come to know it, many a Father Leo among the nineteen thousand secular and religious priests who are doing God's work in this country.

That Christian asceticism indeed is not at all foreign to our modern world is clear from the lengthy roll of saints and near-saints catalogued in that inspiring volume, "Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," a roll which, lengthy as it is, would undoubtedly be notably longer had the book's compilers shared God's knowledge of the secret sanctity of many of His servants. Nor should this surprise us. There is no reason to believe that either mere salvation, or perfect sanctification, is an easier matter to compass nowadays than was the case five or ten or fifteen centuries ago; and accordingly the ordinary means to its attainment that were in vogue in those far-off periods may well be considered appropriate and timely in our own day. In the matter of mortification indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is peculiarly timely for all Christians, and especially for priests, in this twentieth century, because the spirit of the age is diametrically opposed thereto. If there is one characteristic which

distinguishes present-day society, both in the world at large and in our own country in particular, it is its acceptance of the doctrine of Aristippus and the Cyrenaic school of Greek philosophers—hedonism, the enthronement of pleasure as the highest good, belief in the supreme importance of "having a good time." The partial shattering of this belief in the case of not a few peoples may be placed to the credit of the European War, one instance in which God has shown how good may be drawn from evil.

Now, there is nothing truer in the philosophy of everyday life than that all of us, clergy and laity, are acted upon by the spirit of our age. We imbibe it in the very atmosphere, in our reading of the books and the periodicals of the day, in our more or less immediate contact with club-life and social functions and political or educational gatherings, in a hundred and one phases of the life that is being lived around us. Imperceptibly for the most part, but none the less surely, the influence of this age-spirit affects our point of view, our mental habits, and, unless we are ceaselessly upon our guard, our spiritual outlook and our daily routine. An excellent test by which to determine whether or not a priest has been deleteriously influenced by the prevalent hedonism of our day is furnished by his attitude towards exterior mortifications. If he is fond of stressing such Scriptural texts as, "Rend your hearts and not your garments," of insisting particularly on *interior* sorrow for sin, of uttering such claptrap as "Eat your three meals a day, and fast from backbiting and

slander," of implying that all external penances are exaggerations and extravagances—then it is tolerably safe to assume that the spirit of the age has warped his spiritual perceptions and played more or less havoc with his interior life.

It may well be doubted whether there is any other subject connected with the spiritual side of life, or growth in holiness, about which men indulge in so much sophistical argument as about this exterior mortification. If, as Shakespeare says, "the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," never perhaps does he exert that power so effectively as when he is persuading the comfort-loving, sensual, natural man that mortification of the senses is akin to folly, that fasting is suicidal, and that harsh penances inflicted on the body are merely the fanatical excesses of perverted piety. It goes without saying, of course, that no sane expounder of the spiritual life denies that moderation in all things is a virtue, or that mortification may be, and occasionally *is*, carried to excess; but it will hardly be asserted by any judicious observer of the times that voluntary suffering, or self-denial as to bodily comforts for God's sake, is so common in our day and generation that the average Christian, priest or layman, needs to be warned against it. In point of fact it is to be feared that we have become so dominated by the easy-going, not to say luxury-loving, spirit of the world around us that comparatively few of us practice any exterior mortification at all. Yet Christ said to all, and especially, we may assume, to priests: "If any man will come after

Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." And St. Paul conjures us: "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, lust, evil concupiscences, covetousness, which is the service of idols." Of special significance to the clergy, because peculiarly applicable to them, is this other word of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "But I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection: lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway."

It may be taken for granted, then, that some degree of mortification is not only congruous to the sacerdotal character, but a necessary means to the acquisition of perfection, the state in which the priest is constituted and in which he is bound to sustain himself, persevering in it to the end of life. The soundness of this doctrine is vouched for by the unanimous voice of the saints. "He who disregards mortification," declares St. Francis of Sales, "will never be able to raise his soul to the contemplation of God." St. Teresa remarks that "It is folly to suppose that God admits immortified souls to His friendship." And St. John of the Cross counsels us to give credit to no one who rejects penitential exercises, even were his doctrine confirmed by miracles. It is quite true of course that many of these same saints advise against undue zeal in the matter of external mortifications, deprecate their being looked upon as an end in themselves instead of a mere means to an end, and insist on the superiority of interior mortification—of the mind and heart, the judgment and

will. It is to be observed, however, that in their day the tendency to go to extremes in austerity, to practice rigorous penitential exercises—frequent prolonged fasts, protracted vigils, the cilicium or hair shirt, the discipline, etc.—was notably more pronounced than it is in our modern era; and we may be permitted to surmise that, were they writing for our times, they would lay more stress on the too common lack of exterior penances than on their excessive prevalence.

To have done with generalities: what are some of the mortifications which it is incumbent on the twentieth-century priest to practice? In the first place, there are those which are inseparably connected with the performance of duty. Apart from the multitudinous mortifications involved in our willing obedience to the commandments of God and the precepts of His Church, the specific duties of our state in life furnish manifold occasions for genuine penance and self-denial. The habitual and serious performance of these duties—in the pulpit, the confessional, the sick-room, the school, the sodality, the young men's society, etc.—almost necessarily entails more or less weariness, lassitude, and fatigue. In acquitting ourselves of some of them we are going against our grain, running counter to our tastes; while others are fulfilled only at the cost of our convenience or ease or sleep, and sometimes at the risk of our health or even our life. There can be no question as to the efficacy of such mortifications as these, provided only that they be accepted in the proper spirit, performed gladly for God's sake, vivified by a pure

intention. It is perhaps superfluous to remark that such acts of self-abnegation as are involved in the strict performance of duties are far and away more meritorious than optional penances selected by our own free will. A kindly visit to a garrulous old parishioner who is bed-ridden is probably worth more in the sight of Heaven than is a fast or an abstinence that is not obligatory; and the inconvenience attached to the preparation and delivery of a Lenten instruction may easily be a more efficacious penitential work than wearing a hair shirt for a day or taking the discipline, instead of a bath, at night.

As for such priests as are members of religious orders or congregations, the faithful observance of the various points of their Rule with its multiplied and minute prescriptions, gives ample opportunity for well-nigh continuous mortification. The self-denial practiced in habitually and punctiliously obeying such prescriptions, in unfailing attendance at the different exercises, in the observance of silence where and when it is ordered, as in contributing one's share to the conversation during the time of recreation in common—this is evidently worth more from the penitential viewpoint than self-chosen exercises of piety or self-willed chastisement of the flesh. The whole round of duties in the religious life entails a multiplicity of trials, little and great, which furnish excellent material for the practice of effective mortification. Fidelity in accomplishing them, and superadded purity of intention in their performance, constitute no insignificant portion of one's spiritual progress.

A second class of mortifications which priests in particular may congruously practice are those incidental to providential events and occurrences, "acts of God," as they used to be called in commercial contracts. Extremes of heat and cold, accidents of various kinds, serious illnesses or annoying indispositions, misfortunes overtaking relatives or friends, contrarieties of manifold species disturbing the serenity of our daily routine or delaying the progress of a cherished project—all such trials are raw material which we may use to our spiritual benefit or our spiritual detriment. By accepting them as coming from the hand of God, receiving them with perfect resignation, if not with positive gladness, we evince the true spirit of mortification that is meritorious unto eternal life; by bitterly repining at their occurrence, lamenting the hardness of our lot, or protesting against the injustice of "fate," we manifest a spirit that is to be expected in a lover of the world rather than a servant of the sanctuary. As for the value of such trials as the foregoing, when properly accepted, St. Francis of Sales tells us: "The mortifications which come to us from God, or from men by His permission, are always worth more than those which are the children of our own will; for it must be considered a general rule that the less our taste and choice intervene in our actions, the more they will have of goodness, solidity, devotion, the pleasure of God, and our own profit."

Not that St. Francis or any other master of the spiritual life deprecates the practice of entirely

voluntary mortifications. On the contrary, they all recognize the legitimate rôle played by such penitential practices in the building up of the interior life, in one's progress towards perfection. While they animadvert occasionally on the artifices of the Evil One, who finds his profit in the extravagances of this or that penitent given over to immoderate indulgence in exterior mortifications, they fail not to teach that it is the Spirit of God who most frequently suggests these corporal penances. Viewed in the light of practical reason, there is nothing at all unnatural or bizarre in a Christian's desire to perform such penances. Given one's genuine sorrow for sin committed, the impulse to give external expression to that sorrow in acts that entail suffering or sacrifice is quite as natural as is the impulse to express our love for a friend by proffering him gifts or other outward manifestations of affection. Interior sorrow for sin is of course the essential point, but it may be questioned whether any sorrow really deserving of the name is ever fully satisfied with such reparation of God's offended majesty as is solely comprised in the performance of the "penance" imposed by one's confessor. Generous souls are assuredly not content therewith; they feel irresistibly impelled to supererogatory works of expiation.

In determining the specific nature of such works, due attention must as a matter of course be paid to one's veritable spiritual needs, the condition of one's health, and other such like prudential considerations. A wise word on the subject

is this from Rodriguez: "The principal thing to which we have to turn our attention, that we may mortify it, and eradicate it from our hearts, is the predominant passion; that is, the affection, inclination, vice, or bad habit which reigns most in us, which makes us its captive, which brings us into greatest danger, and most frequently causes us to fall into grave transgressions. When the king is taken, the battle is won. And until we do this, we shall make no great advance in perfection." An evident corollary of the principle thus laid down is that, if our predominant passion partakes more of the flesh than the spirit, as it not infrequently does, then the flesh should be made to suffer. Mortifying our will and judgment is always good and sometimes essential; but where the body has sinned the body should be punished.

The punishment while real must be judicious. It is quite safe to say that any form of exterior mortification that endangers the health of a parish priest is to be avoided. His office as pastor of souls calls for the performance of a variety of duties the efficient accomplishment of which calls in turn for a state of health as approximately perfect as he is capable of attaining. This consideration need not, however, discourage the pastor who craves the satisfaction of chastising his body. Even a limited knowledge of the lives of the saints is sufficient to convince one that, while a few of them went to extremes of austerity and practically ruined their health—a course of action which they themselves later on condemned—the overwhelming majority of those canonized servants of God

practiced exterior mortifications that were hygienic not less than penitential. The truth is that Catholic asceticism, or the effort to attain true perfection, very commonly produces results striven for by asceticism in the etymological sense of the word, "the discipline undergone by athletes while training." Mortification of the senses, a constituent part of the system, tends most frequently to improve rather than imperil the health.

In the matter of fasting and abstinence, for instance, there is little if any doubt that the physical well-being of the average priest in this country would be promoted by his obeying the general law of the Church on that point, refusing to avail himself of the dispensations granted. Medical practitioners and medical journals of the highest prestige affirm that, as a rule, Americans eat too much of all kinds of food, and particularly too much meat. The most authoritative medical periodical published in English says of the Lenten fast: "The Lenten season gives the creature of more or less selfish or bad habits an excellent opportunity of relinquishing those habits for, at any rate, a certain period; and he may, and probably will, receive a salutary and moral lesson which may induce him to lead a better and physiologically happier life. He may be poisoning himself, for example, by overindulgence in tobacco, alcohol, *or even food;* and he may find that as a result of his determination to give up these excesses for a season, his mental and bodily activities are improved, his health is altogether better, and so he is constrained to go on with the 'godly,

righteous, and sober life.'" So, too, the *Sun*, of New York, speaking of the half-million people who in that city "adhere to the strictest rules of the Lenten observance," stated a few years ago: "Eminent doctors declare that the forty days of fasting as practiced here are of inestimable value to the health of the community that observe them."

Without observing either the strict fast or the abstinence ordained by the Church for Lent and Advent and Ember Days and vigils, however, one may effectively mortify the appetite, and that, too, without appearing to do so in the eyes of those with whom we sit at table. We can give the appetite less than it craves; can deprive it of all or some of the condiments to which it is accustomed; can choose the less, rather than the more, palatable dishes set before us; can abstain from desserts partially or altogether. The man, be he priest or layman, who pooh-poohs such acts as these on the principle that they are mere trifles unworthy of the consideration of a big, broad-minded personality, is simply proving to a demonstration that his spiritual perspective is a false one. Disregard of little things in the sphere of self-denial is a mistake as pernicious as it is common. If the widow's mite merited the panegyric of our Lord, if the cup of cold water given in His name shall not go without its reward, if for every idle word we speak we shall have to render an account in the day of judgment, who shall say that any action, however small, that costs an effort, that goes against our natural grain, that represents ever so slight a victory over appetite or passion, is not, if done for

God's sake and in a penitential spirit, of positive merit in the sight of Heaven? "Unless you do penance," says our Lord, "you shall all likewise perish"; and so intimately is the idea of partial abstinence from food associated with genuine penance that St. Basil goes so far as to say, "Penance without fasting is fruitless."

It may be worth while to remark that, in the quotation just given, St. Basil used the word "fasting" in a more literal or specific sense than is commonly the case in Scripture or in the works of ascetic writers. The phrase, "fasting and abstinence," in many such writings is employed as a generic term for all kinds of penance. As for penance itself, the sense in which the term is used in this essay is of course that given as its definition in the best of our dictionaries: sorrow for sin shown by outward acts; self-punishment expressive of penitence or repentance; the suffering to which a person voluntarily subjects himself, as by fasting, flagellation, self-imposed tasks, etc., as an expression of penitence. If considerable prominence is given in all treatises on mortification to fasting and abstinence in their proper sense, it is because their authors agree with this declaration of St. Vincent de Paul: "Mortification of the appetite is the A, B, C of the spiritual life. Whoever cannot control himself in this, will hardly be able to conquer temptations more difficult to subdue." Of one species of such temptations to which priests as well as laymen are subject, it is pertinent to remark that authoritative commentators of Holy Writ hold that it was of the demon of impurity

that our Lord said: "But this kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting."

Other senses besides that of taste, however, need to be mortified. Of one of these Rodriguez well says: "It is a common doctrine of the Saints that one of the principal means of leading a good and exemplary life is modesty and custody of the eyes. For, as there is nothing so adapted to preserve devotion in a soul, and to cause compunction and edification in others, as this modesty, so there is nothing which so much exposes a person to relaxation and scandals as its opposite." There is too pronounced a tendency nowadays, even among the clergy, to look upon this custody of the eyes as a peculiarly feminine virtue, altogether congruous, to be sure, in Sisters and Catholic maidens, but rather effeminate in robust, common-sense men. Yet every priest must know, from the experience of others, if not his own, that sin still enters by these windows of the soul, and that failure to exercise control of the eyes is not infrequently to expose one's self deliberately to dangerous occasions such as we are bound to avoid.

"If any man offend not in word," says St. James, "the same is a perfect man." The priesthood is, as we have said, a state of perfection; but individual priests who measure up to this standard of St. James are probably not so numerous as the "autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," and accordingly one bodily member that may very profitably be subjected to habitual and systematic mortification is that "unquiet

evil, full of deadly poison," the tongue. St. Francis of Sales says that one of the things that keeps us at a distance from perfection is undoubtedly our speech, and he proffers this wholesome advice: "And since one of the worst ways of speaking is to speak too much, speak little and well, little and gently, little and simply, little and charitably, little and amiably." Just how common, not to say universal, is one particular fault of the tongue, the making of uncharitable remarks, any reader may determine for himself by recalling how often, or rather how seldom, in his experience he has heard this tribute truthfully paid to a recently deceased cleric: "He was never known to utter an unkind word about anybody." A good many of us very probably merit some such rebuke as was administered to a loquacious penitent who asked his spiritual director for a hairshirt in order to mortify his flesh. "My son," said the director, laying his finger on his lips, "the best hairshirt is to watch carefully all that comes out at this door." Interior mortification, in other words, is preferable to external penances. And yet, as the two are not mutually exclusive, one may judiciously follow the advice: Do this, and don't neglect that. Apropos of interior repressions, this bit of doctrine from St. Francis of Sales is quite in harmony with what we have said of the value of little things in the spiritual life: "Above all, it is necessary for us to strive to conquer our little temptations, such as fits of anger, suspicions, jealousies, envy, deceitfulness, vanity, attachments, and evil thoughts. For in this way we shall acquire strength to subdue greater ones."

To return from this quasi-digression and resume our consideration of distinctively exterior penitential exercises: one mortification which many a priest would do well to practice is—spending from fifteen to thirty minutes every morning in alternately reading and pondering a brief series of supernatural truths. "Mortification?" comments the reader. "Why, that's not mortification; 'tis meditation." Quite so; or, at least, 'tis the framework, the mechanical structure of meditation: and nevertheless if one is to believe a not uncommon assertion in clerical circles, it is to many priests a genuine mortification as well. In point of fact, actual neglect of daily meditation, and alleged inability to meditate as the pretext for such neglect, characterize a larger number of American priests than the devout reader of this page is apt to consider possible. Not very many years ago the present writer was, to say the least, mildly surprised at this declaration of an experienced retreat-master who was mentioning the subjects he purposed discussing in his sermons and conferences to a body of several hundred diocesan priests: "I'm not going to talk to them about meditation; they won't make it, anyway." Making due allowance for the unquestionable exaggeration of the remark, the residue of truth which it contains is worth while considering—and deploring. No amount of external activity, strenuous labor about the temporalities of his parish, or punctilious performance of all his pastoral duties, can compensate or indemnify a priest for the neglect of mental prayer.

If the practice of daily meditation is regarded as a sort of bugbear by not a few clerics, it must be because they have confounded form with substance, or mistaken the shell for the kernel. It should be obvious to any educated man that the statement, "I can't meditate," is in sober earnestness fully as nonsensical as the statement, "I can't think." For, after all, that is essentially what meditating means, thinking, or, as the prophet Jeremiah phrases it, "considering in the heart." Now, no priest presumably would care to have his mental calibre qualified in such terms as Sir Henry Irving once applied to an overbearing cross-examining barrister. The great actor, having begun his answer to a question by saying, "Well, I think—" was interrupted by the cross-examiner. "We don't want to hear what you *think*, sir; we want what you *know*."—"Pardon me," replied Sir Henry, "am I not allowed to think in answering these questions?"—"No, sir; decidedly not."—"In that case," said the actor incisively, "I may as well retire. I can't talk without thinking: I'm no lawyer." The priest who can coördinate his thoughts sufficiently well to hold a sane conversation, write a sensible letter, or preach a good sermon, can assuredly meditate, if only he has the will to do so. True, he may not rise to the heights of contemplation, be lost in ecstasy, or be carried like St. Paul to the third heaven; but, then, no masters of the spiritual life expect him to undergo such experiences. What they do expect of him, and what they declare he cannot safely neglect, is a daily private devotional act consisting in delib-

erate reflection upon some spiritual truth or mystery, accompanied by acts of the affections and the will, especially the formation of resolutions as to future conduct.

Books of set meditations, with their formal divisions of preludes, points, considerations, applications, affections, resolutions, colloquies, and spiritual nosegays, are meant to serve the purpose of helps, not hindrances, to mental prayer; and it is quite possible to meditate thoroughly well without having recourse to them at all. They are especially useful, of course, to beginners; but even a beginner need not deem it essential to go systematically and rigorously through all the three points provided for him. If a thought occurring in the first of those points, or even in the preludes, appeals to him in a special way and enchains his attention, he may profitably confine his reflection and pondering to the salutary ideas which it evokes and take practical resolutions in accordance therewith, without scruple about his neglecting the subsequent considerations set forth in the book. It is probably true to say, and it is consoling to think, that a good many priests who habitually fail to "make their morning meditation," do as a matter of fact meditate considerably at odd times during the day. Thinking seriously of God and the things of God, reflecting on the eternal truths, deliberating as to one's spiritual interests, putting one's self in the presence of God and uttering a silent heart-cry for additional strength to be in the world and not of it, dwelling on some of the scenes in the passion of our Lord—all such action as this

is, if not formal meditation, at least a substantial and commendable equivalent therefor, be it accomplished where or when it may. And yet, the formal daily morning exercise in mental prayer is strongly to be recommended to all the clergy: at the very least it will be a meritorious exterior mortification.

Much the same plea may be made for the priest's frequent—weekly, if not daily—performance of the pious exercise known as "going round the Stations." The Way of the Cross is both an exterior mortification in itself and an incentive to other penitential practices. Performed with deliberate thought and attention, the exercise may readily outvalue the most fervent meditation; and, even when interrupted by frequent distractions, can scarcely fail to exert a salutary influence on the soul of him who is with abundant reason called *alter Christus*. Priests like other men can be, and often are, inconsistent in a variety of ways; but it is doubtful that there exists such a living paradox as a priest who habitually makes the Way of the Cross, and yet lives otherwise a tepid life.

To mention just one other practice very generally recommended to the clergy, and likely to be considered by those of them who have not yet adopted it a downright, unequivocal mortification—obedience to a detailed, individual rule of life is an approved aid to rapid progress in sacerdotal perfection. Nor is the practice so negligible, at least in the opinion of some spiritual writers, as many a cleric is apt to consider it. In his preface to the life of St. John Baptist de Rossi, for

instance, the Bishop of Salford writes: "A rule of life is so necessary for a secular priest that, if he thinks because he is not a monk he may live with his mind all abroad, by impulse and without rule, or if he knows that he has not sufficient self-mastery to lead a life of rule by himself, let him be well assured that he has no vocation to be a secular priest, because his salvation will ever be in fearful jeopardy, and his fall may be heard of any day." The statement may be thought somewhat exaggerated, but it certainly contains more truth than extravagance. "If you live according to rule," says St. Gregory, "you live according to God," suggesting the inference that a rule is essential to right living. In any case, a personal rule of life observed with fidelity is a commendable form of exterior mortification, of penitential exercises such as all priests have need of; and an excellent reason why a diocesan cleric should practice this specific kind of self-denial is that it makes him resemble the religious, of whom St. Bernard does not hesitate to say that, as compared with others, "he lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more promptly, walks more cautiously, receives graces more abundantly, reposes more securely, dies more hopefully, is cleansed more speedily, and is rewarded more plentifully." So may it be with every priest who gives due place in his scheme of life to works of exterior mortification!

THE PRIEST AND NON-CATHOLICS

I became all things to all men that I might save all.—*1 Cor.: ix, 22.*

And other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.—*St. John: x, 16.*

For my own part, I have always looked upon the entire population of the village as belonging to my parish, endeavoring to bear in mind St. Augustine's illuminating distinction between the body and the soul of the Church.—*From "Within My Parish."*

WHILE the title of this paper is for all practical purposes sufficiently descriptive of the paper's contents, it is so far inaccurate as to warrant the statement that by the term "non-Catholics" is meant those who are outside the visible body of the Church. That not all of these are beyond the Church's invisible pale is a commonplace of theology, although it appears to be forgotten or ignored by an occasional Catholic preacher who expatiates on the traditional dictum, "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus." There is no minimizing of Catholic doctrine in the assertion that it is quite possible for professing Protestants to be in good faith; there is rather undue rigorism, to say nothing of a reprehensible lack of charity, in declaring that they all are, and must be, in *bad* faith. "Those," says Spirago, "who are brought up in Protestantism, and have no opportunity of obtaining a sufficient instruction in the Catholic religion, are not heretics in the sight of God, for in them there is no obstinate denial or doubt of the truth. They are no

more heretics than the man who takes the property of another unwittingly is a thief." Among more recent writers on the same point, Father Joyce, S. J., has this to say: "Many baptized heretics have been educated in their erroneous beliefs. . . . They accept what they believe to be the Divine revelation. Such as these belong to the Church in desire, for they are at heart anxious to fulfil God's will in their regard. In virtue of their baptism and good will, they may be in a state of grace. They belong to the soul of the Church, though they are not united to the visible body. As such they are members of the Church internally, though not externally."

This much being premised, it may be worth while to proffer to the younger members of the clergy a few considerations on the congruous attitude of the Catholic pastor toward those who are, either formally or only materially, outside the Church. Let it be remarked at the outset that the question, as it affects the average American priest, is not precisely the same as in the case of a number of his European confrères. Very many of those transatlantic priests have been born and brought up in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere and environment. Their chums and schoolmates in boyhood, their companions in college, their friends and neighbors at home, their very acquaintances even, have been entirely at one with them in faith and hope and religious practice. Heresy in the abstract they have known as an evil affecting other lands, or possibly other provinces of their own country; but with concrete heresy,

actual heretical boys and girls and men and women, they have scarcely ever come in contact. Even as pastors, their problems regarding those residents in their parish who do not attend their church are in the main different from ours: the overwhelming number of such non-attendants are fallen-away Catholics, not Protestants by birth and training.

Conditions in this country are obviously of quite another complexion. The great majority of young American priests have known and come into immediate contact with concrete Protestantism from their earliest years. Not a few of them have sat on the same benches with Protestant boys and girls in the public schools, and all of them have probably mingled with Protestant friends and neighbors in the games and sports and parties and picnics and excursions and public celebrations and other social and business relations of co-dwellers in towns and villages and rural districts. In very few, if any, American communities is the religious atmosphere entirely, or even prevailingly, Catholic; in the vast majority of them it is preponderantly non-Catholic; and in an occasional district here and there, especially in the South, it is avowedly anti-Catholic. Now, while this condition of affairs will be advocated by no one as in any sense an ideal condition for the full development of genuine Catholic life and action, it can hardly be denied that it is not absolutely devoid of some slight compensating advantages to the American priest whose boyhood, youth, and incipient manhood have been lived in subjection thereto.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

On the face of it, his comprehension of the point of view, the mentality, the prejudices, and the ignorance (invincible or otherwise) of the average American Protestant is an asset that can easily be turned to good account in a work which every truly zealous priest should have at heart, the bringing into Christ's fold of those "other sheep" for whom as well as for ourselves the Precious Blood was shed on Calvary.

It is a truism to say that ardent zeal, the apostolic spirit, the missionary longing to spread Christ's true Gospel is, or at least should be, a characteristic of every cleric ordained to the ministry of God's altar. To the parish priest in the most Protestant town or village in the United States, not less than to the foreign missionary in Africa, India, or China, are applicable the words of St. James: "My brethren, if any of you err from the truth, and one convert him: he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins." In all probability there is no Catholic parish in this country in which may not be found more than one or two non-Catholics whom a little effort on the part of the pastor would speedily bring into the Church, who are ready even now, given the occasion, to say to the priest, as Agrippa to Paul, "In a little thou persuadest me to become a Christian"; and happy the pastor who in such a case can truthfully echo St. Paul's reply: "I would to God that, both in little and in much, not only thou but also all that hear me, this day, should become such as

I also am, except these bonds." Christ's commission, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature," cannot be restricted in our day either to the workers in the foreign mission field, or to the preachers of missions to non-Catholics here at home: it is binding, in some degree at least, on all those who have received from Him the transcendent powers of offering Mass and forgiving sins.

That a goodly number of our American clergy recognize the reality of this obligation and consistently strive to fulfil it is made evident by the muster-roll of converts credited to many of our dioceses from year to year. Hundreds of our pastors, more especially those in our larger towns and cities, habitually have under instruction classes of non-Catholics numbering from two or three to a dozen or a score. Here and there throughout the country is found an exceptionally zealous priest whose efforts for the conversion of his separated brethren meet with almost phenomenal success, or success which seems phenomenal to other clerics who either do not have, or do not profit by, the same opportunities of increasing the number of their parishioners. Granting that conditions vary considerably in different parts of the country, that the Protestant soil is in some of our States hard and sterile while in others it is rich and fruitful; granting, too, that the aptitude to influence non-Catholics and gradually win them, first, to take a sympathetic interest in our religion, and finally to embrace it, is notably less marked in some priests than in others, it may still be questioned whether

a pastor who has exercised his ministry for ten or fifteen or twenty years without having to his credit a single convert to the faith, can flatter himself that he has done his full duty in the accomplishment of the second of the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Lack of opportunity and lack of natural dispositions for the work may count for something in his failure to make conversions; but it will be profitable for him to probe his inner consciousness and inquire whether another factor in the failure has not been his lack of zeal.

To insist, as such a pastor is likely to do, that the spiritual care of the Catholic flock specifically entrusted to his ministrations engrosses all his time and energy, that he has quite enough to do in looking after his own people without adding the supererogatory work of evangelizing outsiders, is to make what at first blush may appear a thoroughly common-sense statement; but on examination it will be found that while the statement contains something of truth, it holds a good deal more of fallacy. The implication that zeal in convert-making connotes any measure of neglect of a priest's proper parishioners is altogether erroneous, is so fallacious in fact that in nine cases out of ten the true connotation is the direct antithesis of that implied. Almost invariably the priest who is unusually successful in winning those "without the walls" to enter the Church is a pastor noted for his spirit of self-sacrifice and devotedness to his flock, an exemplary cleric in his habitual bearing and conduct, a never-failing friend to the poor

and unfortunate, a frequent visitor to the sick and the afflicted, a wise and patient counsellor to those in difficulties, a veritable spiritual father to all those entrusted to his pastoral charge. It does not require much knowledge of human nature, indeed, to understand that these very qualities, exemplified in his daily life, furnish an intelligible explanation of his success as a convert-maker. Whether or not he takes account of the fact, the priest in every American city, town, village, or rural district is a marked man; and the fewer imperfections of any kind that are discernible in his life, the greater the assurance that some at least of his non-Catholic fellow-citizens will be impressed by the beauty of the religion which he *lives* as well as preaches.

Quite apart from any question of conversions, it is eminently worth while for a priest to give some thought to the nature of the individual influence which he exerts on the men and women in the little world around him. While it is probably true to say that if there is one petition which, less than another, the average mortal, priest or layman, need address to Heaven, it is the prayer attributed to a naïve Scotch dominie: "O Lord, gie us a good conceit o' oursells," and while it is the part of wisdom not to take oneself too seriously, not to be carried away by a sense of one's self-importance, it is neither absurd nor foolish for a priest to recognize that to the Catholic cleric with peculiar appropriateness are addressed the words of St. Matthew: "You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid." Individual example

is a more potent agency for good or evil than the unreflecting are apt to consider it; and no member of a community, certainly no priest, is so insignificant that his principles and actions, his conversation and conduct, do not sway toward right or wrong some few at least of his fellow-citizens. "Even the weakest natures," says Smiles, "exercise some influence upon those about them. The approximation of feeling, thought, and habit is constant, and the action of example unceasing."

What most laymen, and possibly a few priests, need to have persistently impressed upon their minds, as to this matter of individual influence, is the unquestionable truth that we shall be judged with regard not merely to the evil we have done, but also to the good which we have failed to do. Not to give a positively bad example is well enough as far as it goes, but it clearly does not constitute the complete fulfilment of a cleric's duty to the people in the world about him. A priest's influence on those with whom he comes habitually in contact, be they Catholic or Protestant, infidels or Jews, ought to be something more than simply innocuous; it should be positively, not to say aggressively, beneficent. A man of God, a true ambassador of Christ, he should impress those not of the household of the faith in much the same way as Carlyle was impressed by the life-story of the twelfth-century monk of St. Edmund's:

> The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on Earth; mak-

> ing all Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendor over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great law of duty, high as these two infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!—The "imaginative faculties"? "Rude poetic ages"? The "primeval poetic element"? O for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism, this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity![1]

In a truer sense than was dreamt of by the Scotch essayist the twentieth-century priest not less than the twelfth-century monk "lives in an element of miracle," is encompassed by supernatural wonders from morning till night—summoning God Himself from the supernal glory of Heaven to the humble altar whereon He is daily offered as a propitiatory sacrifice, visiting Jesus Christ really present in the tabernacle from time to time as the hours slip by, nay, *acting* Jesus Christ both at the altar and in the confessional—*Hoc est enim corpus meum—Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis.* In very truth Heaven lies over the priest wheresoever he goes or stands on earth, is close at hand—the

[1] *Past and Present,* p. 91.

adorable Persons of the Blessed Trinity, the Immaculate Mother of the Word Incarnate, and all the hosts of archangels and angels and glorified saints within easy call.

Surely such closeness to the supernatural, such intimate communion with the Creator, the Redeemer, and the Sanctifier of mankind and with Their heavenly worshippers of every rank should leave its impress on the privileged mortal who enjoys a blessing so signal and so constant. As a matter of fact, the impress *is* left, not merely on the mind and soul of the priest, but on his exterior form as well. That outward indication, so undefinable yet so unmistakable, of interior character or feeling or emotion to which we give the name "expression"; that significant, if indescribable, cast of countenance, peculiar look or appearance that we call "bearing" or "air" sets off the ordained priest from all other men, and, although of almost infinite variety, is so far uniform that it is recognized at once by the world at large, by those outside the fold as well as by our brethren in the faith. It is a truism that no masquerade is more transparent and futile than that of the priest who attempts by the disguise of costume to conceal his identity.

This inalienable and unalterable stamp of the priesthood which each of us wears necessarily affects our relations with non-Catholic neighbors, acquaintances, and fellow-citizens generally. It may well, for instance, lead us to manifest toward these separated brethren more politeness, courtesy, and affability than they could reasonably claim

from us were we merely Catholic laymen. Any advances looking toward acquaintanceship or possible friendship may congruously be made from our side, if only to counterbalance the exaggerated sense of aloofness with which the average Protestant man in the street regards one of our cloth. Just what degree of approachableness, urbanity, complaisance, or affability a priest may properly display in his intercourse with non-Catholics is not of course a matter to be settled with rubrical or mathematical definiteness and precision. Quite within the bounds of gentlemanly conduct such as every cleric is professionally called upon to observe, there are widely different types of manners and modes of action advocated in theory and exemplified in practice by clerical advisers and clerics themselves, the world over. Without being really insolent, haughty, arrogant, dictatorial, supercilious, overbearing, or domineering, a priest may by his exaggerated reserve and constraint and silence, or by his undue readiness to take offense where none is intended and "to stand upon his dignity" without any genuine provocation thereto, impress non-Catholics with the idea that he really deserves these unflattering epithets; and it is needless to add that such an impression is not calculated to facilitate the accomplishment of the priest's appointed work in either the natural or the supernatural sphere.

In Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" there is a passage not altogether irrelevant to this question of the affability of the clergy. Speaking of his hero, a young nobleman, he says: "He was not, as the

reader may have observed, very affable in his disposition, or apt to enter into conversation with those into whose company he was casually thrown. This was, indeed, an error in his conduct, arising less from pride . . . than from a sort of bashful reluctance to mix in the conversation of those with whom he was not familiar. It is a fault to be cured only by experience and knowledge of the world, which soon teaches every sensible and acute person the important lesson that amusement, and, what is of more consequence, that information and increase of knowledge, are to be derived from the conversation of every individual whatsoever with whom he is thrown into a natural train of communication." A writer far otherwise celebrated and authoritative than Sir Walter expounds much the same sort of philosophy when he tells us: "I became all things to all men that I might save all." Obviously, there are extremes to be avoided in affability as well as in its opposite. St. Paul's "all things to all men" is not accurately transphrased, or rendered, by our "hail-fellow-well-met"; and were the Apostle of the Gentiles living in our day, it is safe to assert that even *his* ardent longing to convert his Protestant fellow-citizens would not lead him to acquire the reputation of being "one of the boys," or to be acclaimed as "a jolly good fellow" by a convivial throng vociferously declaring: "We won't go home till morning."

In actual practice, however, even in this aggressively democratic country of ours, very few priests overstep the congruous limits of the geniality and sociability that should characterize their attitude

toward their neighbors and acquaintances outside the fold; and the relatively negligible exceptions who do carry their fraternization and cordiality to extremes invariably learn by experience that their exaggerated unconventionalism, their unduly free and easy intercourse with Protestant neighbors, eventually defeats any laudable purpose they may have had in view in adopting it. It is well to remember that one may have a social temperament, may be what American slang expressively terms "a good mixer," without at all compromising one's sacerdotal dignity or laying oneself open to the charge of unpriestly levity and frivolity. Between the austere-visaged cleric who uniformly "keeps himself to himself" and keeps others at a distance, who is reserved and silent and severe in looks if not in words, whose brows are wrinkled with frowns oftener than his lips are wreathed with smiles, who in a word is distinctly unsociable—between him and the flippant young curate or youthful pastor who rather affects non-Catholic company and ostentatiously puts himself on the level thereof, who is apparently at some pains to show that his priestly character is no hindrance to his participation in the most worldly of sports or conversations, who tolerates in his presence the telling of questionable anecdotes or possibly narrates a few himself, who aspires in a word to the reputation of a man of the world rather than that of a man of God—between these two extremes, we say, there is a golden mean, a happy medium that is admirable, and is in fact admired by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. No intelligent

Protestant expects a priest to conform to standards that are lower than the highest, and no intelligent priest will allow human respect, the desire for applause, or the fear of ridicule to move him a hairbreadth from the line of conduct which ecclesiastical law and clerical custom have prescribed for his guidance and practice; but without coming into conflict with any law or established custom a judicious cleric may do much to serve the eternal interests of his non-Catholic neighbors and the material temporal interests of himself and his parishioners by maintaining amicable relations with such fellow-townsmen as are not of the household of the faith.

No one familiar with the ordinary conditions in an American or a Canadian village or small town in which Catholics form only a fifth or sixth, possibly but a fifteenth or sixteenth, of the population needs to be told that the honor of God and His Church and the salvation of souls are best promoted by the pastor who combines affability and tact and good-will toward all with general culture, irreproachable conduct, and enlightened zeal. Genuinely cordial relations with the Protestant lawyers, doctors, business men, and even ministers of the community need militate in no way against the most loyal adherence to Catholic principles, or tend to the slightest minimizing of Catholic doctrines. On the other hand, such relations will in a hundred and one different ways prove of unquestionable utility in safeguarding (to take only the lowest ground) the civic rights and purely temporal interests of the Catholic flock. The non-

Catholic editor, for instance, who habitually meets Father Murphy on the footing of pleasant acquaintanceship or the higher plane of real friendship, will refuse to lend his columns to the propagation of anti-Catholic appeals to local prejudice, and will hesitate about reproducing from other papers malicious attacks against the Church and her ministers generally. Friendly relations with the Protestant physicians of the town remove not a few difficulties which the pastor would otherwise encounter in his visits to the local hospital, and ensure his knowledge of some necessary sick-calls that might otherwise escape his notice. Public spirit and intelligent interest in the activities that make for the general prosperity and progress of the community lead easily enough to the priest's nomination as a member of various boards—educational, charitable, commercial, or industrial; and his election thereto is a matter of no little import to himself and his parishioners.

It has been said in the foregoing paragraph that the priest may congruously have cordial relations even with the non-Catholic ministers who are his fellow-citizens. While judicious and experienced clerics are not at all likely to question the truth of this assertion, it may be worth while for the sake of some of our immature or younger readers to fortify our position by the quotation of a couple of extracts from approved Catholic authors. In "Rules for the Pastors of Souls" we read: "As a priest, filled with lofty ideals and guided by exquisite refinement and social tact, you will certainly not deny that degree of esteem and delicate

consideration for the religious sentiments of those outside the Catholic Church which you claim for yourself. It betrays a mean soul, a narrow heart, and lack of moral maturity, to have the audacity to invade the sanctuary of another's religion with a wanton spirit. Even the pagans, who manifestly are given to a false religion, justly claim this tender consideration for their religious views and feelings." Somewhat different, this, from the theory and, alas! from the practice as well, of an otherwise thoroughly pious and exemplary pastor now deceased, with whom the present writer was acquainted a good many years ago. He appeared to know intuitively whenever a non-Catholic was present in his church, and on such occasions invariably made it a point, no matter what was the specific subject of his sermon, to bring in the axiom, "Outside the Church no salvation," and to explain it as meaning, purely and simply, that all Protestants would go to hell for all eternity. Needless to say, he did considerably more harm than good by thus unwittingly misrepresenting Catholic doctrine.

The work quoted above is a translation from the German. Of greater interest and relevancy, perhaps, is the following passage from the charming little volume, "Within My Parish," the chapters of which originally appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review:* "My relations with the various Protestant ministers in town have been and are cordial and enduring. I have not been above learning from them in some matters of practical administration, and I like to think that my contact with

them may have been conducive to the breaking-down of a few of their inherited prejudices. In our discussions we most often take our stand upon opinions or doctrines held in common, rather than upon those about which we differ. I think no greater mistake has been made by Catholic controversialists than the drawing of the invidious distinction between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as false. The distinction really to be observed is between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as partly true. There is, as you perceive, a wide difference in the methods of attack. One, I fear, has served but to alienate further from the Church many good and sincere people; the other may be rendered capable of drawing many to Her."

A useful, if not necessary, comment on the foregoing is that it behooves the pastor who cultivates cordial and friendly relations with ministers of the various sects in his city, town, or village, to see that his intellectual equipment is not allowed to deteriorate. The day of the crude, uneducated, often illiterate, Protestant preacher has practically passed away; and the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Congregationalist minister who is our neighbor and our possible friend may well be a thoroughly cultured, university-bred, versatile, widely-read, all-round scholar. It is accordingly incumbent on the priest who comes in contact with him, either in private or semi-public discussions, to have at his finger-tips, not only the old-time arguments in favor of the Church, but the correct answers to the latest sophistical conten-

tions of rationalism, pseudo-science, Christian Science, New Thought, etc., etc. His reading must be up to date. While his familiarity with the handbooks commonly proffered to prospective converts may be taken for granted, he has not always perhaps at hand such useful books as "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," "Tributes of Protestant Writers," "Outside the Walls," and similar collections of non-Catholic encomiums on Catholic doctrine, devotion, or practice. Most men who have had any experience in polemics are aware that a not ineffective controversial weapon is the authority of one of our opponent's recognized leaders aptly and tellingly quoted against the position taken by our opponent himself. Apart from their utility as auxiliaries in argumentation, such books, loaned or given to non-Catholic friends, can scarcely fail to weaken prejudice, lessen intolerance, and stimulate the Protestant mind to salutary cogitation.

There is one other consideration worth while emphasizing in connection with the priest's attitude toward those of his friends, acquaintances, and fellow-townsmen who do not belong to the visible body of the Church: he can pray for them, pray habitually and fervently. In Leo XIII's Encyclical, *Sapientiae Christianae,* we read: "In the duties that join us to God and to the Church, the greatest thing to be noted is that in the propagation of Christian truth every one of us should labor as far as lies in his power." Now, irrespective of the validity or the ineptitude of the grounds on which a given pastor may seek to justify his fail-

ure to treat non-Catholics with the kindness and affability advocated in this chapter, he can assuredly give no plausible reason for neglecting this charitable duty of prayer for those outside the fold. In his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or in the privacy of his oratory at night prayer, he may fittingly voice the petition which the Church herself solemnly chants on Good Friday: "Let us also pray for heretics and schismatics: that our Lord and God would deliver them from all their errors, and vouchsafe to call them back to our holy Mother, the Catholic and Apostolic Church. . . . Almighty and everlasting God, who savest all men, and desirest not that any should perish: look down on such souls as are deceived by the wiles of the devil; that, laying aside all heretical perverseness, the hearts of those who are in error may be converted, and may return to the unity of Thy truth." This much at least, fervent and frequent prayer, would seem to be the minimum of apostolic effort congruous to the priest living among those "other sheep" whom Christ longs so ardently to see gathered into His own fold; but thrice happy the really zealous pastor who supplements fervent prayer by effective works, who treats his Protestant neighbors as friends whom he hopes to see become one day his spiritual children: he is taking long steps toward the eventual fulfilment of his hope, the realization of his priestly purpose in a glorious harvest of souls.

THE PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER

Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.—*Proverbs: xxxl, 10.*

It has often been said—and by those who know what they are talking about—that many a priest has filled an untimely grave as the result of the badly cooked food served to him year after year by the incompetent person in charge of his domestic arrangements. —*Australian Priest-Editor.*

As a rule, priests do not want to train their housekeepers, so-called. But what they do want, and usually inquire for, is a reliable person who knows how to cook, understands how to keep household affairs in proper order, and is willing to take upon her the entire responsibility of the parochial home, for a just return of wages.—*J. A., O. S. B.*

WHILE the chief concern of every mortal, and especially every priest, should undoubtedly be the state of his soul, life must still be lived and our salvation be worked out within the limitations fixed for us by God Himself. Our nature being human, not angelic, our activities cannot well be exclusively spiritual (though they should all conduce to spiritual progress), but must necessarily be concerned, now with the things of the mind, now with those of the body. All our spirituality, whether we call it growth in holiness, progress towards perfection, intensifying our interior life, Christian asceticism, or by any other name, is in fact conditioned by our mental faculties and our physical organs. The interdependence of body, mind, and soul has never been overlooked by either the expert psychologist or the ascetic or mystic theologian; and the most truly symmetrical

existence here below is accordingly one in which a faith-illumined soul informs and dominates a sound mind in a sound body. "Without good living," says a modern philosopher, "there can be no good thinking, and—I speak it reverently—no good praying; for mind and soul must have something healthy to go upon." Few moralists will deny the substantial truth of this dictum, and none will challenge the assertion that the good, or bad, "living" of the priest is dependent in a very large measure on the competency or the inefficiency of his housekeeper.

The domestic economy of a clerical house being one of those subjects of immediate and perennial interest to priests, coming home, as the Baconian phrase has it, to our "business and bosoms," one might naturally expect to see it treated, in books and periodicals specifically intended for clerical readers, much more frequently than is the case, at least in this country. An examination of the general index for the first fifty volumes of the *Ecclesiastical Review,* for instance, discloses only two articles professedly dealing with the subject; and both appeared in Vol. X, as long ago as 1894. The first of the two, "A Training School for Parochial Housekeepers," is an exposition (by Father Jenkins, of St. Lawrence, Kentucky) of a project to devise means for the establishment of an institute destined to equip and supply priests' housekeepers; the second is a brief discussion of that project by a Benedictine Father who wrote "to prevent a good idea from perishing at its birth." Perish, however, it apparently did; for no further

reference is made to the matter in any of the subsequent forty volumes of the *Review*, and Father Jenkins went into the house of his eternity without seeing any practical realization of his cherished hopes for a Martha Institute.

And yet, nearly two decades before the Kentucky cleric agitated the question, there was founded in the neighboring Dominion a religious institute destined to solve in many places both in Canada and this country just such a problem as he had in mind—the Little Sisters of the Holy Family.[1] Established primarily to attend to the domestic economy or household work of colleges conducted by the Fathers of Holy Cross, the institute has widened its scope with successive years until its members are at present found charged with the housekeeping not only of various colleges and seminaries, but of archiepiscopal and episcopal residences, and of rectories sufficiently important to require the services of several of the Sisters. When the late Cardinal Falconio, as first Apostolic Delegate to Canada, resided in Ottawa, his housekeepers were members of this community; and he was ever afterwards a warm eulogist of their efficiency, religious simplicity, and common sense. On the occasion of one of his visits to Notre Dame during his term of office as Apostolic Delegate to this country, he was asked by the present writer whether the Little Sisters had charge of his residence in Washington. "No," he replied, "and I

[1] Founded at Memramcook, New Brunswick, by Father Camille Lefebvre, C. S. C., and Sister Mary Leonie, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. Approved by Bishop La Rocque, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., the community now has its Motherhouse and Novitiate in that prelate's episcopal see.

miss them very much. My domestic affairs were never looked after so satisfactorily as while I lived in Ottawa."

Similar religious institutes, founded on this side of the Atlantic or imported from European countries, are rendering much the same services, at least as regards seminaries and colleges, in more than one diocese in Canada and the United States; and the employment of their members in such rectories or parish houses as need the services of three or four women would seem to be as near an approach to the ideal solution of the priests' housekeeping problem as is likely to be discovered. In so far as the overwhelming majority of American pastors are concerned, however, such a solution is of course impracticable. What the average priest in this country needs is, in reality, not a housekeeper proper, a superintendent of several domestic servants, but rather a maid of all work—not the counterpart of fine old Mrs. Rouncewell in "Bleak House," but that of the more or less delectable Mrs. Darcy in "My New Curate." One woman, with a possible assistant, can render about all the service he requires—and, nowadays especially, is likely to deplete his purse of about all the wages he can afford to pay. Obviously, no religious community would allow its Sisters to fill such positions, entailing their living separately instead of in bands of several together; so our average priest must look elsewhere for the supply of his needs. As one of the prevalent hobbies, or fads, of our day is vocational training, perhaps the project of the Kentucky priest whom we have men-

tioned may be revived, and result in the organization of a quasi-religious society, a modified Third Order of some kind, that will furnish to the parochial clergy in both urban and rural districts such competent, economical, discreet "valiant women" as are desirable in all priestly homes.

In the meantime, the cleric who has been promoted from a curacy to a pastorate, and blithely prepares to set up housekeeping on his own account, must fain make the best of conditions as he finds them, take what he can get rather than what he would prefer in the matter of a feminine auxiliary, and trust to Providence that his selection may prove at least tolerable. It ought to be axiomatic that his choice should conform, so far as is at all possible, to the disciplinary regulations of the Church, the requirements of Canon Law, or, what comes to the same thing, the prescriptions of national ecclesiastical councils and the synods of his own diocese. It will simplify our summary rather than exhaustive treatment of the subject, and lend some adventitious importance to that treatment, if we transcribe forthwith the particular decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore that deals with our specific topic:

> Quia satis non est nullum in clero admittere crimen, sed vel levissimam criminis suspicionem procul arcere omnio oportet, Episcopos in Domino monemus, ut decreti Praedecessorum Nostrorum de clericorum cum mulieribus consortio executioni sedulo firmiterque invigilent. "Volumus igitur imprimis, ut saecularium mulierum, ne suis quidem

exceptis, consortio et familiaritate nimia ne utatur (sacerdos); neque eas, licet propinqua cognatione conjunctas, in eadem secum domo commorari sinat, nisi fuerint vita et moribus spectatissimae, quaeque nullo modo, sive directo, sive indirecto, se sacris muneribus gerendis aut rebus ecclesiae administrandis immisceant. Oeconomam, ancillam, aliamve famulam nullam habeat, nisi quae sit maturioris aetatis famaque integerrima gaudeat. Nunquam coram illis aut propinquis, si quas apud se habeat, de gregis regimine, de ecclesiae negotiis, de parochianorum vitiis aut defectibus verba faciat." (No. 164.) Praeterea, ad multiplicis generis incommoda vitanda, Nostra facimus verba Patrum Concilii Plen. Hibernici apud Maynutiam, scil., "nullus parochus . . . retineat in domo sua familias affinium aut consanguineorum. Quodsi in eadem domo cum parocho habitent ejus coadjutores . . . volumus ut parochi in praedicta domo nullo modo consanguineas vel affines juniores retineant, nisi permittente Ordinario." (No. 126.)

A study of the foregoing prescriptions, both as to the mature age of housekeepers and the question of having as inmates of a priest's house blood-relations or other kindred, may perhaps create, in the minds of experienced clerics familiar with the conditions actually prevailing in many an American presbytery, a doubt whether this particular decree is not "more honored in the breach than in the observance." As with another prescription of the Third Plenary Council, however—that calling for the establishing of a parish school within two years of the promulgation of the decree rela-

tive thereto—major difficulties in the way of entire conformity to its provisions have doubtless led Ordinaries to overlook some violations of the letter of the law. For that matter, many priests could probably plead with truth as an excuse or justification for such violation Shakespeare's saying, "Nature must obey necessity," or Rabelais' variation thereof, "Necessity knows no law."

The custom of having relatives, near or remote, as their housekeepers, or at least as inmates of their homes, is not only followed in practice by many of the American clergy, but is approved in theory by some accredited authors of clerical handbooks. Father Müller, for instance, in part ii, volume 1, of "The Catholic Priesthood" says: "Many good priests keep their relatives in the house with them. This custom no one can blame. A good mother or sister in the house is often an excellent safeguard." He adds, it is true, a caution: "The good priest should take care, however, that they are not domineering; that they are not tattlers or scandal-mongers; and especially that they do not give scandal." A rather obvious comment on this advice is, that if the priest, presumably cognizant of his relatives' characters and tendencies, foresees the danger of any such action on their part, he will best consult the interests of his parish, and his own as well, by seeing to it that they reside elsewhere than in the presbytery. It will prove much easier to keep mischief-making relations out of his house in the first instance than to remedy their mischief or rid himself of their presence when once their footing in the house has been established.

The anonymous author of a German work, translated under the title, "Rules for the Pastor of Souls," by the Jesuit Fathers Slater and Rauch, is more cordial in his approval of the custom, and dwells at considerable length on its advantages. Even at the risk of treating our readers to a twice-told tale, we subjoin a few extracts from the work:

> "It is quite in accordance with the intentions of our holy Mother the Church that priests should take a relation, especially a pious mother or God-fearing sister, into their house. She is chiefly guided by the conviction that thereby the safety of your sacerdotal life is best guaranteed and that you are guarded against many temptations and dangers which you might incur if a stranger were to look after you. . . . Who could have your truly priestly dignity, your good reputation, and blamelessness in every respect more at heart than a good mother or a virtuous sister? . . . If mother or sister lives with you, the whole atmosphere of the presbytery will lose a good deal of its roughness, the natural consequence of a lonely life. They will compensate for the want of family life, as far as this is possible in your circumstances, and change a dreary presbytery into a charming and congenial home. . . . Mother and sister take the keenest interest in your welfare, your cares, and joys. Your happiness they make their own, and with your suffering they are equally concerned. . . . It is so natural and easy to them to console and encourage you in the various troubles and trials of your vocation. . . . Finally, who could replace a mother or a sister when you are struck down by serious sickness? . . . Consider

> all this, having before your eyes no less your eternal than your temporal welfare, and you will find that as a rule you are best off when your pious mother or good sister looks after your household. Then in truth you may be envied; for God has bestowed on you a favor for which you can never be sufficiently thankful."

We have quoted at this length in order to present the case for the advocates of priests' relatives for priests' housekeepers with all due fairness, and not because we are in thorough agreement with the cited author's opinions. We know a considerable number of experienced and exemplary clerics who, while admitting of course that the plan proffers many advantages, are fully convinced that these are offset by so many practically unavoidable drawbacks, inconveniences, annoyances, and hampering difficulties as to render it extremely doubtful that a priest is best off when his domestic affairs are in charge of some one near and dear to him. And that something may be said for this latter view no judicious reader will deny. The good government of his parish should obviously be a matter of more import to a pastor than the comfort of his relatives or the satisfaction of his own natural affection for them. The priesthood is confessedly a life of sacrifice and renunciation. To the man who serves the altar, with more significance than to the generality of His followers, Christ says: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Filial affection is most commendable in priests as in others, but when a particular method of mani-

festing that affection is, or is likely to be, inimical to the interests of God and the good of souls committed to our charge, some other method (and available ones are never wanting) may well be preferred. Father Edward may be very fond of his sister Helen and anxious to provide for her comfort and happiness; and yet, if Helen happens to be somewhat older than himself and used to box his ears occasionally when he was a little fellow, he may be pardoned for doubting whether in the long run as his housekeeper her reverence for his priestly character would restrain her tendency to lord it over him, or "boss" him, as she used to do in his youth. In such a case it is quite intelligible that he may prefer committing his household management to some other priest's sister rather than to his own.

We have no intention of minimizing the devotedness shown to their priestly sons or brothers by many a self-sacrificing woman: the records of sacerdotal lives in the past and the example of numerous present-day mothers and sisters who are proving the veritable guardian-angels of good, hard-working priests forbid our making little of their merits and their virtues. It is no more than just, however, to remind the reader that the terms of the decree of the Baltimore Council, already quoted, clearly indicate that in the opinion of the Fathers of that Council there may well exist cases in which the absence of even near relatives from a pastor's house is more desirable than is their presence therein. If the happy personal experience of the reader proves that his own is in no

sense such a case, then we heartily reëcho the advice of the anonymous German author, and bid him thank God for an inestimable favor.

With the larger number of clerics throughout this country, however, the suitability of relatives for the position of priest's housekeeper is a purely academic question: they have no relatives available for the office, and accordingly must make their choice from among strangers, women who are neither kith nor kin to them. That the choice is not always easy to make, or fortunate when made, needs no telling either to pastors themselves or to their friends. The inexperienced young pastor who sets himself to the task is most frequently taking chances in a lottery, and may esteem himself lucky if he subsequently discovers that he has drawn even a second or third prize. The blanks, as in lotteries generally, are far more numerous than the winning tickets. This difficulty of securing competent women for the management of clerical homes is apparently a cosmopolitan one. Here, for instance, is an editorial paragraph that appeared originally in the *Catholic Press,* of Sydney, N. S. W., and was quoted, as "fitting the situation to a nicety," by the *Catholic Register* of Toronto, Canada: "A woman who runs a servants' registry office in the city, talking the other day of the different types of domestics who pass through her hands, said that all the sour-faced old failures who put their names on her books; the women who can neither cook, nor wash, nor sew with any degree of success; who 'can't abear' the sight of a child about the house; who are so cross-

grained that anything in the shape of an order is regarded as an insult; and who can't agree with their mistresses on any question remotely connected with work, express the wish to become priests' housekeepers!"

The Canadian editor piously ejaculates, "God help the poor priests!" and, not to be outdone by his Australian confrère, recounts some of his personal experiences. "We know," he writes, "many excellent priests in this country who have difficulty—if they are in the rural districts—in getting a housekeeper at all. The coterie always advertising as priests' housekeepers, or haunting the doors of hostels and presbyteries in the city with the desire to take charge of priests' houses, are certainly what one of our staff calls another class of peculiar persons, 'incongruous comedians.' We have come home after a hard day's work to one of them and have been set down to a 'cabbage salad' as the chief piece of the dinner—when we felt that we could despatch a whole partridge; and this Barmecide feast was put up to us with a sangfroid that was imperturbable. This lady, for so she styled herself, came to us with half a dozen recommendations from priests—and went without any."

While the paragraphs of both these clerical journalists may seem to savor somewhat of caricature, each suggests so general a likeness to their subjects as to make the latter easily recognizable by any reader of mature years and ordinary experience. There is, it is true, another and entirely different type of priestly housekeepers, a type

which, if not so common as to prove the rule, is yet sufficiently in evidence to constitute a notable number of thoroughly admirable exceptions. We have all met them, either in our own homes (where possibly they have not always been duly appreciated), or in the presbyteries of brother priests whom, it may be, we have envied for the all-round proficiency and unobtrusive excellence of their domestic economy. Good cooks, economical managers, capable laundresses and needlewomen, prompt attendants on door-bell or telephone ring, tidy chambermaids, quick-handed waitresses, neatly dressed, serene in manner, reserved in speech, of inexhaustible patience and well-ordered piety, and knowing their place—such women are to be found in every diocese, and, verily, "far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of them." Happy the cleric who enjoys the ministrations of one of these: he may appropriately sing with David, *Funes ceciderunt mihi in praeclaris,* "The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places."

As for the less adequately served cleric whose daily domestic worries prompt him to exclaim with St. Paul, "In all things we suffer tribulations," without being able to add the great Apostle's assertion, "but are not distressed," he is assuredly deserving of commiseration, all the more so if his ineffectual remonstrances to a self-willed, domineering, or capricious housekeeper have led him to yield pessimistic assent to the old-time quatrain:

> Where is the man who has the power and skill
> To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
> For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
> And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

Such pessimism, commonly expressed by the rhetorical interrogation, What's the use? is not to be commended. While a pastor should doubtless show all due consideration to his servants and treat them with the fullest measure of Christian charity and sacerdotal kindness, it is nevertheless incumbent upon him occasionally to make it unmistakably clear to them that, after all, they *are* servants and that he is the master. As St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" If he chances to be of an ascetic temperament, prompt to seize occasions for mortification and self-denial, an incompetent housekeeper will unquestionably afford him ample opportunity to indulge to the full his liking for crosses, vexations, and trials of temper; and by accepting all these as merciful dispensations of Providence, he may clearly acquire considerable merit. The average priest, however, can scarcely be expected to allow his housekeeper to fill the rôle of a living discipline or hair shirt. He probably believes that his ministry furnishes him with a plentiful supply of unavoidable crosses, and that he is entitled to a certain degree of comfort and ease within the walls of his presbytery.

There are some failings of housekeepers, indeed, tolerance of which can be defended on no valid ground, whether of a pastor's forgetfulness of self, or his kindliness of heart, or his spirit of indifference. What concerns himself exclusively he may perhaps meritoriously overlook; what tends injuriously to affect his relations with his

people or to introduce discord into parish circles, he cannot conscientiously refrain from putting an end to. That his housekeeper serves him with a "cabbage salad" instead of a well-broiled steak, habitually fails to clearstarch his collars, periodically upsets the papers and letters on his roller-top desk, and neglects to keep his cassock in good repair—all this he may, if he will, condone; but that she meddles with matters purely ecclesiastical, goes gossiping and tale-bearing from house to house, or entertains congenial scandal-mongers in the kitchen or her room—this, and such like conduct, he is imperatively called upon to check, even should the checking necessitate his discharging the offender. There may be strong and sufficient reasons for a parish priest's disregarding the strict letter of the clause, "nisi quae sit maturioris aetatis," in the decree cited on a former page—the impossibility of securing one of canonical age, for instance; but there are none for the violation of this injunction regarding the secular inmates of a presbytery, "nullo modo, sive directo, sive indirecto, se sacris muneribus gerendis aut rebus ecclesiae administrandis immisceant."

It is perhaps obvious to remark that the average priest's housekeeper is not likely to meddle with parish business or distinctively church matters unless the pastor himself has imprudently broached such topics to her, or still more imprudently discussed with her the character and conduct, faults and failings, of the parishioners. The normal Catholic woman, in or out of a presbytery, will not gratuitously proffer counsel on matters

purely ecclesiastical or administrative to pastor or curate; the exceptional few who are inclined to do so may very easily be put in their place if only the priest keeps *his* place also. "There are occasions," says Canon Keatinge, "when the priest is tired. He is alone, and time hangs heavily on his hands, and the habit easily grows of finding his way to the kitchen with or without an excuse. Be sure of it, he is always welcome, but he will pay for it." Occasionally the process is reversed: instead of the pastor's making his way to the kitchen, the housekeeper makes her way to the office or study, quite possibly for a legitimate purpose which could be accomplished in two or three minutes, but which serves as an excuse for a prolonged conversation neither necessary nor profitable to either of them.

Discussing the general subject of the priest's attitude towards women, the English author just mentioned remarks that "two women in your house are better than one." Were there any need of demonstrating the judiciousness of the remark, one would merely have to quote the old-time rustic proverb: "Two is company; three is none." There was a substratum of sound philosophy in the apparently purely jocular reply of a clerical friend of ours to his Ordinary's comment on the youthfulness of our friend's housekeeper. "Why," said the prelate, "she can't be more than twenty."—"But, you see, Bishop," replied Father S., "I have *two* young housekeepers, and their combined years give more than the canonical age." Beyond all question the danger of relaxation, remissness, imprudences, or familiarities is much less when in the

presbytery there are several of "the devout female sex" than when pastor and housekeeper are its only inmates, *solus cum sola.* To guard against all such dangers as, given our human nature and the inevitable consequences of original sin, are inherent in even our necessary intercourse with members of the other sex, we need to employ the natural preservatives, self-respect, a becoming sense of our priestly dignity, habitual circumspection, and uniform custody of the eyes and tongue. And, to make assurance of our safety doubly sure, we must be assiduous in vocal and mental prayer, and sincerely devoted to the exemplar and guardian of the holy virtue, our Immaculate Mother Mary.

LIVING BY THE GOSPEL

So also the Lord ordained that they who preach the gospel should live by the gospel.—*1 Cor.: ix, 14.*

> Wealth is the Conjurer's Devil,
> Whom, when he thinks he hath, the Devil hath him.
> Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
> Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.
>
> —*George Herbert.*

Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

"MONEY'S the root of all evil; give us some more root," said big Father Mealey with a whimsical smile, as he helped himself to a second cigar and cast a sidelong glance at Father O'Callaghan, who had just been inveighing against what he termed an altogether too common practice among priests, that of continually nagging the people about the coin of the realm.

"Your quotation's not straight, Mealey," remarked Dean Morrison, in whose study the trio were sitting; "'tis the desire, or love, of money, not money itself, that St. Paul characterizes as the root of all evil; and history as well as our personal observation seems to bear him out in his assertion."

"Yes; I know it," rejoined the first speaker; "but if Paul ever had a debt of forty thousand dollars hanging over him, as I have on my new St. Ber-

nard's, he would probably have been of the same mind concerning money as was Iago concerning wine, that it is 'a good familiar creature, if it be well used.' "

"That's rather begging the question we've been discussing, Father Mealey," said Father O'Callaghan. "In the first place no one claims that money in itself is an evil, and, in the second, it won't do to assume that all pastors whose Sunday sermons are one-sixth Gospel and five-sixths money have so legitimate a reason for desiring it as you have."

* * * * * *

We have no intention of reporting the dialogue at further length, but the portion of it already given may serve as an introduction to a common-sense discussion of a subject that is not infrequently treated at priests' retreats and is all too often a topic of conversation among some priests' parishioners. There are certain truths connected with the matter that are called in question by nobody. Even the most censorious critic of the "money-grabbing" priest does not deny, at least in theory, that the scriptural doctrine, "the laborer is worthy of his reward," is applicable to his pastor, or that the fulfilment of the fifth commandment of the Church requires the faithful to contribute to the pastor's support. No one takes issue with the doctrine which St. Paul taught to the Corinthians, that "those who preach the gospel should live by the gospel," although a good many commentators, clerical as well as lay, probably differ one from another in their interpretation of the word "live" in the oft-quoted text.

Preachers of the gospel have an undoubted right to live by it; but live *how?* In decent poverty, in well-to-do comfort, or in quasi-luxury? And just what constitutes each of these three states? Obviously, there is ample room for difference of opinion among those who undertake to answer such questions, especially as to the constituents of poverty, comfort, and luxury. If one man's meat may be another man's poison, one man's competency may be another man's indigence. What a city pastor considers the bare necessities of life may readily appear the luxuries of opulence to a foreign missionary, or, for that matter, to many a home missionary in the poorer dioceses of our own country. Wealth and poverty are relative terms; and the curate whose salary is only two hundred a year may for all practical purposes be richer than his pastor who annually draws five or six times that amount. In a general way, however, the three states that we have mentioned—poverty, comfort, and luxury—are sufficiently differentiated to be recognizable by all; and it would be interesting to learn what are the real sentiments of our best Catholics—that is, our most pious, fervent, conscientious Catholics, as to which of the three is the most congruous state or condition for the priest.

While recognizing no doubt that the ideal priest, the closest possible human imitator of the great high priest, Jesus Christ, would practice in dress and food and lodging that grade of poverty the example of which was set by our Lord and was followed by His Apostles, and while aware that

all down the centuries there have been, as there are still, apostolic priests who have held and hold that ideal up to the admiration or, it may be, the scoffing of the world, very few of even our most exemplary Catholics to-day would declare that such a degree of mortification is an essential condition in the life of a good priest. Still fewer, however, it is quite safe to assert, would admit that the very antithesis of such poverty is at all becoming to a professed follower of our Saviour, to one whose acquired powers and whose daily ministry have earned for him the not inapt appellation, "another Christ." The cleric whose dress is the twentieth-century equivalent of the "purple and fine linen" of Scripture, whose rectory is a mansion fitted up with all the modern appliances conducive to sensuous enjoyment, and whose table habitually displays "the fat of the land," may possess a number of notable virtues and acquit himself worthily, on the whole, of his pastoral duties; but he is obviously a sadly inadequate representative of the poor Man of Galilee who had not where to lay His head; and even the least observant of his flock can hardly fail to note the contrast between the gospel he preaches and the life he lives.

The middle term between poverty and luxury, what we have styled well-to-do comfort, represents perhaps, if not the best possible, at least the best practicable, condition for the priest of to-day; and the cleric who is content therewith is not likely to be very severely criticized by his people, his ordinary, or a mentor more important than either, his own conscience. To live even in comfort, however,

one must have money; and as comparatively few American priests have been ordained *titulo patrimonii,* it behooves the average pastor to secure a sufficiency of financial supplies from those upon whom the Church imposes the obligation of contributing to his support. It need hardly be said that much depends on the methods he adopts in inducing his people to fulfil that obligation. It is a commonplace in clerical circles that, with congregations of equal resources and similar dispositions, one priest readily obtains all the funds he requires for the prosecution of his parish works and his own salary, although he mentions money but rarely from the altar, while his neighbor who is continually making appeals or having collections for this, that, and the other purpose never seems to secure the half of what he declares to be necessary. Possibly the frequency of his appeals is just the explanation of the latter's ill success, and perhaps if he would talk less about money he would get more of it. There is, no doubt, not a little exaggeration in the comments passed by some of the laity on the insistence with which their pastors dwell Sunday after Sunday on the perennial topic of financial needs; but it must be admitted on the other hand that occasional clerics do discuss the money question from the altar or the pulpit with a frequency suggestive of the Shakespearian phrase, "damnable iteration." There was a substratum of truth in the reply of a cynical Catholic lawyer to the query, "What was Father Blank's text this morning?"—"He didn't use a text; but, an appropriate one for the tirade he

gave us would have been, 'What doth it profit a priest if he win to God the whole parish, and suffer the loss of his own pew-rents?"

Before going further, let it be said that there is one method of treating the whole subject of the pews' financial obligation to the pulpit that is not only quite unobjectionable but is in reality obligatory on the efficient pastor—his giving a periodical sermon or a catechetical instruction on the fifth precept of the Church. It is clearly part of his office to teach his people their religious duties, and his lucid and unimpassioned explanation of this particular duty of the lay Christian may easily prove more effective in securing its fulfilment than will reiterated scoldings and bitter sarcasms, not to say vituperation and invective, on the occasion of specific failures to meet the obligation. That the explanation is needed from time to time would seem evident from the fact that the notions of not a few Catholics on this point are hazy rather than distinct. In truth, the religious duty incumbent upon the laity to contribute to the support of their pastors is probably more imperfectly understood than are most other obligations of the Christian life.

One reason for such imperfect knowledge is doubtless the comparatively cursory treatment accorded to the fifth precept of the Church by the teacher in the Sunday-school. As the fulfilment of the precept, the contributing to the pastor's support, lacks the element of actuality so far as the children of the catechism class are concerned, the explanation usually given of this command-

ment or law of the Church is probably more superficial than thorough. Obedience thereto will not become a practical question for the class until the boys and girls become men and women, so the precept does not receive all the attention and insistence that is given to moral duties of more immediate interest and import to the young.

All too often, apparently, the meagre explanatory comments of the Sunday-school teacher remain unsupplemented by intelligent reading and study in maturer years. In any case, account for it as we may, it is an undeniable fact that some Catholics either ignore the gravity of the obligation imposed upon them by this particular law of the Church, or, knowing full well the strictness of the obligation, deliberately and dishonestly shirk its fulfilment. That such persons form only a small minority of the faithful in any one parish or any one diocese of the country is perhaps quite true; but their existence at all is an abuse which merits public condemnation. At the same time it is hardly fair to the exemplary parishioners who give freely and cheerfully of their means for all religious purposes that they should be forced to listen to such condemnation, instead of the Word of God, week after week from January to December. Once a year, perhaps, in the course of a series of instructions on the commandments of God and the precepts of the Church, a set sermon on the subject will be appropriate; and, as has been intimated already, it is likely to be all the more effectual because of the preacher's appearing in the character of an expositor of Christian doc-

trine, not in the rôle of an importunate creditor or a nagging dun.

As for the subject matter of such a sermon, no priest presumably needs suggestions as to what he should say. He will naturally point out that the precepts of the Church are veritable laws, strictly binding on all her subjects. A society established by Christ in order to lead men to Heaven, the Church has undoubted power to make such laws and regulations as she judges necessary for her preservation, her prosperity, and the attainment of the end for which she was instituted. The obligation imposed by her fifth precept is as rigorous as that involved in any of the others; and, accordingly, the lay Catholic who does not contribute in proportion to his means to the support, the congruous maintenance, of his parish priest is a flagrantly dishonest debtor. He is guilty of patent injustice and is unquestionably bound to make restitution, just as he would be were he to refuse payment of a legitimate debt to his medical doctor. It may further be pointed out that the layman's obligation to pay his quota of his pastor's salary is not derived from ecclesiastical law only; it is founded on the natural law and upon divine legislation as well. A parish priest's vocation obliges him to attend to the immediate service of God and the care of souls. He is in consequence debarred from seeking the emoluments of other professions and of business pursuits. Now, the most elementary conception of justice clearly teaches that, being so debarred, he has every right to look for his support to those with whose spiritual welfare

he is charged, and in whose behalf he habitually labors. That his right is acknowledged by divine law is evident from the prescribed payment of tithes in the Old Testament, and from various passages in the New—among others, St. Paul's declaration that "they who serve the altar partake with the altar."

Ever so little amplification of the foregoing points should suffice to demonstrate to the average congregation of Catholics that, in contributing their proportionate share to the regular salary of their pastor, they are performing an act, not of pure generosity, but of strictest justice, and that to neglect such contributing is to incur not merely the reproach of meanness and parsimony, but the stigma of unequivocal dishonesty. Very few other professional men whose training for their life-work has been equally lengthy and arduous, receive so small an income as the priests of this country are permitted to devote to their personal use; and it should not be difficult to convince Catholics of ordinary common sense and fair-mindedness that the least they can do (if only to preserve their own self-respect) is to see to it that their pastor's scanty remuneration be paid to him cheerfully and promptly.

Some clerical philosophers of our acquaintance have a theory that the ease or difficulty experienced by a pastor in getting money from his people depends in a great measure, if not entirely, on the use of the money when obtained; that the priest who "does things" can readily secure all the funds he needs for the upkeep of the church property

and the prosecution of his various religious works; and that the greatest obstacle to the generosity of a Catholic flock is the impression, rightly or wrongly entertained, that their pastor is more or less tainted with avarice, is too fond of filthy lucre, or, in up-to-date parlance, is "out for the money." As regards the pastor's salary, of course, it is really none of the parishioners' business *what* disposition he makes of it. The money is his own; it has been well earned; and he is clearly not accountable to his people for the manner in which it is expended—or possibly hoarded. Concerning other funds, however—money needed over and above his salary for a dozen different purposes, building, repairs, heating and lighting the church, insurance, conducting the school, etc.—there is certainly a good deal of truth in the theory mentioned. It is only natural that people should like to see the results of their contributions, even to church funds; and, when the results are meagre, future contributions are likely to be less in quantity and more reluctantly given. It is to be noted, too, that the priests who have acquired the reputation of money-grabbers are not always those who have numerous works to keep up. Not a few of them seem far more concerned about the condition of the rectory than the state of their church buildings, and the one charity in which some of them appear to be especially interested is that which begins at home.

The mention of avarice in connection with priests may at first blush appear strangely incongruous and entirely uncalled for. If there is on earth one man who, more than any other, should

from his education, his profession, his ingrained conviction, and his acquired knowledge of the human heart, be immune from the attacks of this sordid vice, that man is surely he who has consecrated his life to the service of God, to the imitation of Christ. Not of an ordained priest, but of an ordinary layman, does a secular writer declare: "There is, indeed, no more pitiable wretch than the man who has mortgaged himself, soul and body, to Mammon —in whom the one giant passion for gold has starved every other affection; no more painful spectacle than to see a man dragging his manhood at the heels of his employment, losing life for the sake of the means of living, disregarding the celestial crown held over his head, and raking to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the earth. The poorest of all human beings is the man who is rich in gold, but intellectually and spiritually bankrupt—*magnas inter opes inops.*" And yet, one of the first twelve priests fell a prey to avarice, although his apostolic training had been personally directed by Christ Himself. The love of gold, which wrought the downfall of Judas, is at least a danger to clerics of our day; and, if reputable writers about the priestly life are to be believed, it is a danger not always avoided.

Bishop Moriarty's "Allocutions" were addressed to priests of a country other than ours, but, as human nature is much the same on both sides of the Atlantic, his words are of general rather than local application; and his testimony is to the effect that the laity have a supreme detestation for the vice of avarice in a priest. "When they talk of a

priest or the priesthood," he writes, "there is no more frequent subject of conversation than our love of money or the amount of money that we receive or possess. They will forgive a drunken priest and give him help; they would even shed a pitying tear of sorrow for a fallen priest; but they despise and hate an avaricious priest. Avarice they never pardon, either in life or death. To them it is as the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is quite clear that if the first preachers of the Gospel admitted to Mass none who could not pay, and drove hard bargains for their presence at the weddings of the first Christians, the world would never have been converted." Inferentially at least the Bishop admits that the people have some grounds for imputing to occasional members of the clergy an undue, unpriestly, and unforgivable love of the "almighty dollar." Needless to say, it is a rare thing for a priest to admit, even to himself, that he is really dominated by avarice. True, he has some money and is increasing his store of it from year to year; but his doing so is merely prudent foresight, a thoroughly justifiable laying by of something for a rainy day, a common-sense provision for his old age—in a word, his money-getting and money-keeping, he tries to convince himself, is so far from being a detestable vice that it is really a commendable virtue.

According to all the philosophers and moralists, avarice is peculiarly the vice of declining years; so it finds its most willing victims among elderly rather than youthful clerics. Yet, on the face of it, this is a patent flouting of the dictates of com-

mon sense. Leaving Christian morality altogether out of the question, we find such action condemned even by pagan philosophy. "Avarice, in old age, is foolish," says Cicero; "for what can be more absurd than to increase our provisions for the road the nearer we approach to our journey's end?" As a matter of sacerdotal history, in this or any other country, how many of the priests who were inordinately fond of swelling their bank accounts, on the plea of making necessary provision for an old age in which they could no longer work, ever reached even incipient decrepitude? At least three-fourths or five-sixths of them were forced to bid an eternal good-bye to their accumulated wealth before coming within measurable distance of man's allotted three score years and ten. What better provision for the twilight of a priestly life can be conceived than a filial trust in Divine Providence, a confident hope that the Father whom one is doing one's best to serve with fidelity will smooth the road when the shadows begin to lengthen and the tired feet grow heavy? Or who with better right than the charitable, compassionate priest to whose hands gold refuses to stick, can draw comfort from the testimony of the royal psalmist: "I have been young, and am now old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread?"

As opposed to the avarice which sometimes at least ensnares elderly clerics, most writers on the sacerdotal state mention extravagance as the vice into which youthful priests are most apt to be betrayed in the matter of their finances; and one

explanation sometimes given for such lavish use, or waste, of pecuniary resources is that the young priest has no sense of the value of money, that in his case there is exemplified the old adage, "Easy come, easy go." He has never been used to the handling of any considerable amount of money, and so his quarter's salary manifests a tendency to burn a hole in his pocket. That explanation is obviously fallacious as applied to a goodly number of young American priests. They *do* know the value of money, having acquired the knowledge, years before their ordination, by the practical method of earning a definite number of dollars and cents by the sweat of their brows, or brains. Many of them worked at trades or in offices in order to secure a start in their scholastic career, worked their way through college, and added to their scanty resources by working during the vacations of their college and even seminary years. The experience was thoroughly worth while if it has taught them that the extravagant use even of one's own money is sinful, that economy (a wholly different thing from penuriousness) is a virtue, and that if in the case of a priest wilful waste does not always bring woeful want, it at least impedes generosity to one's friends and charity to God's poor. Nothing, by the way, in the conduct of a pastor more favorably impresses his people than the knowledge that much of the money which he receives from his wealthy or well-to-do parishioners finds its way quietly and unobtrusively into the households of the deserving poor and unfortunate. "He that hath mercy on the poor, lendeth

to the Lord: and He will repay him," says the book of Proverbs; and no charitable priest needs telling that the payment is both speedy and above measure, heaped up and overflowing.

It is perhaps superfluous to point out to the readers of such a book as this that there is no opposition or conflict between the virtues of economy and charity; the one is not identical with parsimony, or stinginess, any more than the other means extravagant waste. The fact is, as a worldly philosopher shrewdly remarks, that "it is only the economical man who can afford to be liberal, or even to live with ease and magnanimity." There is really no great difficulty about the art of living easily as to money, whether one be a curate with a mere pittance as a salary, a pastor of an exceptionally poor parish, or the rector of an exceptionally wealthy one; and, paradoxical as at first it may appear, the problem ofttimes proves hardest in the case of the last-mentioned, the rector who is generally looked upon as one whose lines have fallen in goodly places. The experience of all mankind, clerics not less than laymen, has demonstrated that the matter is quite simple: one has only to live within one's income, or, as Bulwer puts it, "pitch your scale of living one degree below your means." Wilkins Micawber (in Dickens' "David Copperfield") graphically summarizes the financial wisdom of the ages when he says: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nine and six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

A wholesome bit of advice to priests generally and to young priests in particular is naturally suggested by that last quotation: don't get into debt, at least personal debt. In the work of building up a new parish, or in the erection of new edifices—school, convent, hall, institute, etc.—in an old parish, debt of course may be unavoidable; but let it be sanctioned beforehand by the ordinary of the diocese, and so become in reality his or the Church's debt, not your own. It has already been said in this chapter that it is sinful to spend extravagantly even one's own money; and a cleric should cultivate a genuine horror of needlessly spending the money of other people, as is very certainly done by him who goes into debt for superfluities. What Sir Charles Napier once told some of his officers may, *mutatis mutandis,* be repeated appositely enough to youthful priests: "To drink unpaid-for champagne and unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman." Well-to-do comfort may be quite compatible with sacerdotal exemplariness, but only on condition that it is within the range or compass of the sacerdotal purse. If such comfort cannot be secured save by violating that excellent rule, "Pay as you go," then the priest had far better put up with the inconvenience of decent poverty. The enjoyment derived from the possession of a well-filled wardrobe, a goodly collection of books, the latest novelties in ease-promoting chairs and sofas, or the newest model in motor-cars, is after all but sadly tainted bliss if the real ownership of these various articles resides in their

respective vendors, not in the cleric who has had them "charged up" to his account.

Not a few practical philosophers who have discussed the subject of getting on in the world declare that *making* money is easy enough; the trouble is to keep it or to spend it well. Be this as it may, one thing is certain: the judicious use of money, no matter with what ease or difficulty acquired, demands method and system in the user. The unmethodical priest, the man who rather prides himself on not being a slave to system or rule, is bound to suffer somewhat for his irregularity in spiritual or temporal activities of whatever nature; but his substitution of careless indifference or slovenly attention for well-ordered system in money matters is a definite inviting of well-nigh inevitable disaster. Now, method in the management of one's finances is possible only when one possesses, if not a thorough and comprehensive grasp, at least a good working knowledge, of the science of accounts. The temporalities of most parishes in this country would be in a far better condition and would be the occasion of immeasurably less concern and worry than at present if their respective pastors were a little more proficient in the prosaic art of bookkeeping by double entry. Let it be said, incidentally, that nowadays, when so much stress is being laid on the importance of vocational training, it is perhaps worth while considering whether something may not be done to make prospective pastors better fitted, or at least slightly less incompetent, to look after the material side of their parish work.

Given that the overwhelming majority of our priests must necessarily handle money and take part in business transactions of one kind or another, it does not seem exorbitant to demand that, at some time in the fifteen or eighteen years devoted to their education, and somewhere in the class-rooms or lecture-halls of school, college, or seminary, they should become familiar with business papers or commercial forms; should learn how to use intelligently day-book, cash-book, journal, and ledger; and should even acquire a fair knowledge of commercial law. If it be urged that the imparting of such technical instruction is quite foreign to the recognized functions of classical college or theological seminary, and that the curriculum of each such institution is already overcrowded, it may be permissible to reply that such information is so quasi-essential to the genuine efficiency of a priest in active service that the seminary graduate might do worse than take a supplementary business course, if only a "correspondence" one, before embarking on a career in which the lack of the information will prove a handicap not to be offset by the most fervent piety or the most commendable zeal. To assume that a youthful curate will surely learn from his experienced pastor all that he needs to know about money and accounts is to take for granted what is not always provable—that the pastor is competent to impart the knowledge. *Nemo dat quod non habet*, and this plausible theory when reduced to practice not infrequently proves to be a case of the blind leading the blind.

A due regard for method and the cultivation of business-like habits not only facilitate a priest's work and diminish his worry in administering the temporalities of his parish, but are conducive to a rational priestly use of his money throughout his life, and, a not unimportant point, ensure the proper, or at least the definite, disposition of such fortune, little or great, as he leaves behind him when life is over. Even the ideally apostolic pastor whose love of holy poverty leads to his habitual giving of his means to works of charity may, and should, leave behind him at least one thing, a last will and testament. Archbishop Tillotson's remark is as timely in our day as it was in his, two hundred years ago: "There are two things in which men, in other things wise enough, do usually miscarry; in putting off the making of their wills and their repentance till it is too late." Many a Catholic prelate since the Anglican archbishop's time has emphasized the same point in conferences to his priests, impressing upon them the necessity of their making definite testamentary disposition of their personal belongings so as to avoid, at their death, contestation by their relatives as to what should be regarded as the property of Father Blank and what, that of the church or the parish. Most readers of this page can probably recall more than one instance in which the neglect of a priest to make a will led to much subsequent disedification, to bitter disputes, and even to costly lawsuits. The present writer remembers one particular case which quite verified the dictum of a rather cynical author: "What you leave at your death let it be

without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs."

The proper time for making a will, in the case of a priest or any one else, is of course the date or the day when he becomes possessed of property the disposal of which may occasion dispute should he die intestate. Curates as well as pastors may congruously have their last will and testament drawn up with all due legal formality. While curates, however, *may* die, pastors must; so it behooves the latter especially not to postpone the performance of so really important an act. As the average American priest's life terminates somewhere between the half-century and the three-score mark, it is scarcely too much to say that a parish priest who has reached the age of fifty without having as yet made his will is grossly negligent and merits a not too gentle reprimand from his ordinary. Like most other duties that are easily performable but through negligence are left unfulfilled, the longer the making of one's will is put off the greater grows the reluctance to making it at all, and the more serious the risk of its remaining forever unwritten.

It is not enough, however, that a priest should in due time make his will; the proprieties demand that the will should be a priestly one, its provisions clearly showing that the testator was a man of God rather than a mere provident citizen of the world. The wealth that has come to a priest as a patrimony or a heritage on the death of parents or other relatives may appropriately enough perhaps be left in large part to other members of his

family or to friends; but such fortune as he has acquired during his priestly years and in virtue of his priestly office will most congruously, it would seem, be left for the most part to works of religion and charity. That such disposition of a pastor's money and other possessions impresses the Catholic mind as being eminently right and proper was made clear only a few months ago by the laudatory comments of our Catholic press on the model priestly will of a venerable New England pastor, as on that pastor's explanation of the rationale of his various bequests. "I realize," he said, "that I came to this parish a poor man; that from the parish has come whatever of worldly goods I possess; and that accordingly the parish or its religious works should receive the great bulk of whatever I have to leave."

That not all clerics' wills are dictated by the like commendable motives may be inferred from the relative infrequency with which one finds similar cases reported in our Catholic papers. From two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred American priests die every year; at least several scores of them are presumably fairly well-off financially; but it is doubtful that a scant dozen of their last testaments deserve any such praise as the one instanced in the foregoing paragraph. The ordinary of a large American diocese, the majority of whose priests are certainly not poor men, not long ago spoke very plainly to his clergy on this subject, characterizing as an abuse a priest's bequeathing everything to relatives and nothing to religious or charitable institutions, and intimating

that he might eventually feel called upon to demand a sight of a deceased priest's will before accepting an invitation to his funeral.

On the whole, perhaps, he lives best by the Gospel who has least to bequeath to any one when the business of life is over. Deeds of gift during one's lifetime are usually better worth while, and are obviously less selfish, than are testamentary bequests—of goods one can no longer keep. The pockets of the poor and the mite-boxes for the missions are better receptacles for a priest's superfluous cash then are the safety-vaults of the bank. The man who at the very outset of his ecclesiastical life exclaimed, *Dominus pars hereditatis meae,* and whose detachment from earthly goods was made a condition precedent to his becoming a veritable priest—"Every one of you that does not renounce all that he possesseth, can not be my disciple"—such a man may indeed become rich; but it behooves him to take exceptional care that he be not excluded from the scriptural benediction: "Blessed is the rich man that is found without blemish, and that hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money nor in treasure."

THE RUBRICS OF ENGLISH

One of the first and most indispensable studies of the priest is the mastery of his mother-tongue. He should acquire so thorough a knowledge of his own language that he may be able to speak and write it to perfection.—*Father Mach, S. J.*

. . . The English is simple, clear, and never jars or halts; and, oh, how badly we need our apologetics in readable and attractive English! Our opponents—weak as their case is—gather half their strength from their mastery of style and elegance of diction.—*"Papyrus," in Catholic Times.*

There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning.—*Dryden.*

AT a gathering of priests in an American rectory a year or two ago, the subject of congruous clerical hobbies was introduced, and the study of some foreign language—French, or German, or Spanish—was advocated as an excellent occupation for an hour or two of the ordinary priest's daily leisure. An interesting discussion about the respective importance and merits of these alien tongues was interrupted by an inquiry addressed by the youngest to the oldest priest of the group: "Well, Father Tom, what language would you advise me to take up as *my* hobby?"—"English, my dear boy," was the unhesitating reply. "English, by all means." As the youthful cleric who had asked the question considered himself

fairly proficient in the use of his mother-tongue, he was a little taken aback by this intimation that the time and attention which he had devoted to the study of grammar and composition in school and college needed to be supplemented by additional assiduous effort to master the laws governing English speech; but, the more he reflected upon the matter, the stronger became his conviction that Father Tom's reply was not so much an offhand joke as a bit of really judicious advice.

That the same advice may appropriately be given to many another young priest in this country is an assertion the truth of which is not likely to be called in question by the best speakers and writers in the ranks of our clergy, or by any one else whose linguistic or philologic learning qualifies him to speak with authority on the subject. The statement that "the proprieties and delicacies of English are known to few," may be more disputable nowadays than it was in Dryden's time; but that these niceties of our language are still unknown, or at least unpracticed, by the generality of authors and orators is clear from the pitifully small number of writers and speakers who have achieved such unquestioned distinction in the mastery of English as to warrant their being called models of style.

To attempt any new definition of literary style would be futile. The rhetorical treatises, quotation-books, dictionaries of thought, etc., are full of varied expressions defining what at best must ever remain an elusive, largely undefinable, entity. "Proper words in proper places," says Swift,

"make the true definition of a style." "If thought is the gold," remarks Dr. Brown, "style is the stamp which makes it current, and says under what king it was issued." Perhaps Lord Chesterfield's definition is as good as most others. "Style," he says, "is the dress of thoughts; let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received, as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would be if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters." Thought is the substance of a book or a discourse, style is the form; thought is the matter, style is the manner; thought is the literary tailor's material, style is the peculiar cut he gives it; thought is the literary chef's food in the raw, style is the cooking to which he subjects it; thought, in fine, is what one has to say, and style is how one says it.

It is clear from the foregoing that style, far from being a negligible quantity, is a very important factor in the production of any composition, oral or written, that has genuine merit. Just as a good tailor can make a better-looking suit of clothes out of homespun than can an inferior sartor out of broadcloth; just as a good cook can prepare a more savory meal from scraps and remnants than can a poor one from a prime roast of beef—so can a stylist present commonplace thoughts with an attractiveness and effectiveness which a profounder and more original author, deficient in style, can never attain. The successful teacher must not only know his subject but have the secret of imparting his knowledge; and the

effective writer or speaker must not only have something worth while saying, but must know how to say it in a worth while way.

It does not follow that the way in question, the manner of one's expression, should be out of the common, or conspicuous; on the contrary, the better the style, the less attention it draws to itself. The art that conceals art is indeed nowhere more necessary than in literary composition. All must appear easy, unlabored, natural. Yet, as Colton judiciously remarks: "Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style. Those graces which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt to imitate them, are usually the most inimitable." That was a rare compliment paid to Goldsmith by the man in the street, who, after reading "The Vicar of Wakefield," declared: "Well, I don't see anything remarkable about the style of the book. 'Tis quite simple; in fact, 'tis just the way I'd write, myself, if I were given to that sort of thing." A century before "The Vicar" was published, the French writer, Pascal, told the secret of the pleasure we experience in reading such authors as Goldsmith: "When we meet with a natural style we are surprised and delighted, for we expected to find an author, and have found a man."

It is with the hope of slightly helping an occasional reader of this book to acquire something of this naturalness of style, to disclose in both his sermons and his published compositions less of the author and more of the man, that this chapter is written. It may be well, before going further, to

forestall some of the more or less stereotyped criticisms which the chapter will probably, and not altogether unnaturally, provoke. In the first place, I disclaim unequivocally the arrogant assumption that I am either a critical authority on the English language, or an adept in its use. In the second place, I readily admit that this book as a whole, and even this particular chapter, will afford ample justification for the advice, *Medice, cura teipsum*—which same advice, by the way, might quite as justly be proffered to many an occupant of the pulpit: not all clerical sticklers for consistency in others invariably set a personal example of practicing what they preach. It is perhaps fortunate for many of us that this saying, "Physician, heal thyself," however effective as a smart retort, has after all but little argumentative force or weight. "A more foolish requisition," says Richard Grant White, "was never uttered. That a physician cannot heal himself is no ground for belief that his advice may not profit others; nor is even the fact that he is ailing evidence that he is ignorant of his condition or unable to better it." The fact is that the average man who gives advice about health, or morals, or writing, can probably say with more of truth than did St. Paul: "The good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do." If I am asked why I expose myself to Diderot's jest on Beccaria, "He has written on style a work in which there is no style," the answer is twofold: I have been requested by several clerical correspondents to write some such chapter as this one; and an experience of twenty-five years in

teaching grammar and rhetoric has made me passably familiar with the rubrics of our language and with a considerable number of concrete distinctions between good English and bad.

For the encouragement of such younger clerics as have reason to believe that their knowledge of English is superficial rather than thorough or profound, let it be said at once that English grammar is a much more interesting study for men of thirty or forty than for boys of thirteen or fourteen. "Of all the tasks of our school-days," says a philologist of note, "perhaps none was more repugnant to any of us than the study of grammar"; and his statement is probably true of all the boys, old and young, who have wrestled with the rules of "grammar and parsing," from the days of Lindley Murray to those of Thomas W. Harvey. Who that knows his Dickens has not chuckled with enjoyment or roared with laughter over this delicious bit of burlesque parsing, in "Nicholas Nickleby"?—"Ah, it's me," said Mr. Squeers, "and me's the first person singular, nominative case, agreeing with the verb it's, and governed by Squeers understood; as a acorn, a hour; but when the *h* is sounded, the *a* only is to be used, as a 'and, a 'art, a 'ighway." Much of our enjoyment of the burlesque probably arises from the resemblance which the Yorkshire schoolmaster's ridiculous jumble bears to almost equally ludicrous instances of parsing, remembered from the days when we wore red-topped, coppered-toed boots, and rode our sleds "belly-gutter" down the hill behind the school-house. Grammar, however, is neither so dry nor so use-

less a study as we were wont in those days to call it. "The structure of language," says Dr. Blair, "is extremely artificial; and there are few sciences in which a deeper or more refined logic is employed than in grammar. It is apt to be slighted by superficial thinkers, as belonging to those rudiments of knowledge which were inculcated upon us in our earliest youth. But what was then inculcated before we could comprehend its principles would abundantly repay our study in maturer years."

If it be objected to the foregoing quotation that it is taken from an eighteenth century writer whose views may now be considered obsolete, the following passage, from an American philologist who died less than a quarter of a century ago, will perhaps impress the reader as being more authoritative. "That the leading object of the study of English grammar is to teach the correct use of English is, in my view, an error, and one which is gradually becoming removed, giving way to the sounder opinion that grammar is the reflective study of language, for a variety of purposes, of which correctness in writing is only one, and a secondary or subordinate one—by no means unimportant, but best attained when sought indirectly. . . . It is constant use and practice, under never-failing watch and correction, that makes good writers and speakers; the application of direct authority is the most efficient corrective. Grammar has its part to contribute, but rather in the higher than in the lower stages of the work." [1]

[1] *Essentials of English Grammar,* by William Dwight Whitney.

Whether or not one agrees with this philologist as to the leading object of grammatical study, one cannot but admit that the views just quoted are in harmony with those of Dr. Blair on the utility and interest of such study for men of mature years. It is true, of course, that these views are apparently dissented from by several authors whose prestige entitles their opinion to some weight. We find Richard Grant White, for instance, speaking of "that absurd and utterly useless 'branch' of education, English grammar"; but as this qualification of the subject is found in a book entitled "Every-Day English," a companion volume to the same Mr. White's "Words and Their Uses," it is clear that he, too, considers the language itself (apart from cut-and-dried grammatical formulas) eminently worth one's attention and study.

Mere nomenclature does not affect the main purpose of the man who wishes to learn how to speak and write good English and to avoid speaking and writing bad English. Whether the directions which he is told to follow are called rules of grammar, precepts of rhetoric, the demands of good usage, or what not, really matters little, provided these directions be faithfully carried out. It is not always easy indeed, nor is it at all necessary, distinctly to limit the respective domains of grammar and rhetoric and build a line-fence between them; and it is practically impossible to enclose within hard and fast boundaries the territory claimed by good usage. Concerning such a sentence as, "Every man can at least speak on one subject with authority, and that is his normal

health," the question that matters is not so much whether the choice and collocation of the words violate rules of syntax or principles of rhetoric, as whether the sentence is a good one; and the reconstruction of the sentence in this form, "Every man can speak with authority on at least one subject, his normal health," is the main thing, far more important than the knowledge of any technical or scientific reason why such reconstruction is required. Excellent English, it need hardly be said, is spoken and written by many persons who entirely ignore not merely the niceties, subtleties, and technicalities of grammar and rhetoric, but even the elementary principles of these linguistic arts. The natural born orator and the unlettered conversationalist who "talks like a book" are characters to be met with in not a few American communities; but this fact proves merely that there are exceptions to the general rule that training and drilling in the use of words and in the combination of words into sentences must precede the acquisition of any genuine proficiency in either speaking or writing good English.

One phrase used in the foregoing paragraph, "the choice and collocation of words," is worth repeating, both because in a large sense it defines style itself as viewed by Swift—"proper words in proper places"—and because in a narrower sense it declares the specific scope of the rest of this chapter—the application of some of the recognized rubrics, or rules, of our language to the selection of individual words and to the construction of concrete sentences. Obviously, our discussion of both

words and sentences must be partial and suggestive—rather than comprehensive and thorough; but, even so, it may stimulate interest in a very practical subject and possibly move a few readers to a reperusal of the books in which the treatment of that subject is detailed and complete.

One of the oldest of similes is that which likens language to an army. From time immemorial writers have used such expressions as "the battle of the books," "serried ranks of words," "battalions of arguments," "regiments of pamphlets," and similar metaphorical phrases. It may be worth while to point out that each term of the comparison, the army and language, has its unit, or standard quantity, by the repetition of which any quantity of the same kind is measured. An administrative unit in the army is the smallest organized subdivision having a complete administration of its own; in the United States infantry it is the regiment. The corresponding unit of language is the sentence; and, just as the efficiency of the army as a whole depends on the ordered strength and skill and discipline of the various regiments that compose it, so the effectiveness of language in composition—a sermon or a book, an editorial article or a catechetical instruction—is largely dependent upon the perfection with which its sentences are constructed. A regiment of infantry is subdivided into battalions, companies, platoons, sections, and squads; the typical sentence is made up of coördinate and sub-ordinate clauses, subjects and predicates, adjuncts and phrases; and, finally, as the squad consists of privates, so the least of these sentence-divisions is made up of words.

A priest's vocabulary, the sum or stock of words which he has at his command, is generally large enough for the adequate expression of his thoughts, either in the pulpit or at his writing-desk. The number and variety of his studies at school, at college, and at seminary, and the multifarious reading that usually occupies some portion of his normal day have naturally impressed upon his memory such a sufficiency of verbal signs as enable him to express clearly any and all ideas of which he has a distinct conception. Of the younger American priest, indeed, it is probably true to say that his vocabulary is more copious than select. He is fond of introducing slang into his conversation, and does not scruple to use colloquialisms in his sermons—neither of which practices is to be commended as consonant with sacerdotal dignity. An experienced curate may congruously enough advise a younger fellow-curate to desist from sarcastically criticising their common rector's capriciousness or parsimony, lest the rector's patience should give way and the critic come to grief; but the advice gains nothing in cogency from being phrased in such jargon as: "Say, kid, let me put you wise. You want to go slow on that knocking stuff, or cut it out altogether. The old man is on to you and is about fed up with the lemons you keep handing him. Better play the soft pedal, son, or you'll find yourself up against it, for when the Daddy *does* cut loose, he's some verbal scrapper, believe *me*." Slang is most frequently an offense against propriety, rather than purity, of diction. The latter quality is thus defined: "An author's dic-

tion is pure when he uses such words only as belong to the idiom of the language in opposition to words that are foreign, obsolete, newly coined, or without proper authority." Now, all the words in the example of slang given above are, with the exception of "scrapper," good English terms. Taken separately they are quite reputable, yet, as used in the example, they violate propriety of diction because they are misapplied, or, as Campbell expresses the idea, "they are employed as signs of things to which use hath not affixed them." Purity of diction, on the other hand, is violated by the use of such words or phrases as: auto, photo, enthuse, flustrated, complected, clutterly, slantindicular, solemncholly, gumption, whopper, to suicide, to size up, to back out of, tour de force, à la mode, adios, sub rosa, entre nous, nicht wahr, auf wiedersehen, etc., etc. Should any reader be inclined to question the propriety of calling the attention of clerics to such expressions as the foregoing, we beg to inform him that perhaps the most ludicrous word in the list, "solemncholly," appeared a few years ago in a serious poem, or "pome," published in a Catholic journal—and the poet was a priest.

Impropriety of diction arises most frequently from the use of words in senses different from their real meanings. The pastor who declared to his congregation: "I will not demean myself by harping upon money," was guilty of faulty diction: he meant that he would not lower, degrade, or *bemean* himself. "Demean" is the equivalent of "behave." A much grosser error was that of the

cleric who bewailed his lot in being "illegible" for an irremovable rectorship. He did not state whether or not his handwriting was "eligible." It must have been inadvertence rather than ignorance that was accountable for a retreat-master's advising a body of religious: "Always keep *foraging* ahead in the way of perfection." Conversely, it was probably pretentious ignorance, and not mere inadvertence, that led a country editor to write: "Celebrating Mass, preaching, administering the sacraments, reciting the office, attending sick-calls—these are the ordinary avocations of the parish priest." He meant just the opposite of what he said. The duties or activities mentioned constitute the priest's *vocation;* his avocations are matters which call him away from these duties. Something of the same fondness for "elegant" words dominated that father whose son, being off for his summer holidays, was said to be "enjoying his vocation." Simpler and more common examples of this misuse of words occur in the substitution of "lay" for "lie," "stop" for "stay," "last" for "latest," "less" for "fewer," "kind of" for "rather" or "somewhat," "visit with" for "visit," "tell him good-bye" for "bid him good-bye" or "say good-bye to him," and, as the old-time locution has it, "many others too numerous to mention." "You'd better lay down for a while and rest," said Father Grady to his curate.—"Thank you, Father," was the reply, "but when I lay down yesterday afternoon I couldn't sleep, so I think I shall not lie down today." The pastor's "lay" was wrong; the curate's, right. "On my way to New York I stopped two days in Boston

visiting with my uncle," is bad English. What the speaker meant was: "On my way to New York I stopped at Boston, and stayed there two days visiting my uncle." "Did you hear my last sermon?" inquired a young priest of a friend. "I hope not," was the accurate reply, "but I heard your latest one." The distinction between "less" (referring to quantity) and "fewer" (having to do with number) was well observed by the physician who said to his portly patient: "Take fewer meals and eat less at each, and in six months you will weigh less and have fewer complaints."

In the latest book of one of our priest-novelists occurs this sentence: "Still, it cannot be an easy life to be one of seven or eight Protestant ministers in such a small town." As the writer evidently means to emphasize the smallness of the town, and not its difference in this or that respect from other small towns, the concluding clause should be "so small a town." "Anyhow," said an indignant altar-boy the other day to a curate whose Mass he had served that morning, "you're not as nice as Father Callahan. He don't jump on a fellow for every little break he makes." If the lad had a nicer, more precise knowledge of his mother-tongue, he would have said: "At any rate, you're not so kind as Father Callahan. He doesn't scold a boy for every little mistake he makes." After a negative, or a question implying a negative answer, the proper correlatives are *so . . . as,* not *as . . . as;* and "don't" is (colloquially) correct only when "do not" can be grammatically used in its place. The misuse of even the smallest

words, the least important parts of speech, may occasion notable mistakes in meaning. Placing, or omitting, the article "a" before "few," for instance, changes the sense of that word in an appreciable degree. If a pastor says to his people, "Few of you go to daily Communion," he is reproaching them, since he implies that scarcely any of them approach the Holy Table. If he says, "A few of you go to Holy Communion," he is complimenting those (a number worth mentioning) who do approach it. Among the testimonials published in an advertising circular issued by an American vendor of altar wines, I find this rather strange statement: "I shall always use your wine in the hereafter." The two superfluous little words "in the" give the sentence a meaning quite other than its author intended. The mistake probably arose from his having in mind two synonyms, "future" and "hereafter," and his writing the latter while thinking of the former.

The mention of synonyms suggests a reference to another quality of diction, that which the rhetoricians call precision. A word may be pure English, and may conform in a general way to the demands of propriety, without being precise, that is, without conveying the exact shade of meaning which best expresses the idea of the speaker or writer. "Do what I will, I cannot remember where I left my breviary," is an instance of lack of precision. What we *remember* recurs to us without any effort; what is recalled to mind only after some effort has been made to recall it is *recollected.* We *do* not remember, we *cannot* recollect.

Limitations of space preclude even a summarized discussion, in this chapter, of precision in the use of words; but the reader may take it for granted that the study of English synonyms is not less attractive than it is important. Of all the text-books which it has been the present writer's lot to expound in the class-room none was so generally popular among the students, or so thoroughly mastered for examination days, as "Graham's Synonyms." Even those boys to whom English was a foreign language invariably received a higher "note" for the subject, Synonyms, than for any other taught in the class.

To come at length to the administrative unit of language in composition, the sentence: obviously, the primal, imperative requisite of such a unit is that it be intelligible, understandable; or, to use the phraseology of the rhetoricians, every sentence should at least be clear, even if it falls short of lucidity. The normal man speaks or writes in order to make himself understood by others. Voltaire's sarcasm, "Men employ speech only to conceal their thoughts," carries a suggestion of truth only when it is applied to diplomatists or to humorists; and the speech of even these classes must, to be effective, clearly express something, if it be only deception or nonsense. The humorous letter of recommendation given by a clerical friend of ours to a pair of importunate youths of whom he knew next to nothing is a case in point: "These two young men will, in my estimation, be able to come up to the ordinary requirements of the work they may be competent to do." While quite as non-

committal as Lincoln's criticism, "For those who like this sort of book I think it is about the sort of book they'll like," the recommendatory sentence can scarcely be condemned as obscure or ambiguous. In this respect it differs from very many sentences uttered by clerical speakers and printed in books written by clerical authors. If there is one rule the observance of which is of paramount importance in the expression of thought, and which is nevertheless violated more frequently perhaps than are most other rhetorical precepts, it is Quintilian's rule for clearness: Construct the sentence in such a way that its meaning not only may be understood, but cannot possibly be misunderstood.

This rule needs no justification. Common sense approves its reasonableness, and daily experience demonstrates its utility. It is evident that a sentence may, without losing all its effectiveness, be long or short, loose or periodic, balanced or uneven, smooth-flowing or choppy, natural or pedantic, nervous or feeble; but, if it lacks perspicuity or clearness, it fails to accomplish the essential purpose for which it has been constructed. It is a truism to say that there can be no clear writing without clear thinking, but the converse statement is perhaps disputable. There are persons who believe it quite possible (Boileau's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding)[1] to think clearly and yet write obscurely. We can hardly, they contend, brand as falsehood the assertion

[1] Ce que l'on concoit bien s'enonce clairement
Et les mots pour le dire arrivent aisement.

which we have frequently heard others make, if indeed we have not occasionally made it ourselves: "I know well enough what I mean, but I can't find the words that will exactly express it." Divergence of opinions as to this point does not, however, really affect the practical consideration that, in order to write clearly, one must have acquired, either directly by definite study, or indirectly by wide reading of the best authors and association with correct speakers, a fairly thorough knowledge of the rubrics of the language, familiar acquaintance with the whole body of those laws—of grammar, of rhetoric, and of current usage—that determine what is, and what is not, good English. Now, these laws comprise a multiplicity of little details which, taken separately, appear to be of slight importance or entirely negligible, but which in reality have much to do with the lucid style of a whole composition, as with the specific clearness of a single sentence.

Grammatical details concerning the proper use and placing of pronouns cannot safely be disregarded by any one who desires to avoid obscurity. The relation between nouns and their verbal substitutes has indeed always been recognized as a stumbling-block to most writers; and the ability so to place pronouns and pronominal expressions that the words to which they refer cannot be mistaken is less common, even among authors of note, than is desirable. "When I hear a man get to his *its*," said William Cobbett, "I tremble for him"; and his sentiment seems to be warranted when we reflect that in "The Queen's English," a work pro-

fessedly written to promote correctness in speaking and writing, there occurs an instance in which no fewer than twenty-eight other neuter nouns intervene between the pronoun "it" and the particular noun to which it refers. In such a chapter as this one it may be well to substitute for abstract rules governing the use and collocation of pronouns a few concrete exemplifications of the violation of such rules. "Everybody is expected to pay their pew-rent before next Sunday." The plural "their" is wrong; "his or her" in its place would be awkward; but "All are expected, etc.," or, "It is expected that all pew-rents will be paid, etc.," is both clear and correct. "He told his pastor he would soon get a letter" should be recast. "He said to his pastor: 'You will [or, I shall] soon get a letter,'" is free from ambiguity. Such recasting of obscure indirect narration into the form of direct statement is very often the only feasible method of showing the true reference of English pronouns. No other method can, for instance, so easily reduce to order and coherence so chaotic a jumble as the following: "The pastor wrote the Bishop that the curate he recently sent him was so unduly ascetic that, while he hoped he would not injure his health permanently, he feared he would lessen his efficiency for the work of his ministry, and as he wouldn't listen to him he begged him to write to him advising him to eat more, sleep longer, and take lots of outdoor exercise." By substituting for some of the all too frequent pronouns such nouns or noun-phrases as "the young man," "the ordinary," "the writer," "the pious youth," it may

be possible to make this sentence clear, even while preserving the indirect narrative form; but, at best, such substitution would cause awkwardness or stiltedness. The preferable correction is made by recasting the sentence thus: "The pastor wrote to his ordinary: 'My dear Bishop, Father Brown, the curate whom you recently sent me, is very ascetic—unduly so, in my opinion. While his practices of mortification may not permanently injure his health, I fear that they will lessen the efficiency of his work as my assistant. As he does not heed my remonstrances, I should be obliged if you would write him a kindly letter, advising him to eat more, sleep longer, and take plenty of outdoor exercise.' "

A common error of careless writers (and their name is legion) is the use of "and which" to connect one clause with a previous one that contains no "which." "He laid down the law with cocksure authoritativeness and dogmatic finality, a habit peculiar to pedagogues, and which is exasperating to all sensible persons." The insertion of "which is" after "habit," or the striking out of "which is" before "exasperating" will remedy the mischief. The confusion that results from failure to give to every pronoun an antecedent to which the mind may, or rather must, refer that pronoun is illustrated by the following ludicrous statement, quoted from the *Woman's Home Companion:* "Alfonso XIII was the son of Alfonso XII, who died, five months before he was born, at the age of twenty-eight." According to the construction, "he" refers of course to Alfonso XII instead of

Alfonso XIII, and, as a result, the former monarch's death is made to occur before his birth. Notwithstanding the fact that good usage authorizes the locution "than whom," the word "than" is a conjunction, not a preposition; and therefore a pronoun following "than" is not necessarily in the objective case. "He can preach better than I, but adverse criticism annoys him more than me." "I'd rather face him than her, for she has a sharper tongue than he." "I" and "me" in the first of these sentences are correct forms, as are "her" and "he" in the second. "I liked his sermon the best of any of them." Both grammar and good usage demand "better than any other" or "best of all," or "better than all others." "That explanation of all others he should have avoided," is nonsense; an explanation simply cannot be one of all others. "Of all explanations that is the one he should have avoided," or, "That explanation, beyond all others, he should have avoided," is correct.

One other reflection regarding the use of pronouns it may be worth while to set down. Tautology, or the repetition of the same word, is a far less grievous offense than is either obscurity or ambiguity. Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," says on this point: "It is easy to conceive that in numberless instances the pronoun 'he' will be ambiguous, when two or more males happen to be mentioned in the same clause of a sentence. In such a case we ought always either to give another turn to the expression, or to use the noun itself, and not the pronoun; for when the repetition of a word is necessary it is not offen-

sive." The better plan is to alter the structure of the sentence in such a way as to avoid both ambiguity and repetition; but if there must be a sacrifice of euphony or else of clearness, there should be no hesitation in securing perspicuity rather than harmony, sense rather than sound.

Few writers on English composition have failed to call attention to the fact that, as our language has scarcely any of those inflections which in other tongues, Latin and Greek, for instance, show the mutual relations of words, the order and collocation of the elements of an English sentence must be looked after with especial care. In varying phraseology all our modern rhetoricians repeat the rule laid down by Dr. Blair: "A capital rule in the arrangement of sentences is, that the words or members most nearly related should be placed in the sentence as near to each other as possible; so as to make their mutual relations clearly appear." If, as we have seen, the observance of this rule is necessary in the case of pronouns, it is scarcely less important in that of adverbs, adverbial phrases, and similar modifying elements. The writer who has learned how to place in their exactly proper position such adverbs as *only, wholly, at least, at all events, perhaps, indeed, in fact,* and *too,* has mastered half the secret of constructing sentences that are clear.

A pertinent observation concerning the use of some of these adverbs by priests is that the wrong position of the words matters less in spoken than in written sentences. In preaching a sermon our tone and emphasis frequently suffice to show

clearly a reference which is not at all apparent when the words are set down in the same order in writing or in print. "I only mentioned last Sunday in speaking of the sacrament of Penance one of the qualities of contrition," says the preacher; and the emphasis he gives to "one" indicates that it is the word to which "only" is meant to refer. His hearers understand him, and hence, for all practical purposes, his spoken sentence is clear. As printed above, however, it is not clear, at least not immediately so, to the reader. From its position, "only" seems to modify "mentioned," and we are led to expect some such subsequent clause as "I did not dwell upon," or "I did not insist upon." Had the preacher said, "In speaking last Sunday on the sacrament of Penance, I mentioned one only of the qualities of contrition," his sentence would have been clear to the eye as well as to the ear. "Of the relative piety or indifference shown by the Catholics of our city you may judge for yourself from the statement that in two parishes only three hundred communicants daily approach the Holy Table." As spoken, that sentence may have been quite clear; as written, it is unmistakably ambiguous. It contains praise or blame according as "only" is made to refer to "two parishes" or to "three hundred communicants." Nor can the faulty construction be justified by saying that the placing of a comma after "only" will remove the ambiguity. Punctuation is useful, but the sense of such a statement as the foregoing should not be left to the mercy of a comma. If the sentence is not recast, "only" should be replaced by "alone."

A rather fantastic use, or misuse, of a particular adverb appears at present to be coming into fashion, especially among such of the occasionally indevout female sex as write "best sellers." It is the employment of "too" at the beginning of a sentence. "Too, he was considered to be the handsomest member of the group." "Too, she longed for the restfulness of the old home atmosphere." It is surely bad enough to begin an independent sentence with "however"; to give the same prominence to "too" is to take intolerable liberties with an inoffensive word. To find an equally grotesque misuse of the word, one has to recall the complimentary terms in which the three Highlanders referred to the liquor proffered them by their laird. " 'Tis the best whiskey," declared Sandy, "I never drank in all my born days."—"So did I, neither," commented Aleck. And Jock corroborated both statements with, "Neither did I, too." "I haven't smoked all morning," said a cleric recently. "Neither have I," replied one of his hearers, "but all the same I've enjoyed two cigars since breakfast." "I haven't all morning had a smoke," was the first speaker's meaning. "Dean Sullivan spoke of the suggestion that the Pope's proposals for peace might be rejected with absolute contempt." The meaning here is probably that the Dean spoke with absolute contempt of the suggestion mentioned; but the position of the modifying phrase seems to imply that the Pope's proposals might be contemptuously rejected. "I never expect to be a bishop," modestly affirms Father Byrnes. His presumable meaning is not what his phraseology

indicates: that, although he habitually thinks a good deal about the episcopal dignity, he does not ever admit the probability of his eventually wearing the purple. What he really intends to say is: "I have never expected, nor do I now expect, to be a bishop," or, more briefly, "I do not believe that I shall ever be a bishop." Some examples of the misplacement of "only" have already been given. The editors of the Standard Dictionary make a statement which should prove an effective substitute for numberless other examples: "Some years ago a critic showed that, by the principles of permutation, a short paragraph of a noted English writer, containing several *onlys,* might have any one of about five thousand meanings."

This chapter, however, has already grown to an inordinate length, and it must, therefore, even at the cost of symmetry and rounded-out completeness, be brought to a speedy conclusion. Needless to say, there are dozens of other linguistic rubrics of which no mention has been made in the preceding paragraphs—rules relating to such qualities of a sentence as unity, force, ease, and harmony; and, even with respect to clearness, what has been said is suggestive rather than in any sense exhaustive. A full treatise, not a mere chapter of a book, would be needed for the adequate discussion of words and sentences, even if little or no space were accorded to those larger structures of language in composition, the paragraph, the chapter, and the discourse or the book as a whole. Despite its manifold deficiencies, however, this essay will serve its essential purpose if it revives in even a

few readers their possibly waning interest in the art of writing and stimulates them to exercise additional care in the expression of their thought.

One other reflection is scarcely omissible. Clerical critics who deride attention to the minor points in the rubrics of English, like those who scoff at the little things in the rubrics properly so called, are unmistakably at fault. The slipshod, slovenly writer or speaker who brands any discrimination in the choice of words as purism, and pooh-poohs all care about placing words, phrases, and clauses in their proper positions as undue punctiliousness, is as illogical as he is apt to be overbearing. "After all, one must credit one's hearers or readers with some degree of intelligence," is a statement the truth of which no one is likely to call in question, but its truth does not furnish a valid excuse for obscurity or ambiguity in the sentences addressed to such readers or hearers. Common sense, not less than grammar or rhetoric, demands that the meaning of those sentences not only may be, but must be, understood. The reason is clear, to all who have studied the philosophy of style, and especially to those who are familiar with Herbert Spencer's admirable discussion of the economy of attention. The gist of that discussion is contained in the following brief paragraph: "A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realizing the

thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conceived." It will perhaps be admitted by the readers of this book that the concluding words of the quotation constitute a fairly complete justification of this whole chapter.

A CLERICAL CLUB - NIGHT

The flute and the psaltery make a sweet melody, but a pleasant tongue is above them both.—*Ecclus.: xl, 21.*

Misce stultitiam conciliis brevem,
Dulce est desipere in loco.

—*Horace.*

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.—*Shakespeare.*

THE August meeting of the Dors Club[1] was unusually well attended, partly because the July meeting had been postponed in consequence of the recent death of the Ordinary of the diocese, and partly because several out-of-town members had come to Anyopolis for the Eucharistic Congress. The Club's quarters for the evening had been established in Dean O'Reilly's spacious study and smoking-room; and the Dean's vivacious assistant, Father Lavers, was just passing around the cigars for the initial smoke when a chorus of welcoming voices greeted the entrance of the association's president emeritus, Father John Regan. Thereafter:

Dean O'Reilly. Welcome, Father John: you're well *come* indeed. I was beginning to fear I wouldn't have your help tonight in restraining the exuberance of some of our high-strung fellow-Dorsites here. Hogan and Dempsey, to say nothing of these younger chaps, McGarrigle,

[1] An association of priests mentioned in one of the author's previous volumes, "Clerical Colloquies."

Lavers & Co., are evidently expecting a boisterous evening, while Eversley looks for all the world as if, like the war-horse in Job, "he smelleth the battle afar off."

Mgr. Eversley. Don't you believe him, Father John; we're all very peaceably inclined. Personally, I'm simply anticipating some good stories from our friends from the rural districts. It has been some time since we've had Fathers Brawley and Hennessy at the Club together.

Fr. John. Hello, Father Jerry. I didn't know you were in town. Why haven't you been up to the house?

Fr. Brawley. I just got in an hour ago, Father John; and O'Connor insisted on my coming over here to meet all the fellows. I'll be up to see you before returning to St. Hubert, however. In the meantime, how are Mrs. Dolan and Maggie and Tim?

Fr. John. All well, though Tim complains occasionally of his "sciatteky." Mrs. Dolan will be delighted to see that they haven't starved you, out at St. Hubert. You're looking stout and hearty, Jerry.

Fr. Hogan. I say, Hennessy, what's the talk down your way about our next bishop?

Fr. Hennessy. Well, we are rather expecting to hear, any day, that our friend the Dean here has been notified of his appointment.

Fr. Hogan. I'm afraid that would be too good to be true. As the French say, 'tis the unexpected that always happens; and in all probability we'll get an outsider.

Fr. Dempsey. I'm not so sure of that. It would be pretty hard to find men better fitted for the position than some of our own clerics; and I shall not be a bit surprised if our next bishop proves to be one of our diocesan brethren, or even one of our Club's members.

Fr. Lavers. Thanks, ever so much, Father Larry; but don't you think I'm a little young yet for so responsible an office?

Fr. John. You're getting over your youth, Tommy; but your inveterate solemnity and habitual taciturnity spoil your chances so far as the purple is concerned. Joking aside, I suppose we *shall* be getting news of the appointment very soon now. 'Tis over a month since the bishop's funeral.

Fr. McGarrigle. Six weeks, next Wednesday. As one reason given for adopting the new plan of episcopal appointments was the comparative quickness with which they could be made, I'm rather surprised that the announcement hasn't appeared already.

Fr. O'Connor. Apropos of the new plan, what do the priests in your section of the diocese think of its merits, Brawley?

Fr. Brawley. On the whole, their views are decidedly favorable. True, one or two of the consultors and irremovable rectors are a little disgruntled because of their lessened importance in the matter of naming the bishop; but the general opinion seems to be that the new plan will work out better than the old.

Fr. Hogan. By the way, Eversley, I had a visit the

other day from the Vicar-General of Neallyville, and he rather intimated that the new decree of the Consistorial Congregation is not too favorably looked on by our bishops themselves. What do you think?

Mgr. Eversley. There's nothing in it, Tim. In the first place, a first draft of the decree was sent to every bishop in the country to inform him as to what was proposed, and to get his views concerning modifications which he might consider necessary; and a large majority of the prelates expressed themselves in favor of the change. In the second place, the advantages of the new plan are so patent that a man who has had experience of the disadvantages of the old style of proposing names of candidates for a vacant see can scarcely fail to acknowledge and approve them.

Fr. Hennessy. What particular disadvantages, apart from occasional long delays in making the appointment, were inherent in the old plan?

Mgr. Eversley. Well, one of them was pointed out in a document issued by the Congregation of the Consistory about seven years ago. It strictly forbade the publication of the names of the candidates and enjoined the utmost secrecy concerning the deliberations of the clergy and the bishops in selecting the *terna.*

Fr. John. An excellent regulation, too. I remember when, a good many years ago, it became generally known that the late Father Timmons' name headed the *terna* for the diocese of Trocario, and then the appointment went to a priest

from another diocese altogether, poor Timmons felt pretty bad. He couldn't get it out of his head that some reflection had been cast upon either his ability or his character, or both.

Fr. Dempsey. Yes; and another disadvantage of the old system was that the new bishop almost invariably felt himself somewhat handicapped by his knowing, as of course he did, who had voted for him, and who against. It made his position a little delicate in a number of circumstances, and occasionally restricted his full freedom of action. There'll be none of that inconvenience under the new system.

Dean O'Reilly. On the face of it, don't you think, the new method should commend itself to all of us. If we have the elementary good sense to credit Rome with knowing its own business pretty nearly as well as we profess to know ours, the presumption is certainly in favor of the new decree. Loyalty to the Church demands our willing adhesion to her disciplinary rulings, and censorious criticism of this particular ruling is at least premature. Objectors may well wait until we see how the system works out in practice.

Mgr. Eversley. And even if it doesn't work so well as Rome hopes it will, provision is made in the decree itself for the trial of some other plan. Its final clause states that the decree shall be in force "ad nutum Sedis Apostolicae." In the meantime, I think we may all rest assured that our next bishop, no matter where he may come from, will justify Rome's wisdom in selecting

him. So far as I know, every prelate whose appointment in this country during the past quarter of a century came as a surprise, because he was chosen outside the *terna,* has invariably made good.

Fr. Lavers. All of which is doubtless very interesting; but I have a hunch that Fathers Brawley and Hennessy didn't come over here tonight to talk shop, or listen to it, either. I move, accordingly, that we change the subject.

Fr. McGarrigle. I second the motion—and declare it carried. What's the last good thing you've heard in the line of stories, Father Jerry?

Fr. Brawley. Stories! What stories, save chestnuts, do you suppose we get hold of out in the country? If you can stand a chestnut, however, the best one I have come across in a long while is Francis Murphy's introduction to an after-dinner speech in London at a St. Patrick's Day banquet. "I'm American," said he, "by residence, English by language, Irish by extraction, and half Scotch and half soda by choice."

Fr. Lavers. That's all right, all right. Father Hennessy, what's *your* latest?

Fr. Hennessy. Like Father Brawley's, the one I've enjoyed best of late months is not new. I presume most of you have read it in Shane Leslie's "The End of a Chapter." 'Tis about the challenge sent by the football captain of the Jesuit school, Beaumont, to the captain of Eton College. With characteristic superciliousness, the Eton man asked: "What is Beaumont?" The answer was really worth while: "Beau-

mont is what Eton was—a school for Catholic gentlemen!"

Fr. Galligan. Good for Beaumont: that was a superb retort. Speaking of retorts, by the by, a quiet old monk from St. Isidore's got off a fairly good one down at Father Anderson's last week. About a dozen of us had been attending the closing of Anderson's Forty Hours, and were having a smoke and a chat in the rectory, after the services. Father Jack Quinn had been quizzing the religious for some time, and finally said: "You know, Father Dominic, you regulars *take* the vow of poverty and . . ."—"And," interrupted the monk, "you seculars *say* you keep it. The remark is about as true nowadays as it was when originally made—to a barefooted friar in the thirteenth century by an Italian pastor who subsequently lost his parish because of his simoniacal practices." Jack didn't quiz the old man any more, you may be sure.

Fr. Hogan. Not at all bad, and Quinn deserved what he got. That joke about the vow of poverty was blue-moldy when I was an altar-boy. I wonder, by the way, whether there is any other form of wit so generally popular, among intellectual people at least, as the clever rejoinder, the bright repartee. I confess I enjoy it most, especially if 'tis unsullied by any taint of malice.

Fr. Lavers. Give us a sample of the kind you prefer, Father Tim.

Fr. Hogan. Well, take Charles Lamb's reply to the

reproach of his superior in the India House, "You always come late to the office."—"Yes, but see how early I leave." Or Sydney Smith's answer to the doctor who recommended him to take a walk on an empty stomach. "On whose?" inquired Sydney. Or the riposte of the Austrian journalist to his enemy whom he met in a narrow passage and who accosted him with, "I'll not make way to let a fool pass."—"But *I* will," said the journalist, pressing himself against the wall.

Fr. McGarrigle. What's the matter with the suffragette's reply to a heckler in her audience who sneeringly asked, "What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?"—"I'm not sure," she replied; "what would you do if *you* were one?"

Fr. Dempsey. That recalls Boyle O'Reilly's delightful reply to a member of the Papyrus Club. Boyle was making a humorous speech one evening, and in the course of it ventilated some extravagant opinions. "That's not right; that's Irish," interrupted a fellow-member. "'Tis better to be Irish than be right," coolly replied O'Reilly; and he proceeded to get off some more delicious fooling.

Fr. Hennessy. Just here is where the association of ideas comes in. The first connotation of "O'Reilly" in my mind is his poem on Wendell Phillips; and the thought of the great abolitionist brings to mind his rather crushing retort to a Methodist minister. Do you all remember it? No? Well, Phillips had been lecturing on abolition in a Western city one evening, and, the

following morning, was on a train going East. In the same car with him was a group of some twenty Methodist parsons who had been attending a conference the day before. One of the ministers, a big, burly, black-whiskered fellow, learning from the conductor that the quiet gentleman in the rear seat was the Boston orator, accosted him with: "Ah, you're Wendell Phillips, are you, sir?"—"Yes, sir; that's my name."—"Well, sir, I was just thinking of writing you a letter."—"I have no doubt I should have much pleasure in reading it," courteously replied Phillips.—"No, you wouldn't; no, you wouldn't, sir," said the parson in an aggressive tone and so loudly as to attract the attention of all the passengers; "I was going to give you a piece of my mind, sir. I want you to understand that you've no business to come out West here talking abolition. We have no slaves here. Why don't you go down South and lecture?"—"You are a minister of the Gospel, are you not, sir?" mildly inquired Phillips.—"Yes, sir; I am."—"And it is your mission to save souls from hell, is it not?"—"Yes, sir; it is."—"Well, then, why don't *you* go *there?*"

Fr. Lavers. About as polite a way of telling a man to go to Hades as ever I heard of.

Fr. Brawley. By the way, wasn't it Wendell Phillips who said, in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," that there are only eleven original jokes in the world?

Fr. McGarrigle. Possibly, but you must remember that when he made that statement Bradley hadn't been created a Monsignor.

Dean O'Reilly. Come, come, Father George; don't allow your wit to rout your charity. Father Bradley is an exemplary priest, and moreover—he is not here.

Fr. McGarrigle. Oh, well, I wouldn't mind saying that to his face.

Fr. Hogan. Then, let me tell you, young man, that you *should* mind. Old Sam Johnson was quite right when he said that a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Fr. Hennessy. Besides which, Father George, you should remember that what used to be called "twitting on facts" is not a very gentlemanly proceeding. There's a French saying that some one has turned into English, to the effect that

> The vilest of all cowards for whom contempt is felt
> Is the dastard verbal boxer who hits below the belt.

Fr. McGarrigle. Enough said: I apologize. *Transeat* Bradley. Who knows any other good retorts, ancient or modern?

Fr. Lavers. Well, I've heard worse ones than Charlie Foley's come-back at the cross-eyed fellow with whom he collided while turning a corner in Chicago. "Confound you," said the cross-eyed chap, "why don't you look where you're going?"—"Confound yourself," said Charlie, "why don't you go where you're looking?"

Fr. John. The repartee that has always impressed me as being a gem of pure wit is O'Connell's

amendment to the motion of the Orange member of the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Massy-Massy. The motion was to the effect that, as "mass" was a popish word, "tide" should be substituted for it in English compounds, so that Christmas, Candlemas, etc., should be called "Christide," "Candletide," and so on. "I move in amendment," said O'Connell, "that the honorable gentleman set the example by styling himself, not Sir Thomas Massy-Massy, but Sir Thotide Tidy-Tidy."

Dean O'Reilly. Well, my favorite is the reply, in the same House of Commons, of an Irish Nationalist to a bitter anti-Irish speech of Joe Chamberlain, away back in 1886. Chamberlain was something over six feet in height, and, not being stout, looked still taller. He had broken with Gladstone and in this particular speech was especially vitriolic against Home Rule. No sooner had he taken his seat than an Irish member took the floor, beginning his reply with, "Mr. Speaker, the physical conformation of the gentleman who has just spoken, and the whole tenor of his speech, irresistibly remind me of a line in which a British poet describes the London Monument, which, he says, 'Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.'"

Fr. Lavers. A bully retort, indeed.

Mgr. Eversley. "Facilis descensus Averno": we're getting down to puns, I see.

Fr. O'Connor. And why getting *down* to them, pray?

Mgr. Eversley. Because the pun is admittedly an

inferior species of wit. The American autocrat says that, on the face of it, a pun is an insult to the person you are talking with.

Fr. O'Connor. A mere literary trick to introduce a dozen puns of his own—the talk of total depravity being merely "deep raving," the cosine of Noah's ark, the Deluge being a "deal huger" than any modern inundation, etc.

Fr. Lavers. 'Pon my word, O'Connor, you're coming out. But, say, Monsignor, do you mean to tell us that you've never heard a really good pun, one that you have thoroughly enjoyed?

Mgr. Eversley. A good many people, Father Tom, hold that the worst puns are the best; and I confess I've heard some pretty bad ones. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and I don't mind admitting that the Irishman's pun on "treason" is worth while. I'm reminded of it by the references just made to the House of Commons. A Nationalist who was making a red-hot anti-British speech was interrupted by an English member's crying out, "Treason, treason!" The Irish member replied: "The honorable gentleman should remember that 'treason' in England becomes 'reason' in Ireland, because of the absentee."

Fr. Galligan. A tee-hee giggle is in order, Lavers.

Fr. Dempsey. For my part, I don't object to an occasional pun, especially if it be in verse. One that went the rounds of the press when I was a youngster always tickled my risibilities. You fellows still in your twenties may not have heard it.

A famous American preacher
Said the hen was a beautiful creature.
The hen, upon that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the *Henry Ward Beecher.*

Dean O'Reilly. Well, Father Larry, if these young fellows have never heard that limerick before, they are probably unacquainted with the equally venerable conundrum: Why is there no need of people's being hungry in the desert? Because of the sand which is there. How did the sandwiches come there? Ham and his descendants were bred and mustered there. Yes, but besides ham and bread and mustard, a perfect sandwich needs some butter: how did they get the butter? Why, when Lot was driven out of Sodom, his wife was turned into salt, and all the family but her ran into the desert.

Fr. Hennessy. Pretty rank, that; but 'tis no worse than one I came across the other day in a music journal. The skit runs:

> During the sermon one of the quartet fell asleep. "Now's your chants," said the organist to the soprano; "see if you canticle the tenor."—"You wouldn't dare duet," said the contralto.—"You'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.—"I can make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm," remarked the boy who pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartet.

Fr. Lavers. O war!—or Sherman's synonym therefor, but that's the limit!

Fr. Brawley. Sherman's characterization of war recalls the note sent by a young Egyptian to Lord Cromer during the latter's sojourn in British Africa. Have you all heard it? The note was a complaint, and it began: "O hell! Lordship's face grow red when he hear quite beastly behavior of Public Works Department towards his humble servant."

Fr. John. How many of you younger men, I wonder, can quote the original sentence, of which Sherman's over-quoted remark is only the terse abridgment?

Fr. McGarrigle. Not I, for one. Did any one, before Sherman, say that war is hell?

Fr. John. Not in just that form of words, perhaps; but in the seventeenth century Lord Clarendon, the historian, wrote: "We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war."

Fr. O'Connor. So you think our American general was a plagiarist, do you?

Fr. John. Oh, no; at least not a conscious one. What used to be called unconscious cerebration would account for his remark, and his boiling down the historian's dictum undoubtedly increased its vivacity and point.

Fr. Hogan. We've traveled quite a distance from the retort or repartee; but before we leave the subject, here's a good instance that has just come to my mind. Years ago, when Cardinal Taschereau used to share an evening walk with some of the fellows at Laval University, a friend of mine, Father M. of Prince Edward's Island,

was chatting one night out in the recreation yard with two or three companions. The conversation was in English. The Cardinal, happening along, stopped and after listening a moment, smilingly asked: "Do you think, Mr. M., that the good God understands English?"—"I don't see why He shouldn't, your Eminence," replied M.; "He hears more of it than of any other language." Rather neat, eh?

Fr. Hennessy. That seminary reminiscence puts me in mind of a question I've been intending for some months past to ask you, Father John; and, as it has to do with clerical wit, or alleged wit, this is perhaps the appropriate time for it. I presume you all saw, some time last year, that humorous abridgment of the breviary that appeared in several Catholic papers, did you not? [*A chorus of* "No," "Not I," "What abridgment?" etc., *being heard in reply, the speaker continued*] Well, I have the clipping in my wallet here, and, with your permission, I'll read it for you:

RITUS BREVISSIMUS RECITANDI BREVIARIUM PRO ITINERANTIBUS ET SCRUPULOSIS.

Dicatur Pater et Ave.

Deinde A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y.

V. Per hoc alphabetum notum,

R. Componitur Breviarium totum.

Tempore Paschali, dicetur alleluia.

Oremus.

Deus, qui ex vigintiquatuor literis

totam sacram scripturam et Breviarium istud componi voluisti, junge, disjunge, et accipe ex his vigintiquatuor literis matutinam cum laudibus, primam, tertiam, sextam, nonam, vesperas et completorium; per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Signat se dicens: Sapienti pauca.

V. In pace in idipsum.

R. Dormiam et requiescam.

Now, my question, Father John, is as to the advisability of publishing this "comic" breviary in a Catholic journal. What do you think of it?

Fr. John. I don't admire the editor's taste. Of course, the skit being in Latin, he may have thought that only the clergy would understand and enjoy it; but I doubt very much that even the clergy as a rule found it worth a hearty laugh. Possibly I am old-fashioned, but I dislike humor that trenches upon the irreverent, as so much of our American humor does; and I certainly wouldn't care to translate your clipping for a lay friend.

Fr. Hennessy. What's your opinion, Eversley?

Mgr. Eversley. Pretty much the same as Father John's. The skit is clever, of course, but parodying the breviary is hardly a legitimate form of humor for Catholic priests, especially in this rather irreverent age.

Dean O'Reilly. I'm glad you added that last clause, Eversley, as I think that both you and Father John are inclined to be a little severe on the parody. To be judged with anything like fairness, it ought to be considered in its proper historic setting. Now, as I understand the mat-

ter, the take-off which Hennessy has read to us is a survival from the ages of faith. In fact, I think the paper, in which I now remember seeing it a year or so ago, mentioned that the parody was reproduced from a Benedictine review as a specimen of old-time monkish literary recreations. The monks of old, like the Italian peasants of today, in their childlike, if robust, faith, sometimes treated God and the Madonna with a freedom which would jar on the susceptibilities of modern American clerics. Personally, I feel quite sure that the parodist was fundamentally as reverent as the best of us, and that he chanted Matins at two o'clock in the morning with a whole-souled devotion that would shame a good many present-day reciters of the divine office.

Mgr. Eversley. Your view puts the matter in a different light, Dean; but it doesn't excuse the bad judgment of the editor who serves up the parody to twentieth-century readers. That, I believe, was the main point on which Father Hennessy wanted an expression of opinion.

Fr. Hennessy. Yes; although, to be candid, I was inclined to censure the parodist also. O'Reilly's viewpoint, however, strikes me as being pretty sensible.

Fr. Lavers. I object to our becoming unduly sensible on a club-night, so, before this meeting degenerates into a critical *conversazione* or a polemical conference, I suggest that McGarrigle should give us his latest comic song. Come on, George, I'll play your accompaniment.

Fr. McGarrigle. Absolutely nothing doing, Tommy. I've a frog in my throat. Which reminds me, by obvious connotation, of that bit of lingo you were reciting in Galligan's room the other day. Substitute that for my song.

Fr. John. Lingo? What have you been up to now, Tommy? Isn't your own language crude enough without adding jargon, or lingo, to your vocabulary?

Fr. Lavers. Oh, but this is a very pathetic bit, Father John. Get out your handkerchief: you'll need it. Listen!

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Sing song polly witcha ki me o,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
Sing song polly witcha ki me o.

Chorus.

Kimo caro daro haro
Mehi meho marumpski punidudle—
Polly witchem nip cat,
Polly witchem soot bag,
Sing song polly witchem ki me o.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

Fr. Brawley. Where, in the name of common sense, or rather, in the name of uncommon nonsense, did you come across that jingle, Lavers?

Fr. Lavers. An American drummer, doing duty in a French ambulance corps, last March, gave that string of rhymes, instead of a speech, at a dinner to the boys in the trenches somewhere in France.

Fr. Brawley. So you *didn't* get it from Hennessy's chauffeur, Mike Scullion. It sounds a good deal

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

like the jargon in which Mike relieves his feelings nowadays when anything goes wrong with the auto. I fear he used to be rather profane. Anyway, the last time I took a ride with Hennessy one of the tires exploded, and Mike followed suit in a volley something like this: "Rippity, swippity, dubbledee, slap bang the jangitty, whangitty luck to sheol." Hennessy says that isn't swearing, but I told Mike that if he wasn't breaking the second commandment, he was bending it pretty strenuously.

Fr. Dempsey. And it's an auto, no less, you have now, is it, Father Ned? Sure, I thought that, after the laying-out our automobiling clerics got in the *Sacerdotal Monthly* some time ago, not a priest in the country would be seen in a car, let alone own one.

Fr. Hennessy. What laying-out? I heard nothing about it. I haven't been taking the *Monthly* for the past year or two, you know.

Fr. Dempsey. Well, 'tis a wonder some of your friends didn't call your attention to the indictment I'm speaking of; it would have interested you.

Fr. Hennessy. Look here, Dean; is Father Larry just chaffing? Or *was* there any criticism in the *Monthly* about priests and the automobile?

Dean O'Reilly. Oh, yes, Father Ned; I remember reading several communications on the subject.

Fr. Hennessy. Well, what was the gist of the indictment, may I ask?

Dean O'Reilly. As I recall the matter, a clerical correspondent reported the views of a holier-

than-thou lay friend, a Catholic traveling man, who was scandalized by the increasing vogue of the motor car among the clergy. This officious (and possibly supposititious) layman kept tab on all priests reported in the press as being concerned in automobile accidents, or arrested for undue speeding; he deplored the fact that so many clerics neglected their duties to go joy-riding, sometimes with their housekeepers, Sisters, or other female friends; and he was especially grieved that the main thing our seminarians throughout the country are looking forward to is, not the saving of souls for God, but the saving of shekels to buy a six-cylinder car.

Fr. Hennessy. Nonsense, man; you don't mean to tell me that any such rot as that appeared in the *Monthly?*

Fr. Dempsey. Indeed, and it did then—and stuff still more extravagant. For instance, the clerical correspondent in question mentioned a brother priest, a "Father Dan," if I remember well, who boasted of having done 40,000 miles in his car in a year.

Fr. Brawley. Forty thousand! Say, that's "going some" with a vengeance. Let's see—three hundred and sixty-five into forty thousand goes about one hundred and ten. So, this mythical Father Dan actually drove more than a hundred miles a day on an average right through the calendar year from January 1st to December 31st. Why, the statement's absurd on the face of it!

Dean O'Reilly. Not more so than some other state-

ments made by the hypercritical Catholic drummer whom the correspondent was supposed to be quoting. That slur on our seminarians, for instance. Does any sane man suppose for a moment that the typical American aspirant to Holy Orders is animated primarily with a desire to enjoy the pleasures of the world?

Mgr. Eversley. Any *sane* man; no, Dean. But that's just the trouble. The man with a grievance is *not* sane on his particular grievance. He seeks out the most extreme possible instance of the fault he is condemning, and forthwith assumes that the case is entirely typical. He knows one young curate who has just got a car, and, men being but children of a larger growth, is perhaps overdoing his use of it; and he jumps to the conclusion that all priests with cars are squandering their time in joy-riding. As a matter of fact, the curate will most probably get over his initial enthusiasm for motoring within a very few months; but his critic takes it for granted that the temporary craze is a settled, irreformable habit.

Fr. McGarrigle. By the way, Father John, I understand that you haven't yet invested in an auto, and consequently can't be accused of being a special pleader in its favor. Won't you tell us your candid opinion on the subject?

Fr. John. I don't know that my opinion differs from that of the ordinary man, priest or layman, who takes a common-sense view of present-day conditions. As I look at the matter, an automobile is a great convenience, not

to say a quasi-necessity, to a good many priests, especially those who have country parishes with several outlying missions; it is a perfectly legitimate recreation to a good many more clerics who are unable or unwilling to take more active, healthful exercise; and it is an extravagant, time-wasting fad for the exceptional few (and generally youthful) priests who would probably be extravagant and time-wasting in other ways if there were no such things as motor cars in existence.

Fr. Lavers. As the rube congressman said in his only speech during the session, "Them's my sentiments to a t." The auto is replacing the horse, and a priest whose work makes the keeping of a horse either a necessity or a notable convenience ought to invest in a car as soon as he can afford one.

Fr. Hogan. Father John's reference to recreation and exercise suggests a question. How is it that some of our clerical friends who used to deplore their lack of time to take even an hour's walk a day for the good of their health can find, now that they have autos, from two to three hours a day for riding?

Fr. Dempsey. That's an easy one, Tim. It wasn't time, but inclination, they lacked. Even for those fellows, however, the motor car is a blessing. They get some fresh air nowadays, anyway. Spinning along the country roads at the rate of twenty miles an hour is much better than lounging around the house, busily engaged in doing nothing.

Fr. O'Connor. What about the advantage of having a car in the case of sick calls?

Mgr. Eversley. That argument for the priestly automobile may easily be overstrained, I think. In rural parishes or small villages, it has of course considerable weight; but in our larger towns and our cities street-cars and, in an emergency, taxicabs, furnish as speedy a method of transportation as is necessary. The priest who didn't keep a horse before he purchased his auto will hardly stress its utility with regard to sick calls.

Fr. Brawley. Well, Father John, what do you think of the priest-chauffeur phase of the question? If I get a car, as I hope to do next year, had I better learn to run it myself, or get my man-of-all-work to learn how to do so?

Fr. John. If I were you, I'd certainly do both. Be your own chauffeur when you have to, or when you find it convenient; but let your man do the driving when you wish to give a ride to your housekeeper, your Sisters, or any other female friends. And don't forget that the obligation to wear the Roman collar is binding even on priest-chauffeurs. And now, as I haven't any auto, and don't propose to use the street-cars tonight, I must be going back to St. Joseph's. I'll look for you tomorrow or next day, Jerry. Good night, boys.

Fr. Dempsey. Perhaps we may as well adjourn. Yes? Then wait a minute, Father John, and I'll walk part of the way with you.

THE PRIEST AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation: and to keep one's self unspotted from the world—*St. James: i, 27.*

We desire that, towards the end of their education in the seminaries, the aspirants to the priesthood should be instructed, as is fitting, in the pontifical documents which deal with the social question and with Christian democracy.—*Leo XIII.*

By an effectual propaganda of writings, by stirring oral exhortations, and by direct aid let the priest strive to ameliorate within the limits of justice and charity the economic condition of the people, favoring and furthering those institutions that tend in that direction, especially those which purpose to marshal the multitudes against the invading domination of socialism, and which at one and the same time save them from economic ruin and moral and religious demoralization.—*Pius X.*

ALMOST a thousand years before the Christian era the wisdom-dowered writer of Ecclesiastes declared: "Nothing under the sun is new, neither is any man able to say: Behold this is new: for it hath already gone before, in the ages that were before us." Some eight centuries later, in the prologue of *Eunuchus,* Terence asserted: "In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before." And a nineteenth century versifier gives expression to the same idea in the quatrain,

> "Nothing under the sun is new:
> The old was old in Solomon's day;
> The false was false and the true was true,
> As the false and the true will be alway."

As regards essentials and fundamentals, the basic facts of religion and science, and the innate tenden-

cies of human nature, all three statements are no doubt indisputable; but with respect to non-essentials and accidentals, to growth and development of doctrines and beliefs, to inventions in science and discoveries in nature, to creations and combinations in arts and crafts, and to the multifarious ways in which concrete humanity is wont to express itself, Solomon's "Nothing under the sun is new," is as far from the literal truth as would be its contrary, "Everything under the sun is new."

The title of the present chapter, for instance, suggests at once to a middle-aged or an elderly priest a variety of clerical studies and pastoral activities which, in their present form, were practically non-existent when he left the seminary and began the work of the parochial ministry. With regard to acquired knowledge congruous to clerics, it is rather interesting to compare the views set forth in standard priestly handbooks published three or four decades ago with the requirements demanded by accredited ecclesiastical authorities to-day. In one such handbook, published in this country in 1885, we read: "What, then, is a priest bound to know and study especially? He must study especially those things that he needs most, to wit: Theology, dogmatic and moral, Holy Scripture, the principles and maxims of the spiritual life, especially if he has the guidance of religious, whether teachers in his school or cloistered nuns. He must also study Church history, liturgy, and canon law, at least as far as it is needed in this country."[1] The list probably impressed most of

[1] *The Catholic Priesthood,* by the Rev M. Müller, C. SS. R.

its readers when the book was new as being fairly exhaustive, although the author makes no mention of economics, sociology, social action, social service, or the like terms and phrases.

Another clerical volume, published in Paris in 1888, has a chapter entitled "What Branches of Knowledge Should a Priest Preferably Study?" Deferring the discussion of Holy Scripture and theology to subsequent chapters, the author devotes a paragraph to each of the following subjects: one's mother tongue, Latin, philosophy, and sacred eloquence; and concludes with the statement, "There are still other studies very worthy of a priest; such as ecclesiastical history, canon law, literature, the positive sciences, the sciences best known in Europe." [2] Here, again, we note the absence of any direct reference to social and economic studies as being quasi-essential to the intellectual equipment of even the scholarly cleric.

Canon Keatinge, whose well-known book, "The Priest: His Character and Work," was published in 1903, devotes his fifth chapter to "Study. A Taste for Reading"; and advocates attention to various branches besides the technical studies mentioned above; but he, too, pretermits specific treatment of social science as a branch of knowledge scarcely negligible by the sacerdotal student. True, in a later chapter, a thoroughly practical and helpful one on "Social Work and Lay Help," he expounds a doctrine which indicates a mastery of that science gained either from books or from his experience of life on the mission; but the fact re-

[2] *Le Trésor du Prêtre,* par le R. P. Mach, S. J.

mains that he does not include sociology among the studies especially pertinent to the priesthood.

With 1908 came "The Priest's Studies," by the late Dr. Scannell; and at length we have direct and definite reference to social economics as a department of knowledge thoroughly congruous to a pastor of souls. The author distinguishes between professional and extra-professional studies. In the former category he places Holy Scripture, dogmatic, moral, and ascetic theology, Church history, canon law, the Liturgy and Church music. Extra-professional studies he discusses in four chapters; one each on History, Science (including Philosophy), Art, and Literature. In a subdivision of the chapter on the second of these subjects, he writes: "Under this head of Moral Science, taken in a wide sense, I would include Political, or rather Social, Economy. The day has gone by when it could be dismissed as the 'dismal science.' This reproach was no doubt well deserved when it dealt with that fabled monster, the 'economic man.' Now that flesh and blood are taken into account, and economics is based upon human nature as it really is, there is every reason why we priests should study it. Leo XIII not only set us the example, but he also ordered that 'social theology' should have a place in the course in seminaries. . . . The priest from his position is not liable to the prejudices of either the capitalist or the workman. He can therefore enter into their conflicts with an unbiased mind. But the first requisite is that he should make a thorough study of the subject."

The movement to which, if he did not actually

originate it, Leo XIII gave a vigorous impetus, has in still more recent years acquired such momentum that we find the Rt. Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, writing, in his introduction to "The Priest and Social Action," by Father Charles Plater, S. J. (1914), this downright paragraph: "The object of this book is to convince English priests that, under our actual circumstances, social action is no longer merely a matter of taste—an interest which can be taken up or laid aside at choice. Social action has become an indispensable phase of our apostolate. For proof, it is enough to refer to the remarkable series of official pronouncements emanating in recent years from the Holy See and the Episcopate throughout the world."

To make an end of these quotations, and at the same time to bring them thoroughly up to date, let there be cited this paragraph from *The Mediator* (September, 1917). Speaking of a pastor's relations with his flock, the author, Father Geiermann, C. SS. R., has this to say: "He can identify himself intimately with them and find both recreation and an incentive to study by developing a hobby that will prove beneficial to their material interests. Thus, a rural pastor will rise in the esteem and affection of his people in proportion as he takes an interest in their material affairs, and, in addition to ministering to the spiritual wants of all, is able to make helpful suggestions to improve the material conditions of his less progressive parishioners. And a city pastor who proves himself an expert on sociological questions

will preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a more sympathetic congregation than another who is not in touch with his people, because he neglects to study the difficulties that constitute the burden of their daily life."

The foregoing summary review of the different groups of studies recommended to the clergy by successive authors during the past three decades is so far interesting that it shows a steady advance in the attention given to sociological matters as fit subjects for priestly inquiry and meditation, and irresistibly suggests that within the next quarter of a century the "social theology" advocated by Leo XIII will have its definitely assigned place in the curricula of all American seminaries. That such a place has already indeed been given to it in a number of our seminaries is clear from the published reports of the proceedings at the annual meetings of our Catholic Educational Association. Even in 1908, the Rev. Dr. Ryan was able to speak, at such a meeting in Cincinnati, of his six years' experience in teaching Economic History and Political Economy in the provincial seminary of St. Paul. At the same meeting the Rev. Dr. Kerby pleaded for the general instruction and training of seminarians in such matters as "principles of social investigation, questions of method, of observation, classification, and interpretation of social facts; information on the nature, constitution, and content of movements like socialism, labor unions, reform legislation; and the discussion of methods and problems of charity."

It would appear indeed that our young Amer-

ican aspirants to the priesthood are henceforth to be as solidly grounded in the various branches of social science as are their transatlantic brethren in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and England. In no fewer than forty-five French seminaries regular courses in social study had been definitely organized before the outbreak of the present war. This exceptional attention given to the study is largely due, no doubt, to the instructions issued by Pius X to the French bishops in his important letter on the famous *Sillon*. In that document he not only approved of priests' acquiring a general knowledge of social subjects but ordered the French Hierarchy to see to it that they should have among their clergy social specialists, trained experts in social science. Expressing his earnest desire that the bishops should take an active part in the genuinely Christian organization of society, he added: "And to this end, whilst your priests will devote themselves with ardor to the work of the sanctification of souls, the defense of the Church, and to works of charity properly so called, you will choose some of them who are active and of studious disposition, who possess the degree of doctor in philosophy and theology, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the history of ancient and modern civilization, and you will set them to the study, less elevated but more practical, of social science, so that you can place them at the proper time in charge of your Catholic social movement." While specifically addressed to the French episcopate, this pontifical recommendation is obviously of world-wide application, and, as a matter of fact, is being attended

to by the bishops of many countries, our own included.

So much for the priests of the immediate future, and even for many young priests of today: they are likely to be possessed of considerable systematized knowledge of the various social problems with which they will inevitably be confronted, both as pastors of souls and as citizens of acknowledged standing and prestige. What of the middle-aged or elderly clerics who, Solomon's dictum to the contrary notwithstanding, find that all this talk and discussion about social study and social action reveal something unmistakably new in the concept of congruous priestly reading and laudable pastoral activities? Are they, in order to keep abreast of the times, to hark back to the practices of their student days and pore over textbooks with which as seminarians they were unacquainted? Must they forthwith set about acquiring a not inconsiderable fund of information concerning socialism in its various forms, capitalism, the rights of labor, the minimum and the living wage, trade unionism, strikes and lockouts, woman's rights and Christian feminism, the housing problem and overcrowded slums, syndicalism, sweating, eugenics, emigration and immigration, preventable poverty, coöperative stores, tuberculosis camps, organized charities, prison reform, the sterilization of degenerate criminals, the care of the deaf and the treatment of the feeble-minded, the comparative force of heredity and environment, Sunday observance, public playgrounds, summer schools and reading circles, clubs and in-

stitutes for the young of both sexes, retreats for laymen, and a host of other specific topics? Assuredly not, and for a variety of reasons. In the first place, active participation in social work, and hence the knowledge essential to such participation, is after all only a secondary, though a real, duty of the priest. His primary and essential duty remains, even in this socialized twentieth century, the sanctification of his parishioners' souls, the perfectioning of their spiritual rather than their bodily well-being. His social action is indeed commendable and justifiable only in so far as it tends to promote the spiritual interests of the flock entrusted to his charge. Any study, therefore, or any active work that interferes with the full performance of his purely sacerdotal ministrations may well be looked upon as negligible, not obligatory.

In the second place, it is altogether probable that a considerable number of middle-aged and elderly priests already know much more about a good many of the subjects mentioned in the foregoing paragraph than they are generally credited with knowing by the world at large, or, possibly, even by themselves. Text-books constitute one means, and no doubt an excellent one, for the acquisition of knowledge concerning any science; but they are not the only means. One's general and special reading, one's familiarity with the current literature of the magazines and the discussions of timely topics in the daily press, one's attendance at lectures on questions of the day, and one's conversations with specialists or with the

ordinary man in the street—all these are positive and not ineffective means of storing the mind with worth-while information about social problems, as about many other matters having to do with concrete humanity. A priest's reading on social topics is, moreover, far more likely to be instructive or educative than is similar reading on the part of the average layman, because of the philosophic and theological training to which in his youthful manhood he was subjected in the seminary. The ethical and moral principles underlying all social action appeal to him more immediately, and he more readily detects and dissents from fallacious theories. Added to this is the personal contact of the pastor with concrete examples of no small number of these social problems, each of which has given him food for anxious thought, for specific study, and for consultation with friends of wider experience than his own.

If, then, there are relatively few middle-aged priests who, in the realm of sociology, know everything about something and something about everything, there are probably still fewer who know nothing about most things and very little about anything: the great majority know something about most things and a good deal about some things. And this much is sufficient for the average priest. Neither the Sovereign Pontiffs who have counseled social action on the part of the clergy, nor the bishops of different countries who have been most active in seconding the desires of the Holy See, nor the most eloquent pleaders for clerical social service in our own land, have had in

view the transformation of the ordinary pastor into a sociologic specialist. Pius X's letter to the French bishops, advising the setting apart of *some* of their priests for expert training in social science, indicates the real desideratum, and the only one that is practically attainable. A diocese, several of whose priests are competent to speak and write authoritatively on the multitudinous topics of social economy, and the remainder of whose clerics are fairly well informed as to such topics, may be considered passably equipped for the solution of the comparatively new problems with which present-day conditions confront the clergy.

It goes without saying, of course, that while the ordinary pastor is not at all bound to acquire a thorough knowledge of social science as a whole, or of any particular branch thereof, still, the more he knows about the larger aspects of sociology, and the more intelligently he can discuss the particular social and industrial questions with which he is brought into personal contact, the greater will be the prestige which he enjoys among his fellow-citizens, and the more potent the influence which he exerts in behalf of such of his parishioners as have need of his material as well as his spiritual help. A year or two ago the present writer heard a retreat-master very frankly inform several hundred diocesan priests that the imperfect knowledge of capital and labor evinced by the average pastor, and the resultant failure of such pastor to champion the righteous cause of the workingman, was a serious detriment to the priest's efficiency as a father of souls. On that specific question, indeed,

no intelligent priest of our day should be unable to speak with convincing explicitness and authority. During the quarter of a century that has elapsed since the publication of Leo XIII's epoch-making Encyclical *Rerum Novarum,* or "The Condition of the Working Classes," as it is called in the London Catholic Truth Society's excellent translation of the document, the respective rights and duties of Capital and Labor have been so often and so thoroughly discussed in papal and episcopal pronouncements, in ecclesiastical reviews, and in ordinary Catholic magazines and weekly papers, that even the least studious and most frivolous cleric must, it would seem, have acquired a comprehensive grasp of the whole subject.

Not only in theoretical knowledge of social economy but in the practical application of that knowledge to local needs and individual cases, the average pastor is perhaps better equipped than is generally supposed to be the case. As a doer of deeds of charity, an expert in charitable action, in the more restricted sense of that phrase, the American priest, like his brother-clerics the world over, has always of course been known and loved by the poorer members of his flock; but his achievements even in social action have been, and are, by no means inconsiderable. The outstanding distinction between charitable and social action is that while the former aims principally at relieving poverty, sickness, misery of all kinds, the latter is chiefly concerned with the task of *preventing* these misfortunes. Now, it is evident that in the sphere of a pastor's specific work for the betterment of his

flock's material condition both sorts of action will often be combined, will blend and merge one into the other. Taking into consideration the eminently practical character of the typical American cleric, it is indeed probable that a pastor's charitable work is habitually accompanied with activities distinctly social. Just as Molière's M. Jourdain learned with astonishment that he had been, without knowing it, talking prose all his life, so, we take it, would not a few priests be surprised to learn that they have been throughout their ministry not merely charitable men but effective social agents, excellent helpers who have applied to the definite problems existing in their parishes the most approved principles and methods of twentieth-century social action.

It may be worth while, before going further, to say a word about a certain prejudice against systematic, scientific, ruled and weighed and measured relief given to the unfortunate poor, as opposed to the spontaneous offerings of generous and warm-hearted private individuals. It is a prejudice not confined to the laity, and not always easy to overcome even in the case of logical and thoughtful clerics. We are all perhaps inclined to sympathize, subconsciously at least, with Boyle O'Reilly's fling at

> The organized charity, scrimped and iced
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ,

even while we acknowledge the superiority of well-ordered and methodical relief over impulsive and indiscriminate giving. In particular cases the head

not infrequently yields to the heart, reason to feeling. The typical tramp who tells us a pathetic tale of being unable to get a job, and, parenthetically remarking that he hasn't had a bite to eat for two full days, begs for a quarter with which to purchase a meal, is very probably lying, and doubtless intends to invest the wished-for coin, if he gets it, in whiskey or beer; but, notwithstanding the numerous lessons taught us by experience, we are prone to tell ourselves that 'tis better to be cheated by a score of mendacious rogues than to allow a possibly truthful fellow-mortal to go hungry—and we hand out the money. From one point of view, our act is a corporal work of mercy; from another, the social-action as differentiated from the Christian-charity viewpoint, it is a reprehensible encouragement of dishonesty and thriftless vagrancy. With increasing years and more thoughtful study of the world around us, we shall probably learn how to relieve genuine distress among the deserving without constructively promoting the increase in numbers of the *un*deserving. Our charity towards the tramp mentioned above, for instance, would be, subjectively, fully as meritorious—and, objectively, a good deal more prudent—if, instead of giving him the price of a meal, we gave him our signed order for such a meal in a cheap restaurant or boarding-house. May it not be the additional trouble occasioned by this latter plan that prevents our adopting it? If so, our charity is not really so laudable as we may like to consider it.

It need hardly be said that, if many of the comfortable and well-to-do cherish a more or less

unreasonable prejudice against organized charities, a still larger number of the beneficiaries of such charities look upon them with instinctive dislike, not to say positive repugnance. Sturdy old Betty Higdon, in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," is a type not at all uncommon even in our own day of social conditions notably improved in many respects since the middle-nineteenth century. Her horror of lapsing into a state in which she would "come on the parish," to be committed to the poorhouse as a permanent lodger, or even a "casual," finds its counterpart in the sentiments of many of our own poor and unfortunate. ". . . Then I get numbed," explained Betty to her friend, "thought and senses, till I start out of my seat, afeard that I'm a growing like the poor old people that they brick up in the Unions, as you may sometimes see when they let 'em out of the four walls to have a warm in the sun, crawling quite scared about the streets. . . . Trudging round the country and tiring of myself out, I shall keep the deadness off, and get my own bread by my own labor. And what more can I want?" Dickens satirizes in his own effective style the constituted authorities' exaggerated condemnation of the old woman's independence; but his Betty Higdon remains a concrete exemplification of a truth thus phrased by Southey: "That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, and from mendicity its proper shame." To the great mass of the unfortunate poor the bread of dependence is more bitter than sweet; and this very fact furnishes a potent incentive to the social action

which tries to prevent poverty and misery by removing their causes in as far as is practicable. Supporting a destitute family is no doubt a charitable act; but helping the members of that family to support themselves is both enlightened charity and a distinct social benefit. Securing some kind of remunerative occupation for a blind man or a cripple is far preferable to securing his recognition by the Associated Charities, or a similar organization, as a "case" to be looked after in accordance with the most up-to-date scientific formulas for "ameliorating the lot of the deserving poor." The average pastor finds no lack of occasions for dispensing Christian charity pure and simple; but he can also readily discover multiplied opportunities for supplementing such charity by effective service in improving the social efficiency of the more necessitous of his flock.

A priest's social work is necessarily conditioned by his environment. The kind of parish in which he is stationed and the activities—commercial, industrial, agricultural, etc.—in which his people are engaged will naturally determine the particular beneficent enterprises to which he lends his encouragement and his personal service. In our American cities and our larger towns, the ordinary pastor is perhaps less called upon for active exertion in promoting organized social action than is his brother-priest in the small town, the village, or the rural parish; because in the more populous centres special priests with special knowledge and fitness may be, and quite commonly are, assigned by their ordinaries to particular works; whereas

in the smaller communities the pastor himself must supply the place of the trained social expert. On the other hand, the village or the rural parish does not ordinarily present so many or so complicated problems as do the larger centres; and its pastor as a rule has both more time to devote to the study of the conditions surrounding him, and a freer hand in organizing and promoting the definite works best suited to such conditions. Organization and promotion, be it said incidentally, comprise the main duties of the pastor who interests himself in these social activities, whether in city or village, in town or country. As Father Plater points out: "It is now no longer possible—if it ever was—for the priest, *personally and unaided,* to relieve the poverty of a parish, care for the sick, manage the clubs, keep working lads faithful to their religious duties, fight the battle of religious education, promote the Catholic press, organize recreations, combat intemperance, and carry on the hundred other works which more or less directly concern the salvation of souls. No matter how great the priest's zeal or how unflagging his energy, he will find it impossible in these days to do by himself a tithe of the work that must be done."

If the work must be done, and the priest by himself is incapable of doing it, the assistance of the laity is obviously indispensable. And that assistance, it is gratifying to note, is more available at present, is given with greater cheerfulness and in larger measure in this twentieth century than in any previous period of the world's history since

the days specifically designated "the ages of faith." The "lay apostolate" is in our day no mere empty phrase but a name corresponding to a living and energetic entity that is accomplishing great things for the glory of God, the interests of the Church, and the spiritual as well as the material well-being of the Church's children. Catholic men and women in all classes of society are realizing that the slogan "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" is, after all, only a restatement of the two great commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, above all . . . and thy neighbor as thyself"; and they are seeing to it that in word and work they yield unquestioning obedience to both. Recognizing that outside the pale of the Church the first of these commandments is being progressively minimized where it is not entirely ignored, that the fatherhood of God is being overshadowed, not to say eclipsed, by the brotherhood of man, our Catholic laity are willingly proffering their help to the clergy in giving concrete expression to the intimate union of both ideas, in showing themselves true brothers of their fellowmen while remaining true children of their Heavenly Father.

Just how effectively this lay help may be utilized in a given parish will depend very much on the personality of its pastor, the sum total of his qualities and endowments. A buoyant temperament and a winning address are assets scarcely less useful to a parish priest than are wide knowledge and ardent zeal. The happy combination of spirituality and humanness which so often results

in a certain measure of personal magnetism that irresistibly draws to him the young men of his flock, is a peculiarly valuable external grace for which a priest may well be especially thankful. With the active support of these young men in his various social works, a pastor is safe to achieve results eminently worth while. Lacking such support, a measurable amount of commendable, not to say necessary, work will assuredly be left undone. Not all priests possess this personal magnetism, and those who are without it must do the best they can to supply its place by additional work—and prayer. All priests, however, can, if they will, avoid in their relations with their lay helpers, be these helpers young or old, men or women, one capital fault—the domineering spirit, the tendency to play the rôle of dictator or autocrat, the obvious desire to be what has been inelegantly, if expressively, called "the whole push." The records of many a parish throughout this country are the graveyards of scores of societies done to death by the despotic officiousness of well-meaning priests who were consumed with a zeal not according to knowledge.

While the scope of this chapter does not admit of any detailed description of the multifarious "works" in which the social action of the priest may display itself, it may be worth while to remark that the religious societies to be found in all well-organized parishes can be utilized for social service of various kinds. A present-day specialist in the work of the laity, Father Garesché, S. J., enumerates, for instance, the following activities of

committees in certain sodalities: "They are making a survey of the parish, organizing parish welfare sections, helping the poor and the sick, distributing Catholic literature, assisting the missions, teaching Catechism, looking after friendless boys and girls, promoting sociability among Catholics, aiding the parish schools, and in many other ways acting as a zealous lay auxiliary to their pastors." An energetic pastor who has in his parish a St. Vincent de Paul Conference or a Holy Name Society should, it would seem, be able similarly to widen the service of such an organization beyond the specific purpose for which it was established. Young men's institutes can readily be utilized for other work than the primary one of promoting the moral and physical well-being of the members—utilized, for instance, in efficiently aiding the pastor in his solution of the ofttimes arduous boy-problem. And so with other existing societies, clubs, circles, or guilds: each of them, with no detriment to its particular aim, may be made serviceable in one or another department of the Catholic lay apostolate.

To sum up: an exemplary priest of the present day can not well afford to ignore either the theory or the practice of social action. While such action is only secondary or supplementary to his spiritual ministrations, it is often so bound up with the religious welfare of his people that to neglect it may easily be tantamount to a dereliction of pastoral duty. The general knowledge of social science which he has casually acquired may commendably be increased by his reading such works as deal

with the particular social problems existent in his parish; and the incidental social work which he habitually performs in attending to his parishioners may laudably be augmented by definitely organized social service. Priestly zeal will lead him to avail himself of the help of the laity, and common sense will prevent his alienating such help by underrating its importance, checking its initiative, or obscuring its merit. "It is a great art," says Father Vermeersch on this point, "an art which requires self-effacement—not to be too much in evidence, but to encourage the initiative of others; to suggest useful proposals, and let others have the credit of their results."

THE PRIEST AS TRAVELLER

The travelled mind is the catholic mind, educated out of exclusiveness and egotism.—*A. B. Alcott.*

The world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page.—*St. Augustine.*

. . . In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea.—*2 Cor.: xi, 26.*

THE thoughtful reader of the new Codex of Canon Law as a whole, or of any notable portion thereof, cannot but be struck with the admirable sanity, the common-sense judiciousness, and the forthright practicality evidenced in its various provisions. Nowhere else in the Code, perhaps, are these qualities more conspicuous than in the division which, quite naturally, proves especially interesting to priests, book second, "De Personis." And not the least admirable of the regulations set forth in this second book is canon 465, in virtue of which pastors are allowed to take an annual vacation of two months, either continuous or interrupted, a privilege restricted only by the wise provision that, when a pastor goes away for more than a week, he must inform his ordinary and provide a priest for the care of his parish. It may not be necessary, but neither is it impertinent, to add that to this particular canon, not less than to any and all others in the new Code, are applicable these sentences of the reigning Pontiff in his Bull of promulgation, *Providentissima Mater Ecclesia:*

"All enactments, constitutions and privileges whatsoever, even those worthy of special and individual mention, and customs, even immemorial, and all other things whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. Wherefore let no one violate or rashly oppose in any way this document of our constitution, ordinance, limitation, suppression, derogation, and expressed will."

It means much, to some of us at any rate, that the wise old Church, taking account of her experience throughout the centuries, and supplementing her previous legislation by specific statutes in harmony with present-day conditions, has thus set the seal of her high approval on the principle of vacations. Henceforth a priest's taking his holidays will be considered an entirely normal procedure, something to be done as a simple matter of course, and not a more or less abnormal measure, scarcely compatible with priestly zeal, undertaken in something of an apologetic spirit, and justifiable only as a necessary preventive of imminent physical collapse or nervous breakdown. That a good many ecclesiastical and religious superiors have hitherto underestimated the importance of vacations in the life of a priest, and quite underrated the value of periodical holidays in increasing the priest's efficiency in his appointed work, is a statement not likely, we think, to be called in question by any judicious cleric who has reached the fifth decade of his years. To speak of no others than the dead, we have personally known several ordinaries and religious superiors who, while admitting in theory the benefits of vacations, commonly

refused in practice to recognize the need of the benefits in particular cases. They did not agree (as the Church in the new Code does agree) with the paradoxical statement of that distinguished physician who declares that "A man can do a year's work in ten months; he may manage to get through it in eleven; but he cannot possibly do it in twelve."

The necessity of annual holidays for prospective clerics has always of course been recognized by ecclesiastical authorities. As a boy and a young man, the future priest has in all Catholic countries enjoyed, every year, from six or seven to eight or ten weeks of freedom from study at college or seminary. Just why it should ever have been considered an abnormality and an extravagance for him to keep up this vacation-habit when once he had entered upon the active work of the ministry does not seem very clear. Given that he is a zealous and energetic pastor of souls—a supposition quite as likely to be true as is the assumption that in his seminary days he was a hard-working student, a priest would on the face of it appear to need as frequent and as lengthy intervals of rest and recreation in middle age as were granted to him in incipient manhood. Nor does the fact that a considerable number of clerics go on from year to year and even from decade to decade without taking a vacation constitute any valid argument against either the utility or the congruity of the practice. To a friend of ours, a religious priest who, after a quarter of a century devoted to teaching, had been assigned to editorial

work, and who, having spent three years at such work without a holiday, finally asked his superior for a month's vacation, this reply was made: "Vacation! What do you want one for? Look at Father So-and-So. He hasn't had a vacation in thirty years."—"Quite so," said our friend; "he has contracted the habit of doing without holidays, and habit, as we know, is second nature. You will kindly remember, however, that for thirty years as student and professor *I've* been in the habit of having two months of vacation every year, and *my* second nature is quite as strong as Father So-and-So's. Moreover, 'tis a question whether the good Father would not have done more and better work for the past three decades if he *had* taken a regular annual holiday of at least a few weeks."

As a rule, and a rule that suffers not very many exceptions, the professional man, priest or other, who truthfully declares that he never feels the need of a vacation is simply asserting that he does not deserve one, that his habitual work is not hard enough, his customary activities not sufficiently strenuous to necessitate the periodical counterpoise of change or repose. The transition from doing very little to doing nothing at all really merits the name of intensified loafing or idleness rather than that of a well-earned holiday. To play well one must previously have worked well. No vacation save one which follows upon real and exhausting labor is capable of affording us any genuine joy or exhilaration. Weeks of rest after months of continuous and strenuous exertion are a delight; but

> If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work.

It is possible of course that the downright pastor who categorically condemns priestly vacations as a sheer waste of time, and who complacently bids you: "Look at me, sir; I haven't been away from my parish for six consecutive days in six times that many years"—it is possible, we say, that he has been throughout these years an energetic, active laborer in the vineyard of the Lord; but it is not at all improbable that he has been vegetating rather than really living, in the sense that true living is activity; that he has habitually had, each week, a moderate amount of work during two or three days and an immoderate portion of leisure for the remaining four or five; and that both his parish and himself would have materially benefited by his occasionally getting out of the rut in which he quite unnecessarily cabined and cribbed and confined himself. On the whole, however, the sacerdotal life in this country is a busy one, and it is quite probable that more clerical vacations are really earned than are commonly taken. Not to take them when they are needed and possible is the reverse of wisdom, is false economy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," whether Jack be a young lad of sixteen or an old boy of sixty.

Not to provoke, on the part of the reader, the impatient inquiry: "What has all this to do with the indicated subject of the present chapter?" let us have done with comments on the genus vacation, and confine our further remarks to one of its

species, travelling. Not all priests spend their vacations in travelling, nor are all travelling priests enjoying a holiday; yet it is safe to say that the majority of such clerics as avail themselves of the privilege accorded them by canon 465 of the new Codex, and take a continuous vacation of two months, will devote the major portion of that period to journeys by land or voyages at sea, or to a combination of both. And their doing so will assuredly need no justification or apology. At this stage of the world's history and in this land of the preëminently strenuous life, it would be a task of utter supererogation to multiply proofs and arguments in support of the contention that travel is both pleasant and useful, a legitimate recreation and a potent factor in the acquisition of true education and general culture. To speak first of its pleasantness: whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and hence the more complete the relaxation given to the weary priestly mind the better. The late E. H. Harriman graphically summarized the philosophy of holidays in a remark which he made one morning just as he was starting on a trip to Europe. "It's a regular vacation," said he to a reporter, "and the man who mentions business to me gets shot." This vigorous declaration was not of course meant to be accepted at the face value of the words themselves; the railway magnate was speaking figuratively; but the spirit that prompted the declaration was the proper spirit in which to set out upon a worth-while vacation. Business, one's regular work, should be as alien to the holiday-seeker as is idle trifling to the busiest

man in business hours. This is one reason why ocean travel is so popular a form of vacation among priests, as among other professional men.

Very many persons have learned by experience that the cares and anxieties of everyday life, the incessant worries attendant upon one's profession or calling are, for the most part at least, left behind and forgotten when once one has begun "to sail the seas over, to cross the wide ocean." To the really tired brain-worker, is there indeed any other form of recreation so thoroughly grateful as an ocean voyage in summer? The present writer, for one, has never found its equal. Where else can the nervously exhausted pastor, the worn-out college lecturer, or the utterly weary writer enjoy repose so complete, luxuriate in idleness at once so perfect and so healthful as on the mighty expanse that stretches between the old world and the new? If, as physicians teach, the best vacation for the man who really needs one is that which affords the fullest change from his ordinary life—change of air and diet and ideas and scenery and people—what transition can compare with that from study, or office, or lecture-room to the breezy deck of a handsome liner gracefully gliding through summer seas? Who that has ever enjoyed it can think without longing of the pleasure and exhilaration and delicious rest in a voyage across the Atlantic? What luxury to recline at full length in an adjustable steamer-chair on the sunny side of the saloon-deck, and note, between puffs of your post-prandial cigar, the ever-varying aspects of the multitudinous blue-black wavelets dancing

away on every hand to join the engirdling sky! What full deep draughts of life and vigor one drinks in while briskly promenading in the early morning when the breeze blows fresh and the pearly tints of dawn are lost in a flood of golden glory as the sun emerges from the eastern waters! What a sense of incomparable beauty captivates and enthralls one's being when

> ". . . the moon is on high,
> Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,"

and the raptured gaze wanders from the myriad star-jets that flash their radiance athwart the azure vault above to the phosphorescent glow that fitfully gleams in the troubled wake of the coursing ship!

Not that our preference for ocean travel blinds us to the pleasures of journeying by rail, or to the enjoyment of that now almost antiquated vehicle of transportation, the stage-coach. Of this latter method of travel, indeed, no one familiar with the English classics is likely to entertain derogatory notions, even if he has never personally experienced its delights. Dickens and Thackeray and Lamb and Sir Walter have descanted on the charms of stage-coach and post-chaise in strains so dithyrambic as to suggest that the advent of the steam-locomotive effectively destroyed the romance of travel. Ruskin does not hesitate to say that "railway travelling is not travelling at all; it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel." But the whimsical John was in what his contemporary, Carlyle, would have called an atrabilious mood when he

delivered himself of that extravagance; and, in any case, he had outlived the joys of life before the discomforts of early railway travel gave place to the luxuries of twentieth-century limited trains. No one who has travelled by rail from Bordeaux to Lourdes, and caught the while his first glimpse of the snow-capped Pyrenees; or from Marseilles to Genoa along the Mediterranean shore, with the deeply, darkly, beautifully blue waters on one hand and the towering peaks of the Maritime Alps on the other, will admit for a moment that a railway journey cannot be a delight. Still less will such an admission be made by the fortunate transcontinental tourist who, from the open-air extension of a Canadian Pacific observation-car, has gazed with admiring awe on the magnificent scenic panorama unrolled before him as he journeyed through the Canadian Rockies, or "stopped over" at Banff or Glacier or Lake Louise to feast on the sublimity of Nature in its very home.

There is another species of travelling which in very recent years has come into vogue, not merely for brief excursions of a few hours' duration, but for touring expeditions lasting weeks or even months—automobiling. Of its distinctive pleasures and advantages the present writer's experience has been all too limited to enable him to speak with knowledge or authority; but, on the face of it, the motor-car should combine some of the most pleasant features of the old-time stage-coach and the modern railway train—the freedom and closeness to nature of the one and the exhilarating speed of the other. Antedating all the

methods of locomotion or peregrination thus far mentioned—automobiles, railways, coaches, or vessels—there is of course the primal method of which Ben Franklin said, "He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse." Of the many and varied joys of walking, as of its beneficent effect in securing the perfection of health, we could at need speak with more effusiveness than would perhaps suit the taste of our readers, and speak, too, from an experience which is perhaps somewhat unusual among clerical travellers, at least in the United States. We can personally "travel so well afoot" that during the past twelve years we have, equivalently, twice circumambulated the terrestrial sphere—have walked an aggregate of fifty thousand miles. This rather imposing total has been attained by habitually walking for exercise twelve miles a day, and by occasionally taking an all-day jaunt of twenty, thirty, or forty miles. The largest single item of the total is fifty miles, the distance pedestrianized on our fiftieth birthday. Vacations spent in walking tours, be it remarked incidentally, are less common on this side of the Atlantic than in Europe; but they are by no means the least pleasant or least beneficial types of holiday-making.

It has been said on a former page that travelling is not only a legitimate recreation but an educational and cultural factor in life. The truth of this assertion is vouched for by the philosophers and moralists of all time. "He who never leaves his own country," says Goldoni, "is full of prejudice." "The use of travelling," declares Dr.

Johnson, "is to regulate imagination by reality, and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." "Nothing," affirms Isaac Watts, "tends so much to enlarge the mind as travelling, that is, making visits to other towns, cities, or countries beside those in which we were born and educated." "Rather see the wonders of the world abroad," advises Shakespeare, "than, living dully sluggardized at home, wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness." It is true, no doubt, that not all persons derive from travelling the full benefit it is calculated to bestow. "Men may change their climate," says Addison, "but they cannot change their nature. A man that goes out a fool cannot ride or sail himself into common sense." Socrates said much the same thing when, on being told that an acquaintance was nothing improved by his travels, he replied: "I can well believe it, for he took himself along with him." We have all, very probably, had occasion to verify the words of the Persian poet, "A traveller without observation is a bird without wings," and to note, with Cowper,

> How much a dunce that hath been sent to roam
> Excels a dunce that hath been kept at home;

but, due allowance being made for exceptional cases, the general truth remains that, as Matthews phrases it, "Travel brushes away the contractedness, shakes off the one-sidedness, knocks out the nonsense, and polishes the manners of a man, more effectually than any other agency." Now, this truth has a more immediate bearing on Americans generally, and on young American priests

particularly, than is, we are inclined to think, commonly realized by either the lay or clerical citizens of "this greatest country on earth."

The tendency to confound patriotism with spread-eagleism, or with chauvinism, is not perhaps so pronounced among twentieth-century Americans as it was with their fathers and grandfathers; it is less a national characteristic nowadays than when Dickens satirized it in his "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes"; but it can scarcely be denied that the tendency is even now, especially among the untravelled classes of our citizens, more common than judicious Americans like to see it. Love of one's country, the passion which moves a person to serve that country, either in defending it from invasion or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions—that is a virtue entirely congruous and laudable; but it in no way entails or involves the vainglorious belief or the bombastic assertion that all other countries are infinitely inferior to one's own. Goldsmith's couplet,

> Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
> His first, best country ever is at home,

is true, it is clear, in the subjective sense only. His home country quite naturally is, and should be, first in the patriot's affections, best loved of all countries; but it detracts nothing from the genuineness of his love to recognize that, objectively considered, that same country may have its limitations, and, as compared with other lands, may in a number of respects be neither first nor best. The

United States has a sufficient number of natural and political advantages to warrant a reasonable degree of pride in her patriotic sons; but it is the merest absurd exaggeration to claim for her that she has reached the climax of national perfectibility, or that she has "the brainiest men, the cleverest women, the smartest boys, and the prettiest girls in the universe."

Now, the surest cure for national vanity is foreign travel. Even a liberal education and the wide reading which it supposes cannot fully supply the lack of actual contact with the inhabitants of other lands than ours, or rid us completely of prejudices, misconceptions, and false opinions concerning the millions of people beyond our own territorial boundaries. What used to be called the Chinese cast of mind, a stupid contempt for everything beyond the wall of their celestial empire, is bound in some degree to characterize the untravelled, the stay-at-homes—even the clerical stay-at-homes. To cite a common case: Father Johnson is a clever and energetic young priest, acting as curate in a city parish. He was born in a rural district, attended college in his own State, and pursued his theological studies in a seminary some two hundred miles from his home. His travels thus far in his career have not carried him to more than two or three States immediately adjoining his own. In his parish work he comes in contact with a number of foreigners of different nationalities, all of them day-laborers, and most of them illiterate, if not ignorant. Now, Father Johnson presumably knows, theoretically, or he ought to know,

that these working men and women cannot be looked upon as fairly representative of the civilization or culture attained by the respective races to which they belong, any more than the rowdies and "toughs" of New York or Chicago are representative of American culture; yet his impressions and views of each of these races as a whole are safe to be colored, or rather sadly discolored, by his observation of the unrepresentative individuals with whom he is familiar. The proof is, that a few years hence when the young priest visits the homelands of these foreigners, he will find himself astonished at the evidences of prosperity and culture and eminence in literature and art and science that greet him on every side. We have occasionally heard youthful American clerics, otherwise sane enough, oracularly setting forth the inferiority of Frenchmen and Italians and Spaniards with a supercilious air that would have been merely ludicrous had it not been pathetic. Without being at all conscious of the fact, they belonged to the class of whom Rabelais says: "They seem to have lived all their life in a barrel and to have looked out only at the bung-hole."

To many priests of course, as to many laymen, travelling assumes the guise, not of a pleasant recreation or an opportunity for broadening one's culture, but of work pure and simple, an integral part of their appointed vocation. Preaching missions and retreats, attending conventions of a dozen different varieties, assisting at Eucharistic Congresses, lecturing in behalf of some religious or social cause—these and the like occasions or cir-

cumstances necessarily entail a considerable amount of journeying to and fro, both in one's own country and not infrequently in other lands as well. Such quasi-compulsory travelling is not invariably a delight; often indeed, especially to the elderly cleric who has outlived the youthful love of adventure, it is an unmitigated nuisance. In some cases, no doubt, the essential difference between travelling for pleasure and travelling on business is much the same as the distinction made by the philosophical small boy between fun and work: "Fun is work that you haven't got to do, and work is fun that you've got to do." A little sane optimism, such as should characterize all clerics, not only makes a virtue of necessity but knows how to transform a task into a pleasure, a necessary journey into a delightful outing.

As for the personal behavior, deportment, usual practice, or general conduct most congruous to the travelling priest, opinions thereon will probably differ as widely as do individual characters and temperaments. Every one will admit that a cleric's attitude towards his travelling companions may sin in either of two ways: it may be too indiscriminately hail-fellow-well-met, or too reserved, stand-offish, and repellent. The proper attitude lies, as all will agree, midway between these extremes; and, on the whole, there is perhaps less danger of a priest's manifesting undue affability than of his holding himself too much aloof from those into whose company circumstances have thrown him. Apropos of sociability or friendliness in travellers, there is in one of Scott's novels a paragraph

which, apart from its autobiographical interest, is worth while thinking about. "For ourselves," writes Sir Walter, "we can assure the reader—and perhaps if we have ever been able to afford him amusement, it is owing in a great degree to this cause—that we have never found ourselves in company with the stupidest of all possible companions in a post-chaise, or with the most arrant cumbercomer that ever occupied a place in the mail-coach, without finding that, in the course of our conversation with him, we had some ideas suggested to us, either grave or gay, or some information communicated in the course of our journey which we should have regretted not to have learned, and which we should be sorry to have immediately forgotten." Substitute smoking-car and steamer-deck for post-chaise and mail-coach, and the foregoing will serve as an accurate account of the experience of many a traveller, clerical and lay, since Sir Walter's time, of every traveller indeed who combines with ordinary culture a modicum of practical philosophy and cheerful common sense. Civility in one's intercourse with travelling companions, readiness to be addressed by and to converse with those in whose society we are to make a journey of hours or days, a geniality that knows how to dispense on occasion with the formality of a ceremonious introduction—these are qualities which, if not natural to a priest, should in our opinion be acquired by him if he is desirous of either deriving full benefit from his travels or improving the opportunities of doing good which his travelling affords him.

It may be quite unnecessary, but it can do no harm, to remark that one of the dangers of travelling, at least for the laity, is a tendency to consider one's self more or less emancipated from the strict letter of the law regulating the correctness and moral propriety of one's normal life. Even the clergy, perhaps, or at least the younger members of that body, may profitably take to heart the lesson conveyed in the following paragraph from a secular moralist: "There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits; for it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate circumstances, unfavorable to habits of self-discipline, regulation of thought, sobriety of conduct, and dignity of character. Indeed, one of the great lessons of travel is the discovery how much our virtues owe to the support of constant occupation, to the influence of public opinion, and to the force of habit; a discovery very dangerous, if it proceed from an actual yielding to temptations resisted at home, and not from a consciousness of increased power put forth in withstanding them." Needless to say, the doctrine set forth in this quotation conflicts in no way with what has been asserted above concerning the advisability of a travelling priest's showing himself affable and courteous. His conscience and good habits are not at all involved in his avoiding brusqueness or churlishness of manner, or in his cultivating pleasantly genial relations with the circle in which for the time being he is moving.

A question sometimes discussed in connection with our subject is the relative advantage or dis-

advantage of a priest's travelling alone rather than in the company of a friend, or friends. What may at first blush appear to be the obvious conclusion—that it is not good for a traveller to be alone—will be found on consideration to be less indubitably correct than it is generally supposed to be. The preponderance of traditional practice is doubtless an argument in favor of having a companion, and the rules of religious orders commonly require the company of a *socius*. There is, moreover, the satisfaction, at least when one's companion is a brother priest, of knowing that in case of accidents one will not be deprived of spiritual succor. On the other hand, however, the company of a friend or of friends involves several unequivocal disadvantages, or conditions looked upon as such by not a few travellers of experience. To begin with, if the ideal vacation means, as has been said, as complete a change as possible from one's ordinary life—a change of people and ideas as well as of scenery, diet, etc.—then the presence of a friend prevents the full enjoyment of the holiday. "Those who visit foreign nations," says Colton, "but associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs. They see new meridians, but the same men; and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home with travelled bodies, but untravelled minds."

In the second place, unless one has the phenomenal good fortune of securing a travelling companion whose tastes, inclinations, turn of mind, dispositions, proclivities, and even idiosyncrasies, are identical with our own, this condition will fre-

quently arise: either we shall have to forego our own pleasure to accommodate our friend, or he will have to forego his to accommodate us. It would be uncourteous to insist on always having one's own way, and accordingly one makes sacrifices on the altar of politeness. The supreme advantage of independent travelling, as distinguished from either touring with a party or accompanying a friend, is the privilege one enjoys of shaping one's course just as seems good on the spur of the moment, the freedom to alter and modify at will all pre-arranged plans, the consciousness that one may stop where one pleases and stay there as long as one pleases, irrespective of the likes or dislikes of anyone else. As for the objection that, when travelling alone, one is deprived of the social intercourse, the periodical conversations of which even the most self-centred individuals feel the need, the answer would seem to be that such deprivation is not at all compulsory. Given the affability advocated in this chapter, the solitary cleric may have all the conversation he cares for as often as he feels inclined to indulge therein.

In the final analysis, the degree of pleasure and profit which the priest derives from travelling depends perhaps on his approximation to the standard of "the good mixer." Not pleasure and profit, but their opposites accrue as a rule to the ultra-reserved clerics who immure themselves in "the Bastille of their rank," as some writer has happily described "that sort of shyness which men of dignified situation are apt to be beset with,

rather from not exactly knowing how far or with whom they ought to be familiar than from any touch of aristocratic pride." The dignity of the priesthood should of course be preserved at all times and in all places, by travelling clerics as by their stay-at-home brethren; but affability, properly understood, never compromised any dignity really worthy of the name, and a genial disposition is an asset which a priest, even while enjoying his vacation, can readily turn to the spiritual advantage of the temporary acquaintances with whom he comes in contact. To conclude with a reflection from the transcendentalist, Thoreau, although it might well be credited to Thomas à Kempis: "Only that travelling is good which reveals to me the value of home, and enables me to enjoy it better."

A PRIESTLY KNIGHT OF MARY

Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation.—*Ecclus.: xliv, 1.*

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.—*Colton.*

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

"THE age of chivalry has gone!" The world is now older by a century and a quarter than when the lament was first called forth by the unhappy fate of France's fairest Queen; and during the intervening decades the "sophisters, economists, and calculators" whose spirit Burke disparaged have probably not grown either fewer in number or more sensitive to the dictates of lofty honor. Yet though our own age, judged by its more prominent and apparently its most symmetrical expressions, deserves still less perhaps than that of Burke the distinctive epithet of "chivalrous," no sane observer of the undercurrents of modern life will affirm that men grow worse as the world grows older, or that the chivalric sentiment has utterly perished.

The outward manifestations of the sentiment have doubtless taken new and different forms. The knights of today energize in other fields than did their plumed and mail-clad predecessors of

centuries gone by; but lofty virtues and heroic deeds do still relieve the commonplaces of life; and even in this age of aggressive utilitarianism and frenetic Mammon-worship knights there are as valiant and as noble, as fearless and without reproach, as ever were the dauntless cavaliers who in the zenith of chivalry's golden day protected the helpless, succored the distressed, rescued captive damsels from embattled towers, applauded tales of high emprise at Arthur's Table Round, or envied pure Sir Galahad his ceaseless quest of the Holy Grail. Nor need the fact be accounted strange. Courtesy, valor, magnanimity, and love are as indigenous to the human heart in these modern times as they were in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and She who proved the fountain-source that watered those fragrant flowers during chivalry's full noontide still aids and fosters their perfect growth in each of the successive generations that have learned to call Her blessed.

The transcendent beauty of the Virgin-Mother was the initial inspiration of knighthood. The respectful enthusiasm for woman, which was the dominant note of chivalry while its glory lasted, was the direct outcome of devotion to the Immaculate Mother of the world's Redeemer. "The Virgin Mary," says a non-Catholic author, "was exalted by the Church to a central figure of devotion; and in her elevation, woman, from being associated with ideas of degradation and sensuality, rose into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential regard unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past." In the lady whose colors he wore,

whose virtues he extolled, and whose honor he defended, the Christian chevalier beheld a tracing in outline, a faint and shadowy copy, of the Lady *par excellence,* the incomparable sovereign of his heart's veneration—Mary, the Queen of Heaven. Nor was his prowess less mighty, his achievements less noble, or his fame less assured, when, as frequently happened, he proffered to this heavenly Mistress the full and undivided homage of his heart—giving of his love to no earthly maiden, and wearing no colors save the Virgin's own.

Such a Knight of Mary, valiant, courteous, gentle—ever sensitive as to his Lady's honor, unwearied throughout a lengthy life in voicing her praises, and successful beyond most of his contemporaries in promoting her glory—was the veteran ecclesiastic whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin these lines are meant, lovingly if inadequately, to record—Father Edward Sorin, late Superior General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and founder of Notre Dame University. Were any apology needed for the inclusion of such a biographical sketch in this volume, it would be found in the recent celebration of Notre Dame's Diamond Jubilee, and in the consideration—especially interesting in these days when the loyalty of citizens of alien birth is more or less generally suspected—that this European cleric ceased to be European from the moment he landed in the United States, and for a full half century thereafter showed himself, in fullest faith and patriotic love, in eloquent word and convincing deed, American of the Americans.

Born in France, a country which through all the vicissitudes of an eventful history has ever seemed to enjoy the predilection of Mary—a land where every province is dotted with her shrines, and where for upwards of a thousand years the echoes of her pilgrims' canticles have never ceased resounding—Edward Sorin imbibed at his mother's knee, in the Christian school which was the scene of his boyish studies, and in the very atmosphere of his native village, Ahuillé, an especially tender love for the Mother of God, together with an utter and absolute confidence in her protecting care. In him this love and confidence, happily not uncommon in the innocent and ingenuous hearts of the young, survived undimmed the dangerous period of adolescence; grew broader, deeper, and more firm in the busy years of youthful manhood; glowed with an ever-increasing intensity throughout a maturity of arduous labor and incessant sacrifice; and still formed the distinguishing trait of his inner life when, crowned with the halo of fourscore fruitful years, he told his beads on his bed of death, and joyed in the thought of speedily greeting at long last—his Mother.

His Mother! That phrase tells the whole story of Father Sorin's devotion to the Blessed Virgin—of the wealth of love he lavished upon her, the jealous care with which he guarded her interests, the magnificent enterprises which he undertook in her name and carried out to a successful issue for her greater glory. She was ever and always, in very truth, his Mother—one to whom at every stage of his earthly pilgrimage he looked for loving sym-

pathy; to whom he confided all his trials, cares, griefs, and woes with the certain assurance of consequent solace; and whom on the other hand he never failed to associate with his joys, successes, and triumphs. In his eyes Mary was not only the Immaculate Virgin, incomparable in grace and dignity among all created beings; the Mother of the Incarnate Word, and as such to be reverenced with a worship inferior only to that accorded to God Himself; the Queen by a thousand valid titles of men and angels, and therefore worthy of all loyal homage: she was, moreover, his own real Mother who regarded him as a darling son, to be loved and cared for, and soothed and comforted and protected with a tenderness undreamt of by the fondest maternal heart that has ever throbbed on earth since Mary's exile ended on the day of her glorious Assumption.

In this view of the reciprocal relations between the Blessed Virgin and himself, the subject of our sketch was practically as childlike in his eightieth year as in his eighth. Neither physical development, nor intellectual growth, nor the ceaseless activities of missionary and official life, availed to modify in the slightest degree his deep-rooted convictions as to the significance of Our Lady's maternity, and the import of the duties, obligations, rights, and privileges implied in that sweet title applicable to every individual of the Church's millions, "child of Mary." The voice which, clear and strong, was wont in 1820 to repeat "*Je vous salue, Marie,*" before the Virgin's altar in the modest chapel of Ahuillé, had grown low and feeble seven

decades later as it murmured, "Hail, Mary, full of grace," in the cathedral-like church at Notre Dame; but the greeting had lost nothing of its simplicity or its candor, and the heart of the aged patriarch proffered to his heavenly Mother a love as fresh and ardent as ever thrilled that of the innocent child.

From boyhood to manhood, from manhood to old age, in brief, Edward Sorin took our Lord at His word. "Son, behold thy Mother," was to him not a mere directive counsel given to St. John, nor yet a sweet privilege restricted to that Beloved Disciple; but a statement of fact that intimately concerned himself personally, and a truth which ought materially to affect the whole course of his private life and public conduct. That he never had reason to question the correctness of this view, or regret the boundless confidence in the Blessed Virgin which it naturally engendered, needs scarcely to be stated. His career in the United States furnishes overwhelming proofs (were any such necessary to confirm a doctrine universal among Catholics) that Our Lady never fails to justify the wisdom of those who confide in her power and goodness, nor ever allows herself to be outdone in generosity.

The outlines of that career, coincident with the history of Notre Dame's humble foundation, rapid growth, and marvellous development, have been too recently sketched in the columns of the American Catholic press to need extended recapitulation here. And yet, as illustrating the filial reliance of Father Sorin on the protecting care of

the Mother whom he loved so tenderly, and as emphasizing the congruousness of unlimited trust in the Blessed Virgin on the part of every priest of God in the United States or elsewhere, the story of Notre Dame can scarcely be told too often. There is no member of the American clergy especially, from the humblest rural curate to the ranking cardinal in our country's hierarchy, who may not draw from its perusal abundant store of inspiration and hope and courage for his individual labors in the vineyard of the Lord. It is emphatically a tale of deeds performed by men of faith; an account of herculean labors undertaken with an eye single to the glory of God and His gracious Mother; a record of zeal rewarded, of sacrifices blest, of supernatural love triumphant over every obstacle.

Three-quarters of a century ago, when Father Sorin, a poor young foreign missionary priest, and half a dozen poor foreign missionary Brothers settled upon an uncultivated tract of forest land with naught but a little rude log-cabin to distinguish it from the merest sylvan wilderness, confidence in the Mother of God, supplemented by their individual labors, was the only capital they had to invest in the arduous enterprise of founding in that Western country a shrine of religious education. No princely endowment of a million dollars, or a hundred thousand, or a tithe thereof, came to accelerate their material prosperity; yet never did dollars and cents invested in a business venture yield such magnificent results as have sprung from their steadfast reliance on Our Lady's aid and their con-

stant endeavors to preserve Her favor. Much has been written of the wondrous development during the past half-century of the great metropolis of the Middle West; but, stupendous as has undoubtedly been the growth of the village by Lake Michigan that has come to be Chicago, the political economist, taking account of merely human resources, will find it an easier matter to explain that growth than to assign the causes of the marvelous transformation that has made of the barren wilderness on the banks of the St. Joseph River the most splendid sanctuary of Religion and Science to be found on this continent, if not in the whole world. The true explanation is beyond the economist: Notre Dame was built with "Hail Marys."

It is certainly not strange that, looking upon the material evidences of the success which so abundantly crowned the faith and zeal of Father Sorin, men of eminence in church and state have repeatedly averred that the University which he founded is both the grandest tribute offered to our Lady in the Western hemisphere and the worthiest monument by which to perpetuate the memory of her Franco-American son. In truth, the material Notre Dame, the many acres of fields and campuses, lakes and groves, gardens and parterres; the star-crowned colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin dominating at a height of more than two hundred feet the golden dome of the central edifice; the adjacent noble church, that treasure-house of religious art and beauty, from whose tower a brazen-throated giant booms out the Angelus with louder exultation than sounds from any other belfry in

the land; the number, variety, and thorough equipment of institutes of science and residence halls and religious dwellings scattered over this American Oxford—these naturally impress the minds, and are apt to elicit the enthusiastic praises, of transient visitors to Our Lady's Indiana home.

And yet, without minimizing in any degree the true significance of the noble University—fully acknowledging, on the contrary, both the capital importance of the Catholic education for which it stands, and the far-reaching beneficial influence of the thousands who have learned, and are learning, within its halls to combine practical virtue with intellectual development, it may well be questioned whether Father Sorin did not found a work still greater than the University, and establish his foremost claim to the Blessed Virgin's favor, when, in 1865, he began the publication of *The Ave Maria.* "They who declare me shall have life everlasting," was the significant text of our Marian Knight's first sermon on the Lady of his choice; and, assuredly, through few other agencies in either hemisphere during the past half-century have Mary's dignity and prerogatives, her beauty and her glory, the quasi-omnipotence of her supplication and the unfathomable depths of her compassionate tenderness been declared so constantly and adequately, with such loving enthusiasm and persuasive insistence, as through the beneficent pages of that magazine "devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin," and wearing as its felicitous title the Angel of the Incarnation's greeting to the Lily of Israel, the Judean Maiden "full of grace."

While the present writer's editorial association with the magazine during half its lifetime naturally hampers his pen in writing of its merits, it will be permissible to quote here two, out of many hundred, tributes paid to its excellence by competent eulogists. The first is found in Archbishop Ireland's notable sermon on the occasion of Father Sorin's sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, in 1888. "How much he has done to extend through the country the sweet devotion to Mary, I need not lose time in telling. Mary's journal, *The Ave Maria,* weekly goes from Notre Dame to scores of thousands of Christian homes in America; and hundreds of practices of piety are made common that otherwise would not be known, and ten thousand acts of love are uttered that Heaven otherwise would not have heard. Of course, in the hurry of our American life, in the manifold labors which we are called on to undertake in the service of souls, the danger is lurking nigh that the interior life be forgotten and we become as sounding brass. A most effective remedy is devotion to Mary, with all its supernal fragrance, and all its sweet inspirations to piety and holiness." Not less cordial and laudatory are the words of a younger member of the hierarchy, Archbishop Mundelein, in his sermon at the Diamond Jubilee in 1917: "And not by preaching and teaching alone, but also by the printed word have Father Sorin and his sons fulfilled their mission of spreading the word of God in this land. Week after week, for more than fifty years, have they sent a message of praise to Our Lady's honor into every part of the English-speak-

ing world, and fittingly is it labeled *Ave Maria.* In these days when the aim of most journals seems to be rather to startle and to scold than to instruct and to entertain, when our nerves are shocked and our passions roused rather than our attention held and our humor challenged, *The Ave Maria* comes into our homes and into our hands like an honored guest, like a charming, gentle, well-bred lady, with its kindly humor, with its wholesome bits of wisdom, with its interesting stories for young and old. It is one of our few journals that require no apology and no introduction, for once welcomed into a home, it finds its way into the heart, and is surely missed if it fails to return."

It need hardly be said that the career of our priestly knight of Mary was not lacking in those trials and troubles and fiery ordeals with which Divine Providence seems pleased to strew the way of the strongest souls and the most efficient workers for His glory. Two outstanding afflictions in the history of Notre Dame merit a word of description. In 1854, only a dozen years after the foundation, there broke out an epidemic of cholera that ravaged the ranks of the community, carrying off member after member with a rapidity and a violence that threatened the total extinction of the congregation in the United States. It was a trial calculated permanently to discourage any leader of less than heroic mold; but, indomitable in his zeal for God's glory, and supremely confident in the unfailing assistance of his Heavenly Mother, Father Sorin not only preserved his own courage but effectively rallied the drooping spirits of all his surviving co-

laborers, and the work of growth and expansion uninterruptedly went on. A quarter of a century later, in 1879, a disastrous fire in a few hours reduced to ashes not only the main university structure but almost every other building in its immediate neighborhood. Apart from the destruction of much that money could never replace, the financial loss, to a religious community, was tremendous; and the available insurance was trifling. The way in which the disaster was met serves to illustrate, better than could pages of analytic exposition, the spirit which ever dominated the founder of Notre Dame and which he was eminently successful in instilling into his religious subjects. With whole-hearted devotedness and whole-souled devotion they worked and prayed—nay, rather, they prayed and worked. The first gift received by Father Sorin towards the building of a new university—it was a check for one thousand dollars—he sent to a priest in a distant city with a request for prayers and Masses in behalf of Notre Dame. Trust in Providence and in Our Lady was accompanied in those heartrending April days of 1879, as always in the history of Holy Cross, by untiring personal exertion on the part of all its members. Before the ashes of the old buildings were cold, the work of constructing the new ones was begun; and in September of the same year they were opened to a larger concourse of students than the fire had dispersed.

Nothing has been said as yet of the growth, during the late Superior-General's term of office, of the Congregation of Holy Cross in this country; of

the multiplication of colleges and parochial schools, offshoots of Notre Dame; of the foundation of St. Mary's Academy (now a college as well), a worthy and noble sister of the University; or of the scores of other educational and charitable institutions presided over by the zealous Sisters of Holy Cross, religious daughters who ever found in Father Sorin the wisest of counsellors and the staunchest of friends. Nor need special reference be made to any of these events in the career of our Knight of Mary. The remarkable fecundity of his labors, as evidenced in the development of Notre Dame, was equally a characteristic of every enterprise that he undertook; and a very important factor in that fecundity was assuredly his unhesitating reliance upon the aid of Her for whom, under God, he lived and worked.

How thoroughly convinced was Father Sorin himself that the major part of his success was directly due to the auspicious favor of the Blessed Virgin need be told to none who ever conversed with him for fifteen minutes. Frankly and loyally, with no lurking reserve of complacent egoism or overweening self-conceit, his heart and lips gave to the Mother of God the glory of his triumphs; and to his own shortcomings he frequently attributed the fact that such triumphs were not a hundredfold greater. Did space allow, personal reminiscences by the score, and extracts from his letters by the hundred, could be cited in confirmation of all that has been written of his love of Mary, his unlimited confidence in her power and graciousness, and his boundless gratitude for the signal

favors which she accorded him. Lying before us as we write is a printed volume of his Circular Letters, every page of which gives eloquent evidence on each of these points. Of only a very few of the passages which we have marked for quotation can we now avail ourself, but even these few will suffice for our purpose and fully justify the title of this chapter.

Writing to his community sixty-six years ago, at the completion of Notre Dame's first decade, he refers to his arrival in the district ten years before, and relates this incident of his first hour in the snow-clad wilderness: "With my five Brothers and myself, I presented to the Blessed Virgin all those generous souls whom Heaven should be pleased to call around me on this spot, or who should come after me." That the offering was forthwith accepted, and blest to the giver, may be judged from the statement made in the sentence immediately following that which we have quoted: "From that moment I remember not a single instance of a serious doubt in my mind as to the final results of our exertions." Having enumerated a variety of occasions, "of which, I say it with a sentiment of deep gratitude, our Blessed Mother has invariably availed herself to show us her tender and powerful assistance," he gives in the following lines the keynote of his character, and the secret which makes his whole career intelligible: "Hence it has become a second nature for us to recur freely to the Blessed Virgin, and to tell her with a child-like simplicity our fears, our hopes, our sorrows, our joys, our wants and desires, our gratitude and

our love." Referring, further on in the same letter, to the manifold benefits which the community had already received from Heaven, he adds: "I would you were all prompted by a lively sense of justice, of humility, and of gratitude, often to repeat in the depths of your hearts: 'After God, we owe all this to the Blessed Virgin Mary.'"

In a letter written twenty years later, in 1872, occurs this remark: "An experience of thirty years has taught me that even in this life God blesses human efforts *surprisingly* when the cause of His Holy Mother is interested in them." In 1880 he declares: "Indifference towards our Blessed Mother would mean complete idiocy in me, or something worse than idiocy. She has marked too many days of my life with the indelible imprints of Her maternal love ever to leave me insensible." And such is the tenor of numberless paragraphs scattered through thousands of official and personal letters written by this steadfastly loyal son of Mary, from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross in 1841, when he said his first Mass in the land of his adoption, to the vigil of All Saints, 1893, when he passed away to the land of his love, the heavenly country which he ever deemed his only true home because therein his Mother dwelt.

The use of that phrase, "the land of his adoption," suggests a word or two about one of Father Sorin's qualities to which brief reference has already been made, his sturdy Americanism. It was foreshadowed by his first act upon landing in New York: he fell on his knees, and, as an earnest of unswerving fealty to the country of his choice,

devoutly kissed the soil. In a similar spirit he concluded his first letter to his religious superior with the words: "Here is the adoption of my inheritance; here will I dwell all the days of my life." No middle-aged reader of these pages needs to be told that a characteristic of the average foreign priest who came to this country in the early nineteenth century, and more especially of the foreign priest-educator, was a reverential and almost a sacred regard for the manners and methods, the rules and regulations, both pedagogic and disciplinary, which obtained in the land of his birth. Changes suggested by the novel conditions of a new country and the different mentality of a democratic people were either rejected entirely or adopted, if adopted at all, only after long decades of deliberation. Father Sorin was a conspicuous exception to this general rule. He seemed to imbibe at once the spirit of the country and the age, so far as that spirit was favorable to the interests of God and His Church; and both class-rooms and recreation grounds at Notre Dame soon gave evidence that it was an American college, not a transplanted French one. At this late day it will scarcely be considered an indiscretion to narrate an incident that serves as a concrete illustration of this phase of our hero's character. One member of his faculty in the early years was a brilliant young French priest, his own nephew, whose otherwise estimable personality was slightly tainted with chauvinism, with an exaggerated devotion to his native France and a corresponding disparagement of the United States. Repeated admonitions having failed to

remedy this defect, Father Sorin sent for him one day and said to him: "My dear Father, your sentiments are admirably suited to a French environment; but this is America. I have accordingly secured your passage on the next transatlantic steamer, and you will sail for Paris this coming Saturday."

No words of our own, however, could so adequately or so eloquently treat this portion of our theme as does the following page from a sermon already mentioned, that of Archbishop Ireland on the occasion of Father Sorin's fiftieth anniversary as a priest. We offer no apology for quoting at some length, for much of the passage is as timely in 1918 as it was in 1888:

> I will be permitted, before I conclude, to note in Father Sorin's life a characteristic that proves his high-mindedness and has contributed in no small degree to his success. It is his sincere and thorough Americanism. From the moment he landed on our shores he ceased to be a foreigner. At once he was an American, heart and soul, as one to the manner born. The Republic of the United States never protected a more loyal and more devoted citizen. He understood and appreciated our liberal institutions; there was in his heart no fondness for old régimes or worn-out legitimism. For him the government chosen by the people was, as Leo XIII repeatedly teaches, the legitimate government, and to his mind the people had well chosen when they resolved to govern themselves. He understood and appreciated the qualities of mind and heart of the American people, and, becoming one of them, spoke to them and labored for them from their

plane of thought and fashion, and he was understood and appreciated by them. No one has the right to live as a citizen of America and remain in his soul a foreigner, and, especially, should no one remain un-American in America who represents the Church, for he may give to believe that the Church is un-American. We have often lost ground because we were Irish, or German, or French, rather than American. May there be among us no danger of the kind in the future! Father Sorin, I thank you for your American patriotism, your love of American institutions.

And here I will recall one act of your life for which American Catholics must needs be grateful to you: it was the act of the priest as well as of the American. Civil war was upon the land; defenders of the Union were hurrying from North and West to the battlefield, and among them in goodly proportion brave Catholics. I will not discuss the cause; but it is a lamentable fact that few priests were sent to the front to minister to the soldiers. The fact must ever be regretted. Father Sorin's community was weak in numbers; the absence of one stopped important work at home. He sent forward six to serve as chaplains, two of whom, Fathers Corby and Cooney, are with us this morning to tell of the need there was of priests among our soldiers, and of the great things done for religion by themselves and their fellow-chaplains. Father Sorin appealed to the Sisters of Holy Cross, and they, brave as they were tender of heart, rushed Southward to care for the wounded and soothe the pillow of the dying. Few things were done in the past half-century to break down more effectually anti-Catholic prejudice than the sending of our generous Sisters to the battle-

> field and the military hospitals. The soldiers venerated the Sisters, and never since have they ceased repeating their praises. There were other priests and other Sisters in the war: those of Holy Cross made up the greater part of the roster; none excelled them in daring feat and religious fervor; no other order, no diocese, made, for the purpose, sacrifices as did that of Holy Cross. Father Sorin, you saved the honor of the Church. I speak from a special knowledge of the facts, and I speak from my heart; and could the country's martyrs speak from the silent earth at Gettysburg and a hundred other gory fields, their voices would reëcho with our own in your praise on this glorious anniversary.

With these glowing words of panegyric we may fittingly bring this chapter to a close. Half a decade after the celebration of his golden jubilee, Father Sorin passed quietly away. His life is done; but the spirit in which he lived it survives in many a hundred, privileged to come in contact with his inspiring personality, and potently, if not always consciously, influenced by the atmosphere of faith which habitually surrounded him. "Great men grow greater with the lapse of time," and a later century will estimate his worth and work more adequately far than can our own. The perspective of additional years is needed so to view him that he will assume his due proportions among the heroes of the Church in America; but this much at least even now is clear: In the most active and progressive region of an active and progressive land he taught the lesson that religious zeal can work still greater marvels than can the unhallowed

ambition for wealth and power; that men of God are in no way debarred from being emphatically "men of their times"; and that in our day, as in the Middle Ages, the knight who proffers his homage to the Queen of Virgins, wears her colors, and wields his lance in her cause, battles with prowess invincible, and even before he doffs life's armor reaps of his valor a reward exceeding great.

INDEX

Page

A, B, C of the spiritual life. 123
Abstinence, Fasting and..... 121
"Acts of God" as mortifications 118
Adage, A clerical..... 49
Adverbs and adverbial phrases 210
Their collocation important 210
Common errors in using... 211
Affability, Scott on..... 141
St. Paul on..... 142
"All things to all men"..... 142
Altar, The right side of the. 95
American Priests and For. Missions 9
Americanism of Father Sorin 294
America's aid to Missions... 10
Apostolic poverty 169
Apothegm, Sherman's 229
Aquinas, St. Thomas, Physique of 63
Army, Language as an..... 198
Ascetic, or dyspeptic?..... 63
Attention, Economy of..... 214
Attitude of travelling cleric. 274
Augustine, St., on travelling. 259
Automobiles, Priests and.... 234
Criticism of 235
Common-sense view of.... 236
Ave Maria, The..... 288
Archbishop Ireland on..... 289
Archbishop Mundelein on.. 289
Aversions to certain foods... 56
Avarice and priests..... 176

Baccalaureate sermons, etc.. 43
Bearing, A priest's..... 140
Benediction ceremonies 86
Betty Higdon a type..... 253
Bernard, St., on religious.... 130
Bishop, Naming a..... 218
Biretta at Mass..... 106
Blair, Dr., on grammar..... 195
on arrangement of words.. 210
Blunderer, A dietetic..... 61
Bolting one's food..... 64
Bookkeeping and priests..... 183
Books, Some useful..... 148
Boys' spirit of romance..... 21
Breakfasts, Hearty and light 52

Page

Breviary, The abridged..... 230
Bright's disease, in America 61
Causes of 62
Brotherhood of man, The.... 256

Candles, Carrying unlighted. 106
Canon 465 of the New Codex 260
Carlyle on Abbot Samson.... 138
Capital and labor..... 249
Catechism centres 42
Catholic atmosphere 31
Catholic Instruction League. 42
Censer, Swinging the..... 90
Cereals for breakfast..... 53
Charity of Priests, The Fraternal 66
Charity, St. John on.....68, 69
of rectors and curates..... 72
Organized 251
Chauvinism and patriotism.. 271
Children, Catholic, in public schools 40
Chivalry still extant..... 280
Ciborium—When covered?... 95
Purification of 96
Emptying at Communion.. 97
Circumabulating the globe... 269
Clearness of sentences..... 204
Better than harmony..... 210
Clerical Club-Night, A..... 216
Clerical handbooks compared 240
Collections for the Missions. 17
Colors of chasuble and dalmatics 109
Communion card 100
Communion outside of Mass. 108
Conference, Queries at a..... 85
Consistorial Congregation ... 219
Conversions and money..... 13
Converts, Protestant, in India 14
Convert-makers 135
Cooks and civilized man..... 51
Cosmopolitan difficulty, A... 160
Council, Baltimore, on housekeepers 154
Critical curates 54
Critics of careful speech..... 214
Custody of the eyes..... 124

Page
Daily Communion and vocations 23
Debt, Getting into..... 182
Decent poverty 169
Degrees of love..... 70
Detracting epithets 80
Detraction 77
Fallacy about 78
and vanity 79
Diction, Impropriety of..... 200
Examples of faulty..... 201
Dictation 33
Diet, History of man's..... 50
should vary with activities 58
Difficulty, A cosmopolitan... 160
of a flowing style..... 192
Distaste for certain foods... 55
Dogberry, A clerical..... 93
Dryden on English..... 189

Eating, Mortification in..... 122
Economy of attention..... 214
Education, Christian 26
Ruskin on 26
Educational zeal 30
Golden mean in..... 31
Emptying the ciborium..... 97
English, The Rubrics of..... 189
Entering the sanctuary..... 94
Episcopal appointments 218
Epithets, Detracting 80
Evening Mail, Chi., quoted.. 46
Experientiae Doctor 73
Eyes, Custody of the..... 124

Faber, Father, Physique of.. 63
Factors in dietary studies... 59
Faddists about dieting..... 55
Falconio, Cardinal, on Little Sisters 152
Fallacies about eating..... 62
Fashions in teaching..... 33
Fast, The dominical..... 52
Fasting, Habitual 63
and abstinence 121
Fatherhood of God..... 256
Favorite meal 52
Financial wisdom, Micawber's 181
Finger bowl at **Lavabo**..... 100
Flint, Dr., on diet fads..... 55

Page
Flippant talk about rubrics.. 93
Foreign Missions 9
and American Catholics... 10
Protestants and 14
Forgiveness of injuries..... 82
Forgiving and forgetting..... 83
Forty Hours ceremonies..... 106
Francis de Sales, St., on charity 75
Frankenstein, A civic..... 48
Fraternal Charity of Priests, The 66
Freri, Mgr., quoted..... 16
Friendly relations with Protestants 144
"Frills" in schools..... 34

Gasparri on solitary Masses. 103
Gastronomic errors 57
Geiermann, Father, quoted.. 243
Genuflecting at Benediction. 86
Gibbons, Card., on Prop. of the Faith 16
Golden mean in friendliness, The 143
Goldsmith's style, Compliment to 192
"Good mixer," On being a.. 278
Gospel prudence 15
Gospel, Living by the..... 167
Gossips, Priestly 81
Gourmands and gourmets... 65
Grammar, an interesting study 194
Dr. Blair on..... 195
W. D. Whitney on..... 195
Richard Grant White on... 196

Hair-shirt, The best..... 125
Hatred among priests..... 76
Hedonism of the age..... 113
Helping the tramp..... 252
Heresy, Abstract and concrete 132
Heretics, Material 131
Hitting below the belt..... 225
Holidays, recognized as normal 261
and second nature..... 263
not needed by some clerics 263
Philosophy of 265

	Page
Holy Childhood Association.	12
Its efficacy	13
Holy Cross chaplains in Civil War	297
Housekeeper, The Priest's...	150
Hyderabad missionary quoted	13
Ideal teachers	31
Impropriety of diction	200
Examples of	201
Incensing, Correct way of...	90
Mistakes in	92
Individual influence	137
Insufficiency of the "penance"	119
Ireland, Archbishop, Sermon of	296
Jenkins, Father, and housekeepers	151
John, St., on charity	68, 69
Journal of Education quoted.	45
"Judge Not"	84
Keeping one's place	165
Kintzing, Dr., quoted	49
Knight of Mary, A Priestly.	280
Laity's duty to For. Missions	11
Language as an army	198
Lavabo, Finger bowl at the.	100
Lay help in social work	255
Lent, Medical journal on....	121
Leo, Father, Austerity of....	112
Leo XIII and social questions	244, 250
Letter of recommendation, A	204
Lex talionis	83
Limerick, An ancient	228
Lingo, A bit of	233
Literature of the Missions...	22
Literary style	190
Little Sisters of the Holy Family	152
Little things important	122
Living by the Gospel	167
Love, Degrees of	70
Love of First Christians, The	67
Lucretius on food and poison	54
Luxury in rectories	170
Lyons, S. J., Father John M.	41
Mach, S. J., quoted	189
Mammon, Mortgaged to	177
Maryknoll, N. Y.	18
Material heretics	131
Mass, The solitary	101
Mass at sea	105
Massy-Massy, Sir Thomas...	226
Meal, Favorite	52
Best clerical	65
Meddling with parish matters	164
Meditation, as mortification.	126
Not difficult	127
Books of	128
Equivalent for	128
Meredith, Owen, on dining..	51
Micawber's financial wisdom	181
Ministers, The priests and...	145
Mission houses in U. S.	20
Money and conversions	13
Money-grabbing priests	168
Monstrance, Blessing with the	89
Moriarty, Bishop, quoted....	177
Mortification, Priestly	111
necessary to salvation	115
Saints on	115
of religious	117
in eating	122
Motives of charity	75
Motor-car travelling	268
Mundelein, Abp., on For. Missions	24
on **Ave Maria**	289
Naming of bishops, The	218
National vanity, A cure for.	272
Natal, Bishop of	104
Neighbor, Who is our	70
Notre Dame, Indiana	285
Ocean travel	266
Delights of	267
O'Connell and a bigot	226
On being the "whole push"..	257
O'Reilly, Boyle, on being Irish	223

	Page
Organized charity	251
"Outside the Church, etc."	131, 146
Pange Lingua at Forty Hours	107
Parental responsibility	40
Paradox, A consoling	15
Parsing, Burlesque	194
Paschal candle at Forty Hours	107
Pastor and pedagogy, The	31
"Penance," Insufficiency of the	119
Penance defined	123
Philadelphia schools	47
Phillips, Wendell	224
Pius X and For. Missions	23
on priests' social work	245
Plato quoted	50
Portrait, or caricature, A	160
Poverty, Apostolic	169
Precision in use of words	203
Precept of the Church, The fifth	172
Instruction on	174
Priests' generosity, American	9
Priest and the School, The	26
Priests, Three categories of	27
without a parish school	39
not angels	49
and ministers	145
and business knowledge	184
and charitable action	180
Priest and Non-Catholics, The	131
Priest and Social Problems, The	239
Priest as Traveller, The	259
Priest's Housekeeper, The	150
Priest's Table, The	49
Priestly Knight of Mary, A	280
Priestly Mortification	111
Pronouns, Importance of	206
Proper place of	206
Errors in using	207, 208
Prop. of the Faith, Purpose of the	12
and the Church in U. S.	16
Protestants and For. Missions	14
Prudence, Gospel	15
Public schools, not Protestant	43
criticized	44
Puns	226
Quasi-luxury	169
Queries at a Conference	85
Quintilian on clearness	205
Railway travel	270
Record, A walking	269
Recreation, A literary	232
Red chasuble, white dalmatics	109
Relatives in priests' houses	156
Arguments for	157
Objections to	158
Religious, the ideal teachers	31
St. Bernard on	130
Repartees	222
Right side of the altar, The	95
Romance in boys	21
Rubrical Odds and Ends	85
Rubrics of English, The	189
Rubrics, Preceptive and directive	85
Flippant talk about	93
Rule of life and secular priests, A	130
Rules for the Pastors of Souls	145
Ruskin on education	26
Saints on mortification, The	115
Samson, Abbot	138
Sanctuary, Entering the	94
Scannell, Dr., quoted	242
School, The Priest and the	26
Schools, Public	42
School system, Catholic	27
not yet ideal	28
Scott on affability	141
Sea, Mass at	105
Seculars and a rule of life	130
Seminaries, Social studies in	244
Shakespeare on surfeiting	49
Sherman's apothegm on war	229
Sisters, as sacristans, etc.	35
Pastoral appreciation of	36

Page

Sisters, outdoor exercise of. 37
of Holy Cross..... 292
in Civil War..... 297
Slang 199
Smart retort discounted, A.. 193
Smith, Sydney, on Macaulay 74
Social topics, A list of..... 246
Social Problems, The Priest and 239
Sodality work, Extension of. 258
Solitary Mass, The..... 101
Gasparri on 103
Solomon and "the new"..... 239
Sonnet, A 84
Sophistry about mortification 114
Sorin, Father Edward..... 282
His devotion to Our Lady. 283
His Americanism 297
Spread-eagleism and patriotism 271
Squeers, Mr., as grammarian 194
Stations, Going around the.. 129
Style defined 190
Surfeiting 27
Superfluous money, Best place for 188
Swinging the censer..... 90
Synonyms 203

Table, The Priest's..... 49
Talking at table..... 64
Techny, Illinois 18
Terna, The 219
Text, A suggested..... 172
Thompson, Francis, on the child 26
Tillotson, Abp., on wills..... 185
Tolerance, An undue..... 163
Tongue, Mortification of the. 125
"Too," A fantastic use of... 212
Toujours perdrix 54
Tramp, Helping the..... 252
Traveller, The Priest as..... 259
Travel, Uses of..... 270
A danger of..... 276
Independent 278
Tribute, to Catholic schools. 33
An infrequent 125
Trifles, Michael Angelo on.. 85

Page

Undue tolerance, An..... 163
Unlighted candles 106
Useful books, Some..... 148

Vacations 261
Utility of 262
Vanity, Detraction and..... 79
Vegetating **versus** living 264
Views of foreigners, Discolored 274
Vincent de Paul, St., on charity 84
on mortification of the appetite 123
Vocabulary, A priest's..... 199
Vocations for the Missions 18, 19
How to secure them..... 21
Voltaire on eating..... 60

Walking 269
War's effect on For. Missions, The 10
Way of the Cross, The..... 129
Wesley, John, on cocksureness 73
Well-to-do comfort 169
White, R. Grant, on grammar 196
Whitney, W. D., on grammar 195
Williams, Dr. H. S., quoted.52, 55
Wills, Tillotson on..... 185
Time to make them..... 186
Priestly 186
A model of..... 187
Wiseman, Card., on For. Missions 9
Within My Parish quoted... 146
Woman's will, A..... 162
Woman elevated through Our Lady 281

Young housekeepers 165
Young priests and extravagance 180

Zeal in convert-making 134
Zero in occupations 26

8711 250 O'N23
O'Neill, Arthury Barry
AUTHOR
871 Sacerdotal Safeguards

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY